

## Hymns and Songs – Good Friday, 2023

### **My song is love unknown,**

My Saviour's love to me:  
Love to the loveless shown,  
That they might lovely be.  
O who am I, that for my sake  
My Lord should take frail flesh and die?

He came from His blessed throne,  
Salvation to bestow;  
But men made strange, and none  
The longed for Christ would know.  
But O my Friend, my Friend indeed,  
Who at my need His life did spend.

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.

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.

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? Heaven was His home;  
And mine the tomb wherein He lay.

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.

### **There is a Redeemer,**

Jesus, God's own Son,  
Precious Lamb of God, Messiah,  
Holy One.

*Thank you, O my Father,  
For giving us Your Son,  
And leaving Your Spirit –  
Till the work on earth is done.*

Jesus my Redeemer,  
Name above all names,  
Precious Lamb of God, Messiah,  
O for sinners slain.

*Thank you, O my Father,  
For giving us Your Son,  
And leaving Your Spirit –  
Till the work on earth is done.*

When I stand in glory  
I will see His face,  
And there I'll serve my King for ever  
In that holy place.

*Thank you, O my Father,  
For giving us Your Son,  
And leaving Your Spirit –  
Till the work on earth is done.*

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### **When I survey the wondrous cross**

On which the Prince of Glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the death of Christ my God.  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See from His head, His hands, His feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were an offering far too small,  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

### **The head that once was crowned with thorns**

Is crowned with glory now;  
A royal diadem adorns  
The mighty Victor's brow.

The highest place that heaven affords  
Is His by sovereign right,  
The King of Kings, the Lord of Lords,  
And heaven's eternal light.

The joy of all who dwell above,  
The joy of all below,  
To whom He manifests His love,  
And grants His name to know.

To them the cross, with all its shame,  
With all its grace, is given;  
Their name an everlasting name,  
Their joy the joy of heaven.

They suffer with their Lord below,  
They reign with Him above;  
Their profit and their joy to know  
The mystery of His love.

The cross He bore is life and health,  
Though shame and death to Him;  
His people's hope, His people's wealth,  
Their everlasting theme.