

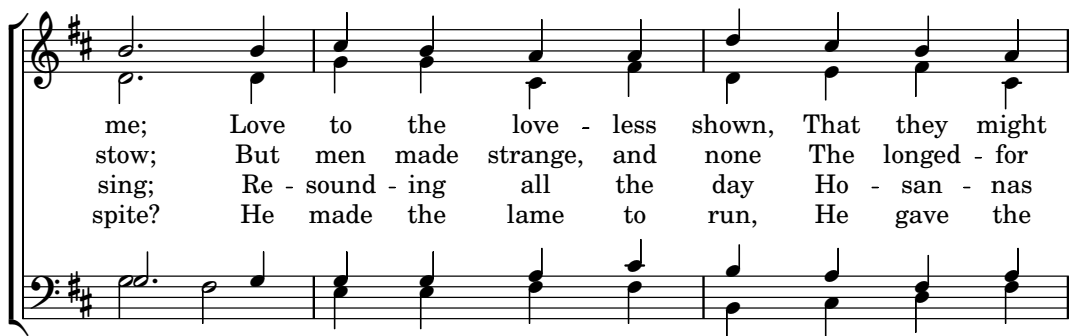
MY SONG IS LOVE UNKNOWN

Music: LOVE UNKNOWN, 12.12.88; John Ireland, 1918

Text: Samuel Crossman, 1664



1. My song is love un - known, My Sa - viour's love to
2. He came from His blest throne Sal - va - tion to be -
*3. Some - times they strew His way, And His sweet prais - es
*4. Why, what hath my Lord done? What makes this rage and



me; Love to the love - less shown, That they might
stow; But men made strange, and none The longed - for
sing; Re - sound - ing all the day Ho - san - nas
spite? He made the lame to run, He gave the



love - ly be. O who am I, that
Christ would know: But O! my Friend, my
to their King: Then "Cru - ci - fy!" is
blind their sight, Sweet in - ju - ries! Yet



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.

*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.

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.

*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.