

My Song is Love Unknown

D D/A Bm D D/A Bm

9 D D/A Bm D D/F# G Em⁶ F#m

My song is love un - known, my Sa-viour's love for me, love to the love-less
 He came from hea - ven's throne sal - va - tion to be - stow; but they re-fused and
 Some-times they crowd his way and his sweet prais-es sing, re - sound-ing all their

15 Bm Esus E A C Em G Bm A/C#

shown that they might love - ly be: O who am I, that for my sake my
 none the longed-for Christ would know: this is my friend, my friend in - deed, who
 day ho - sa - nnas to their king: then 'cru - ci - fy' is all their breath, and

21 D D/F# D/A A 1.2. D D/A Bm 3. D

Lord should take frail flesh and die?
 at my need his life did spend.
 for his death they thirst and cry.

28 D/A Bm D A/C# G/B D/A D/F#

Why, what has my Lord done to cause this rage and
 With ang - ry shouts, they have my dear Lord done a -

35 G Em⁶ F#m E/G# A C Em

spite? he made the lame to run, and gave the blind their sight: what in - ju - ries!
 way; a mur - der - er they save, the prince of life they slay! yet will - ing - ly

41 G Bm A/C# D D/F# D/A A 1. D D/A Bm

yet these are why the Lord most high so crue - lly dies.
 he bears the shame that through his name all might be

48 2. Bm B7 E

free. Here might I

54 E/B C#m E E/G# A F#m6 G#m C#m F#sus F#

stay and sing of him my soul a - dores; ne - ver was love, dear King, ne - ver was grief like

61 B D F#m A C#m B/D# E E/G# E/B B E

yours! This is my friend— in whose sweet praise I all my days could glad - ly spend.

68 E/B C#m E E/B C#m E