

My Song Is Love Unknown

LOVE UNKNOWN (6 6. 6 6. 4 4 4 4)

Samuel Crossman, c. 1624-1683

John Ireland, 1879-1962

Unison

1. My song is love un - known, My Sav - ior's love to be -
2. He came from his blest throne Sal - va - tion to be -
3. Some - times they strew his way And his sweet prais - es and
4. Why, what hath my Lord done? What makes this rage and
me; Love to the love - less shown That they might love - ly
stow; But men made strange, and none The longed - for Christ - ly
sing; Re - sound - ing all the day Ho - san - nas to their
spite? He made the lame to run, He gave the blind their
be. O who am I, That for my sake
know. But O, my friend, My friend in - deed,
king. Then 'Cru - ci - fy!' Is all their breath,
sight. Sweet in - ju - ries! Yet they at these
My Lord should take Frail flesh and die?
Who at my need His life did spend!
And for his death They thirst and cry.
Them - selves dis - please, And 'gainst them rise.

5. They rise and needs will have
My dear Lord made away;
A murderer they saved,
The Prince of life they slay,
Yet cheerful He
To suffering goes,
That He His foes
From thence might free.

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.

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!