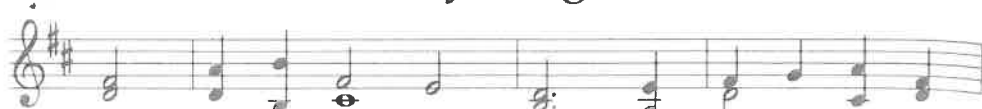


My Song Is Love Unknown



1 My song is love un - known, my Sav - ior's love to
 4 Why, what hath my Lord done? What makes this rage and



me, love to the love - less shown that they might love - ly
 spite? He made the lame to run, he gave the blind their



be. Oh, who am I that for my sake
 sight. Sweet in - ju - ries! Yet they at these



my Lord should take frail flesh and die?
 them - selves dis - please and 'gainst him rise.

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!