

# MY SONG IS LOVE UNKNOWN

VERSE 1 <sup>D</sup> My song is <sup>A</sup> love <sup>Bm</sup> unknown,  
<sup>D</sup> My <sup>D</sup> Savior's <sup>G</sup> love to me  
<sup>A</sup> Love to the <sup>Bm</sup> loveless shown that they might  
<sup>Esus E A</sup> Lovely be  
<sup>C Em G Bm</sup> Oh who am I that for my sake  
<sup>D Asus A D</sup> My Lord should take frail flesh and die?

VERSE 2 <sup>D</sup> He came from His <sup>A</sup> blest <sup>Bm</sup> throne  
<sup>D G</sup> Salvation to bestow  
<sup>A Bm</sup> But men made strange, and none the longer for  
<sup>E Esus A</sup> Christ would know  
<sup>C Em G Bm</sup> But oh my Friend, my Friend indeed  
<sup>D Asus A D</sup> Who at my need His life did spend

VERSE 3 <sup>D</sup> Sometimes they strew His <sup>A</sup> way, <sup>Bm</sup>  
<sup>D G</sup> And His sweet praises sing  
<sup>A Bm</sup> Resounding all the day hosannas  
<sup>E Esus A</sup> To their King  
<sup>C Em G Bm</sup> Then "Crucify!" is all their breath  
<sup>D Asus A D</sup> And for His death they thirst and cry

VERSE 4 <sup>D</sup> Why, what hath my <sup>A</sup> Lord <sup>Bm</sup> done?  
<sup>D</sup> What makes this rage and <sup>G</sup> spite?  
<sup>A</sup> He made the lame to run, <sup>Bm</sup> He gave the  
<sup>E</sup> <sup>Esus</sup> <sup>A</sup> Blind their sight  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>Em</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>Bm</sup> Sweet injuries! Yet they at these  
<sup>D</sup> <sup>Asus</sup> <sup>A</sup> <sup>D</sup> Themselves displease, and 'gainst Him rise

VERSE 5 <sup>D</sup> They rise and needs will have <sup>A</sup> <sup>Bm</sup>  
<sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup> My dear Lord made away  
<sup>A</sup> <sup>Bm</sup> A murderer they save, the Prince of  
<sup>E</sup> <sup>Esus</sup> <sup>A</sup> Life they slay  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>Em</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>Bm</sup> Yet cheerful He to suffering goes  
<sup>D</sup> <sup>Asus</sup> <sup>A</sup> <sup>D</sup> That He His foes from thence might free

VERSE 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

VERSE 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