

# My Song Is Love Unknown

LOVE UNKNOWN



1. My song is love un - known, my Sav-ior'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 sweet 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



to the love - less shown, that they might love - ly be. O  
men made strange, and none the longed-for Christ would know. But  
sound - ing all the day ho - san - nas to their King. Then  
made the lame to run, He gave the blind their sight. Sweet  
mur - der - er they save, the Prince of Life they slay. Yet



who am I, that for my sake my Lord should take frail flesh and die?  
oh, my Friend, my Friend in-deed, who at my need His life did spend!  
"Cru - ci - fy!" is all their breath, and for His death they thirst and cry.  
in - ju - ries! Yet they at these them-selves dis-please, and 'gainst Him rise.  
cheer-ful He to suff'ring goes, that He His foes from thence might free.



6. 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.

7. 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.