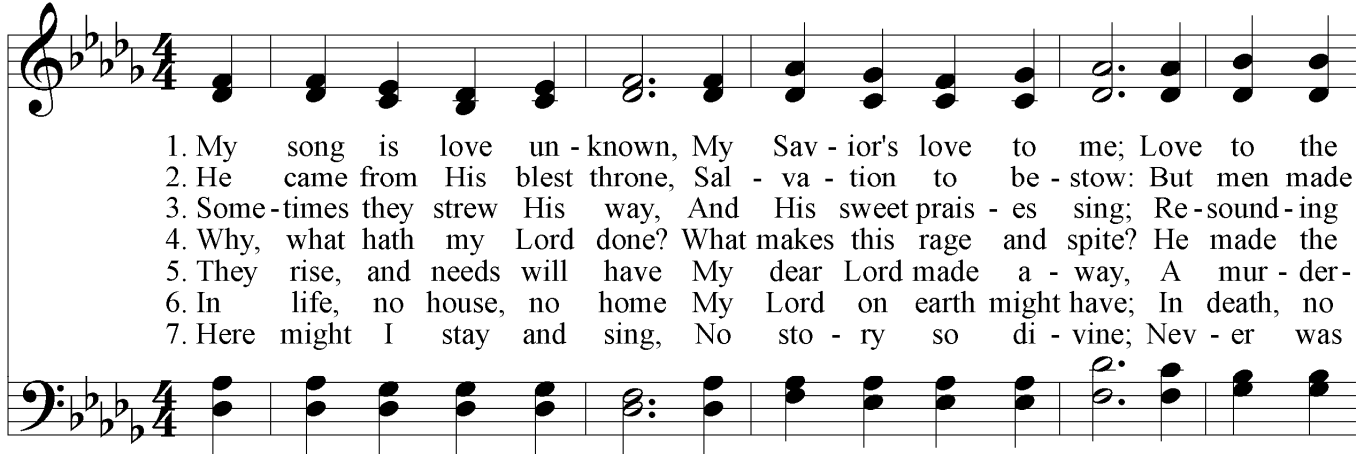
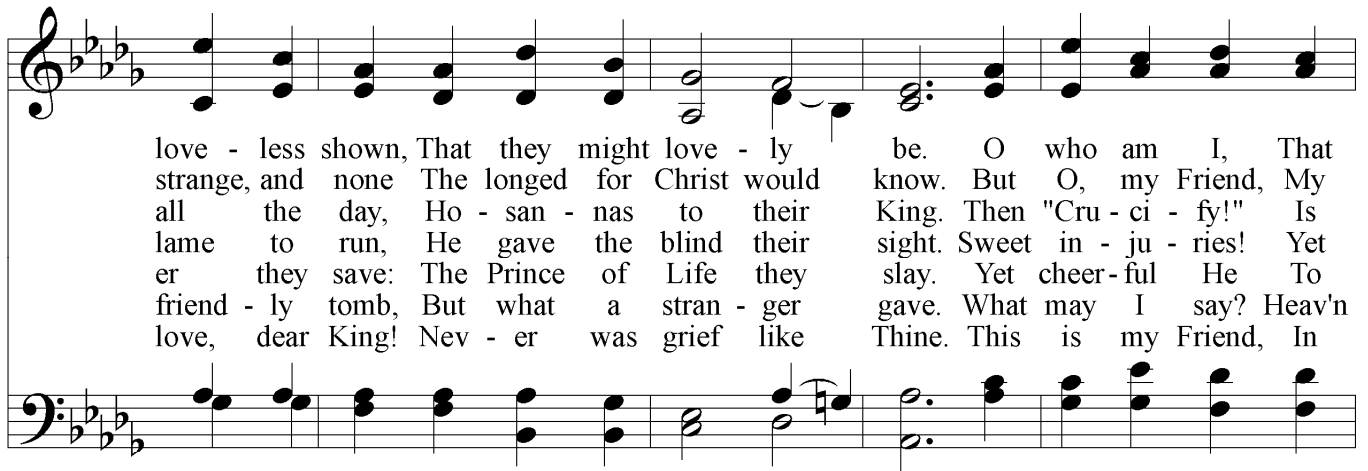


My Song Is Love Unknown

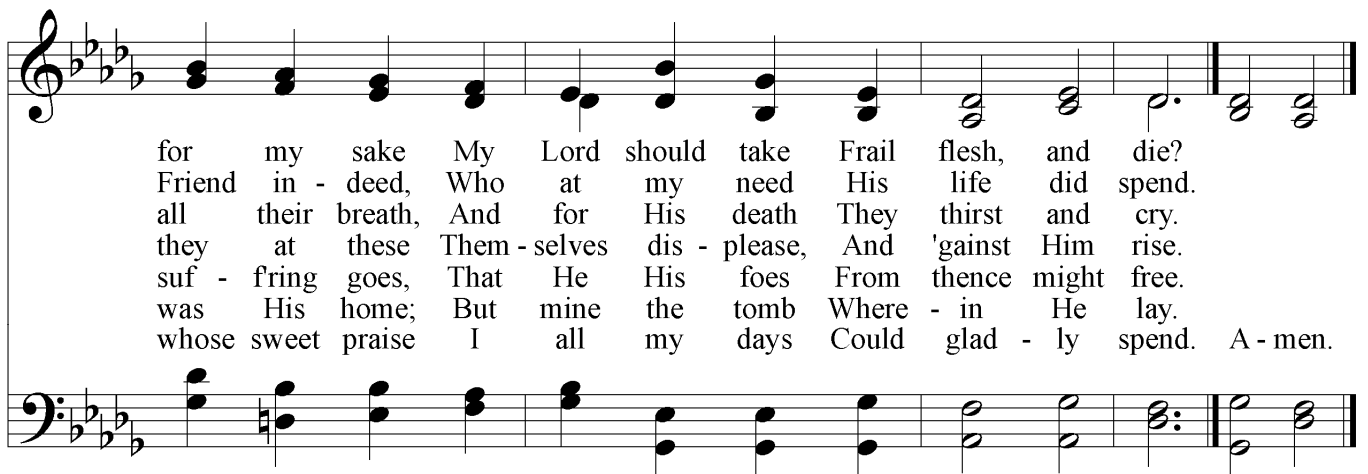
ST. JOHN 6, 6, 6, 6, 4, 4, 4, 4



1. My song is love un - known, My Sav - ior's love to me; Love to the
2. He came from His blest throne, Sal - va - tion to be - stow: But men made
3. Some - times they strew His way, And His sweet prais - es sing; Re - sound - ing
4. Why, what hath my Lord done? What makes this rage and spite? He made the
5. They rise, and needs will have My dear Lord made a - way, A mur - der -
6. In life, no house, no home My Lord on earth might have; In death, no
7. Here might I stay and sing, No sto - ry so di - vine; Nev - er was



love - less shown, That they might love - ly be. O who am I, That
strange, and none The longed for Christ would know. But O, my Friend, My
all the day, Ho - san - nas to their King. Then "Cru - ci - fy!" Is
lame to run, He gave the blind their sight. Sweet in - ju - ries! Yet
er they save: The Prince of Life they slay. Yet cheer - ful He To
friend - ly tomb, But what a stran - ger gave. What may I say? Heav'n
love, dear King! Nev - er was grief like Thine. This is my Friend, In



for my sake My Lord should take Frail flesh, and die?
Friend in - deed, Who at my need His life did spend.
all their breath, And for His death They thirst and cry.
they at these Them - selves dis - please, And 'gainst Him rise.
suf - fring goes, That He His foes From thence might free.
was His home; But mine the tomb Where - in He lay.
whose sweet praise I all my days Could glad - ly spend. A - men.

Words: The Very Rev. Samuel Grossman, D. D. (1624-1683)

Music: John Baptiste Calkin (1827-1905), 1887