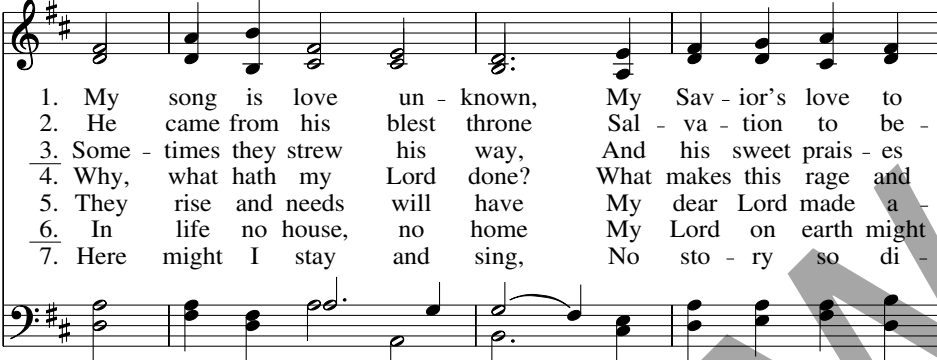
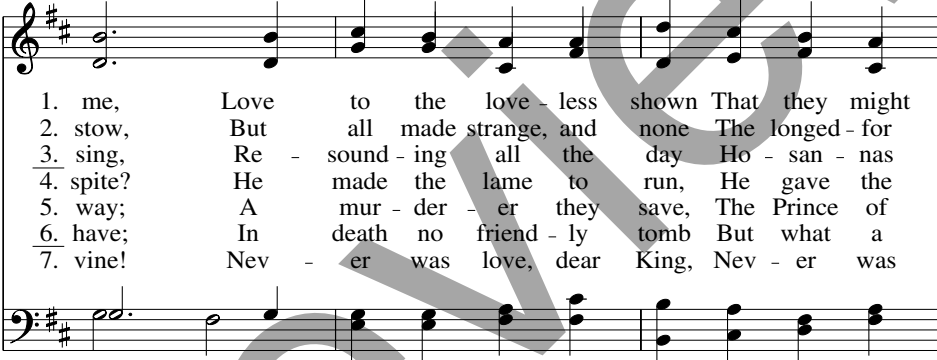


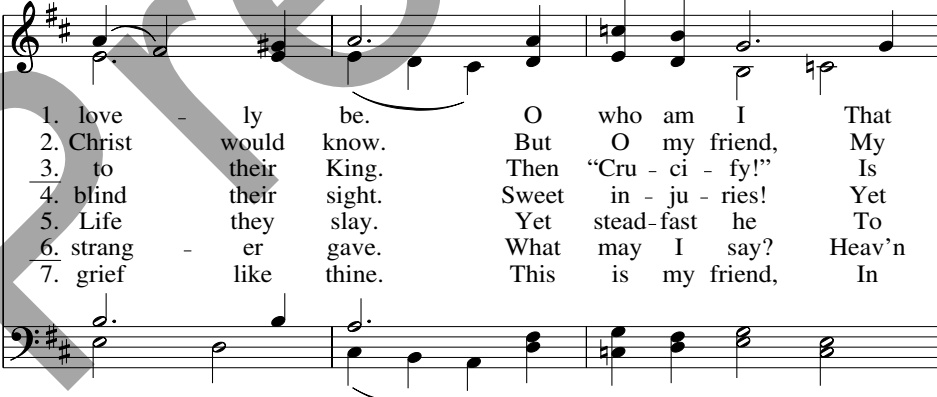
MY SONG IS LOVE UNKNOWN



1. My song is love un - known, My Sav - ior's love to
 2. He came from his blest throne Sal - va - tion to be -
 3. Some - times they strew his way, And his sweet prais - es
 4. Why, what hath my Lord done? What makes this rage and
 5. They rise and needs will have My dear Lord made a -
 6. In life no house, no home My Lord on earth might
 7. Here might I stay and sing, No sto - ry so di -



1. me, Love to the love - less shown That they might
 2. stow, But all made strange, and none The longed - for
 3. sing, Re - sound - ing all the day Ho - san - nas
 4. spite? He made the lame to run, He gave the
 5. way; A mur - der - er they save, The Prince of
 6. have; In death no friend - ly tomb But what a
 7. vine! Nev - er was love, dear King, Nev - er was



1. love - ly be. O who am I That
 2. Christ would know. But O my friend, My
 3. to their King. Then "Cru - ci - fy!" Is
 4. blind their sight. Sweet in - ju - ries! Yet
 5. Life they slay. Yet stead - fast he To
 6. strang - er gave. What may I say? Heav'n
 7. grief like thine. This is my friend, In

MY SONG IS LOVE UNKNOWN, cont. (2)

1. for my sake The Lord should take Frail flesh, and die?
2. friend in - deed, Who at my need His life did spend!
3. all their breath, And for his death They thirst and cry.
4. they at these Them - selves dis - please, And 'gainst him rise.
5. suf - f'ring goes, That he his foes From thence might free.
6. was his home; But mine the tomb Where - in he lay.
7. whose sweet praise I all my days Could glad - ly spend!

Text: 66 66 44 44; Samuel Crossman, ca. 1624–1683.

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