

# My Song Is Love Unknown



*All:* 1 My song is love un - known, my Sav - ior's love to  
*Treble Voices:* 2 He came from his blest throne sal - va - tion to be -  
*Bass Voices:* 3 Some - times we strew his way and his sweet prais - es  
*Choir:* 4 We cry out, we will have our dear Lord made a -  
*Choir:* 5 In life no house, no home my Lord on earth might  
*All:* 6 Here might I stay and sing - no sto - ry so div -



me, love to the love - less shown that they might  
 stow; the world that was his own would not its  
 sing; re - sound - ing all the day ho - san - nas  
 way, a mur - der - er to save, the prince of  
 have; in death no friend - ly tomb but what a  
 ine! Nev - er was love, dear King, nev - er was



love - ly be. Oh, who am I that for my  
 Sav - ior know. But, oh, my friend, my friend in -  
 to our king. Then "Cru - ci - fy!" is all our  
 life to slay. Yet cheer - ful he to suf - f'ring  
 strang - er gave. What may I say? Heav'n was his  
 grief like thine. This is my friend, in whose sweet



sake my Lord should take frail flesh and die?  
 deed, who at my need his life did spend!  
 breath, and for his death we thirst and cry.  
 goes that he his foes from thence might free.  
 home but mine the tomb where - in he lay.  
 praise I all my days could glad - ly spend!

Text: Samuel Crossman, 1623–1683, alt.

Tune: LOVE UNKNOWN, John Ireland, 1879–1962

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LBW Version

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All: 1 My song is love un - known, My Sav - ior's love to  
Treble Voices: 2 He came from his blest throne Sal - va - tion to be -  
Bass Voices: 3 Some - times they strew his way And his sweet prais - es  
Choir: 4 Why, what hath my Lord done? What makes this rage and  
Choir: 5 They rise, and needs will have My dear Lord made a -  
All: 6 In life, no house, no home My Lord on earth might  
All: 7 Here might I stay and sing— No sto - ry so div -



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  
way; A mur - der - er they save, The prince of  
have; In death, no friend - ly tomb But what a  
ine! Nev - er was love, dear King, Nev - er was



love - ly be. Oh, who am I that for my  
Christ would know. But, oh, my friend, my friend in -  
to their King. Then "Cru - ci - fy!" is all their  
blind their sight. Sweet in - ju - ries! Yet they at  
life they slay. Yet cheer - ful he To suf - f'ring  
strang - er gave. What may I say? Heav'n was his  
grief like thine. This is my friend, in whose sweet



sake My Lord should take frail flesh and die?  
deed, Who at my need his life did spend!  
breath, And for his death they thirst and cry.  
these Them - selves dis - please And 'gainst him rise.  
goes That he his foes from thence might free.  
home; But mine the tomb where - in he lay.  
praise I all my days could glad - ly spend!

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