

# My Song Is Love Unknown

LOVE UNKNOWN (6 6. 6 6. 4 4. 4 4)  
John Ireland, 1919

Samuel Crossman, 1664

Unison

1. My song is love un-known, My Sav-ior'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 love-ly  
stow; But men made strange, and none The longed-for Christ would  
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 Him rise.

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5. They rise and needs will have  
    My dear Lord made away;  
A murderer they save,  
    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!