

My Song Is Love Unknown

unison

1. My song is love un - known—My Sav - ior's love to me, Love to the
 2. He came from His blest throne Sal - va - tion to be - stow, But men made
 3. *Some-times they strew His way And His sweet prais - es sing; Re - sound - ing*
 4. Why, what hath my Lord done? What makes this rage and spite? He made the
 5. *They rise and needs will have My dear Lord made a - way. A mur - der-*
 6. In life, no house, no home My Lord on earth might have; In death no
 7. Here might I stay and sing— No sto - ry so di - vine! Nev - er was

love - less shown That they might love - ly be. Oh, who am I, That
 strange, and none The longed - for Christ would know. But oh, my friend, My
all the day Ho - san - nas to their King. Then "Cru - cu - fy!" Is
 lame to run; He gave the blind their sight. Sweet in - ju - ries! Yet
er they save; The Prince of Life they slay. Yet cheer - ful He To
 friend - ly tomb But what a strang - er gave. What may I say? Heav'n
 love, dear King, Nev - er was grief like Thine. This is my friend, In

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.
suf - f'ring goes, That He His foes From thence might free.
 was His home; But mine the tomb Where - in He lay.
 whose sweet praise I all my days Could glad - ly spend!

Music: John Ireland, 1919
 Text: Samuel Crossman, 1664

LOVE UNKNOWN
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