

My Song Is Love Unknown

LOVE UNKNOWN

1. My song is love un - known, my Sav-ior's love to me; love
2. He came from His blest throne sal - va - tion to be - stow; but
3. Some-times they strew His way, and His sweet prais - es sing; re -
4. Why, what hath my Lord done? What makes this rage and spite? He
5. They rise, and needs will have my dear Lord made a - way; a

to the love - less shown, that they might love - ly be. O
men made strange, and none the longed-for Christ would know. But
sound - ing all the day ho - san - nas to their King. Then
made the lame to run, He gave the blind their sight. Sweet
mur - der - er they save, the Prince of Life they slay. Yet

who am I, that for my sake my Lord should take frail flesh and die?
oh, my Friend, my Friend in-deed, who at my need His life did spend!
"Cru - ci - fy!" is all their breath, and for His death they thirst and cry.
in - ju - ries! Yet they at these them - selves dis-please, and 'gainst Him rise.
cheer-ful He to suff-'ring 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.

WORDS: Samuel Crossman, 1664
MUSIC: John Ireland, 1918

6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4

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