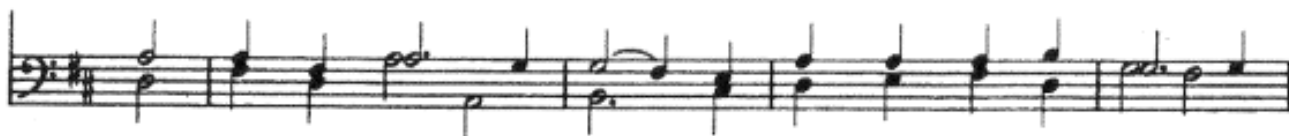


My Song Is Love Unknown



1. My song is love un - known, my Sa - viour's love to me; love
2. He came from His blest throne sal - va - tion to be - stow; but
3. Some - times they strew His way, and His strong prais - es sing; re -
4. Why, what hath my Lord done? What makes this rage and spite? He
5. They rise and needs will have my dear Lord made a - way; a
6. In life, no house, no home my Lord on earth might have; in
7. Here might I stay and sing, no sto - ry so di - vine; nev -



1. to the love - less shown, that they might love - ly be. O
2. men made strange, and none the longed - for Christ would know: But
3. sound - ing all the day ho - san - nas to their King: Then
4. made the lame to run, He gave the blind their sight. Sweet
5. mur - der - er they save, the Prince of life they slay; Yet
6. death, no friend - ly tomb, but what a strang - er gave. What
7. er was love, dear King! Nev - er was grief like Thine. This



1. who am I, that for my sake my Lord should take frail flesh, and die?
2. O! my Friend, my Friend in - deed, who at my need His life did spend.
3. "Cru - ci - fy!" is all their breath, and for His death they thirst and cry.
4. in - ju - ries! Yet they at these them - selves dis - please and 'gainst Him rise.
5. stead - fast He to suf - fering goes that He His foes from thence might free.
6. may I say? Heav'n was His home; but mine the tomb where - in He lay.
7. is my Friend, in whose sweet praise I all my days could glad - ly spend.

