

Large Print Music



March 29, 2026

My Song Is Love Unknown
Verses 1-3 and 6

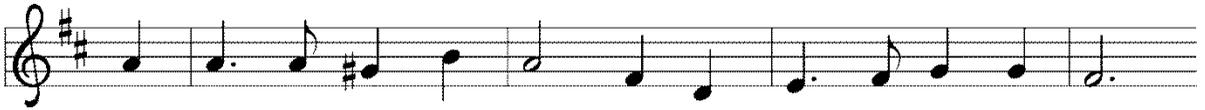
**1.) My song is love unknown,
my Savior's love to me,
love to the loveless shown
that they might lovely be.
Oh, who am I that for my sake
my Lord should take frail flesh and die?**

**2.) He came from his blest throne
salvation to bestow;
the world that was his own
would not its Savior know.
But, oh, my friend, my friend indeed,
who at my need his life did spend!**

**3.) Sometimes we strew his way
and his sweet praises sing;
resounding all the day
hosannas to our king.
Then "Crucify!" is all our breath,
and for his death we thirst and cry.**

**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**

Beneath the Cross of Jesus



1 Be - neath the cross of Je - sus I long to take my stand;
2 Up - on the cross of Je - sus, my eye at times can see
3 I take, O cross, your shad - ow for my a - bid - ing place;



the shad - ow of a might-y rock with - in a wea - ry land,
the ver - y dy - ing form of one who suf - fered there for me.
I ask no oth - er sun - shine than the sun - shine of his face;



a home with-in a wil - der - ness, a rest up - on the way,
And from my con - trite heart, with tears, two won - ders I con - fess:
con - tent to let the world go by, to know no gain nor loss,

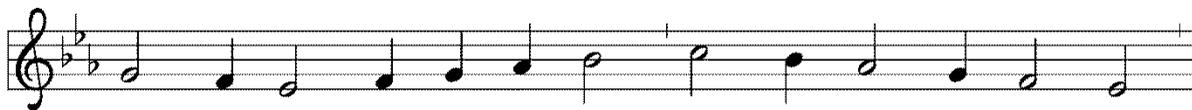


from the burn - ing of the noon - tide heat and bur - dens of the day.
the . . . won - der of his glo - rious love and my un - wor - thi - ness.
my . . . sin - ful self my on - ly shame, my glo - ry all, the cross.

Text: Elizabeth C. Clephane, 1830–1869

Music: ST. CHRISTOPHER, Frederick C. Maker, 1844–1927

Jesus, I Will Ponder Now



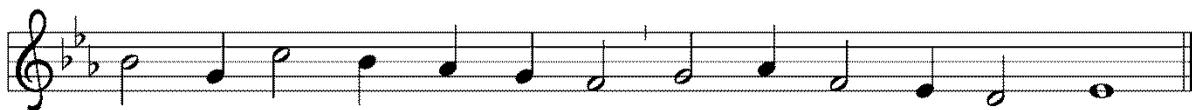
1 Je - sus, I will pon - der now on your ho - ly pas - sion;
2 Make me see your great dis - tress, an - guish, and af - flic - tion,
3 Yet, O Lord, not thus a - lone make me see your pas - sion,
4 Let me view your pain and loss with re - pen - tant griev - ing,



let your Spir - it now en - dow me for med - i - ta - tion.
bonds and blows and wretch - ed - ness and your cru - ci - fix - ion;
but its cause to me make known and its ter - mi - na - tion.
nor pre - pare a - gain your cross by un - ho - ly liv - ing.



Grant that I in love and faith may the im - age cher - ish
make me see how scourge and rod, spear and nails, did wound you,
For I al - so and my sin wrought your deep af - flic - tion;
May I give you love for love! Hear me, O my Sav - ior,

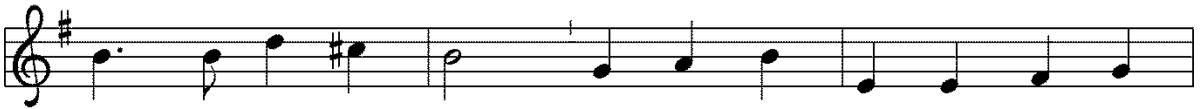


of your suf - f'ring, pain, and death, that I may not per - ish.
how you died for those, O God, who with thorns had crowned you.
this the shame - ful cause has been of your cru - ci - fix - ion.
that I may in heav'n a - bove sing your praise for - ev - er.

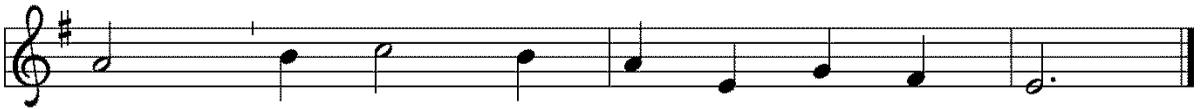
Ride On, Ride On in Majesty!



1 Ride on, ride on in maj - es - ty! Hear all the
2 Ride on, ride on in maj - es - ty! In low - ly
3 Ride on, ride on in maj - es - ty! The hosts of
4 Ride on, ride on in maj - es - ty! In low - ly



tribes ho - san - na cry; O Sav - ior meek, your road pur -
pomp ride on to die. O Christ, your tri - umphs now be -
an - gels in the sky look down with sad and won - d'ring
pomp ride on to die, bow your meek head to mor - tal



sue, with palms and scat - tered gar - ments strewed.
gin o'er cap - tive death and con - quered sin.
eyes to see the ap - proach - ing sac - ri - fice.
pain, then take, O Christ, your pow'r and reign!

Text: Henry H. Milman, 1791–1868, alt.
Music: THE KING'S MAJESTY, Graham George, 1912–1993
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