

MY SONG IS LOVE UNKNOWN

Samuel Crossman (1624-83)

John Ireland (1879-1962)

♩ = 96 D D/F# Bm/D F#m/A A7 G/B Bm A/C# D Dsus/E F#m Bm/D G Bm/F#

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*
 6. In life, no house, no home, my Lord on earth might have; in
 7. Here might I stay and sing, no sto - ry so di - vine; nev -

C#°/E Em F#m Bm A/C# Bm/D F#m ESus ESus2 /D E/D A/C# Bm7 A D

to the love - less shown that they might love - ly be. Oh,
 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
 death no friend - ly tomb but what a stran - ger gave. What
 er was love, dear King! Nev - er was grief like thine. This

C Bm/D Em C G F#°/A Bm Bm7/A/C# D G/B D/F# Gmaj7 F#m/A A7 D

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 - jur - ies! Yet they, at these, them - selves dis - please and 'gainst him rise.
cheer - ful he to suf - fering goes that he his foes from thence might free.
 may I say? Heav'n was his home; but mine the tomb where - in he lay.
 is my Friend, in whose sweet praise I all my days could glad - ly spend.