

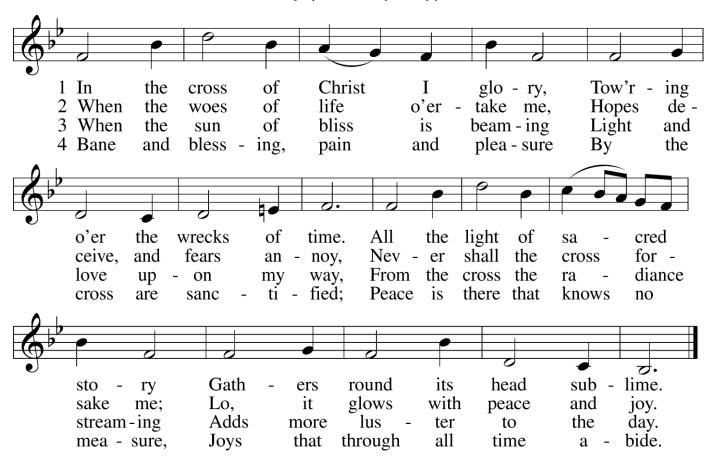






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427 In the Cross of Christ I Glory (Saturday only)



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430 My Song Is Love Unknown (Saturday only)



- 1 **My** is love known, song un -2 He His came from blest throne
- 3 Some-times they strew His way

hath done? 4 Why, what my Lord

My Sav - ior's love Sal va - tion to be -And His sweet prais - es What makes this rage and



me, the love - less shown That they might love The longed - for But men made strange, and none Christ would stow; Re - sound-ing all the day Ho - san - nas their sing; to spite? He made the He the blind their lame to run, gave



But. friend. My friend in - deed. know. oh. my King. Then "Cru - ci - fy!" their breath, Is all sight. Sweet in - ju - ries! Yet they at these



And

'gainst

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 suff'ring goes

That He His foes

Wherein He lay.

From thence might free.

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

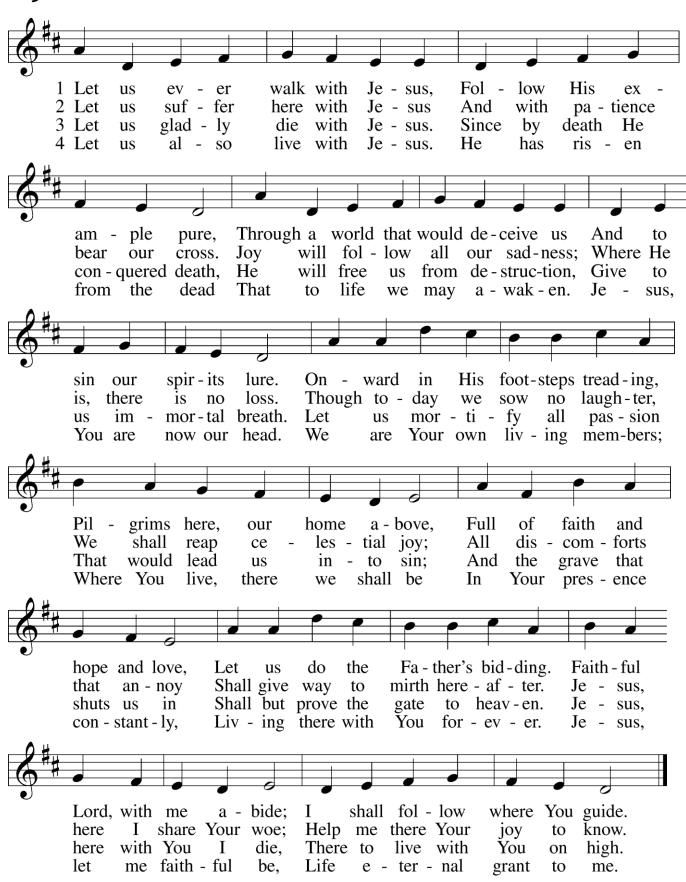
Here might I stay and sing, No story so divine! Never was love, dear King, Never was grief like Thine. This is my friend, In whose sweet praise I all my days

rise.

Could gladly spend!

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685 Let Us Ever Walk with Jesus



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