My Song Is Love Unknown

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

Samuel Crossman, 1664

1. My song is love unknown, My Savior's love to me,  
   Love to the loveless shown That they might love
   be. O who am I, That for my sake

2. He came from His blest throne Salvation to be stow; But men made strange, and none The longed-for Christ would sing; Re-sounding all the day Hosannas to their spite? He made the lame to run, He gave the blind their
   know. But O, my Friend, My Friend indeed,
   sight. Sweet injuries! Yet they at these

3. Sometimes they strew His way And His sweet praises  
   That they might love-ly

4. Why, what hath my Lord done? What makes this rage and reasons? Who at my need His life did spend!
   That for my sake

   And for His death They thirst and cry.
   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!