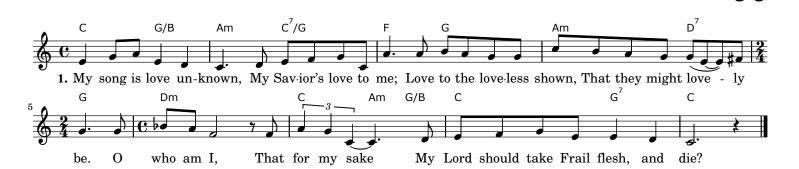
## My song is love unknown (New Tune)

## Praise of the Lord—His Suffering



2. He came from His blest throne

Salvation to bestow;

But men made strange, and none

The longed-for Christ would know:

But oh, my Friend,

My Friend indeed,

Who at my need

His life did spend.

3. Sometimes they strew His way,

And His sweet praises sing;

Resounding all the day

Hosannas to their King:

Then "Crucify!"

Is all their breath,

And for His death

They thirst and cry.

4. They rise and needs will have

My dear Lord made away;

A murderer they save,

The Prince of life they slay.

Yet cheerful He

To suffering goes,

That He His foes

From thence might free.

5. In life, no house, no home
My Lord on earth might have;
In death, no friendly tomb,
But what a stranger gave.
What may I say?
Heav'n was His home;
But mine the tomb
Wherein He lay.

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6. Here might I stay and sing,
No story so divine;
Never was love, dear King,
Never was grief like Thine.
This is my Friend,
In whose sweet praise
I all my days
Could gladly spend.

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