

H618 MY SONG IS LOVE UNKNOWN

D Bm/D F#m A Bm(sus4) Bm A

1. My song is love un - known, My
 2. He came from his blest throne Sal -
 3. Some - times they strew his way, And
 4. Why, what has my Lord done? What
 5. They rise, and needs will have My
 6. In life no house, no home My
 7. Here might I stay and sing, No

D F#m Bm G Em F#m

Sav - ior's love to me, Love to the love - less
 va - tion to bes - tow, But men made strange, and
 his sweet prai - ses sing, Re - soun - ding all the
 makes this rage and spite? He made the lame to
 dear Lord made a - way; A mur - de - rer they
 Lord on earth might have; In death no friend - ly
 sto - ry so di - vine: Ne - ver was love, dear

Bm F#m E A

shown That they might love - - ly be.
 none The longed - for Christ - - would know.
 day Ho - san - nas to - - their King.
 run, He gave the blind - - their sight.
 save, The Prince of Life - - they slay.
 tomb But what a stran - - ger gave.
 King, Ne - ver was grief - - like Thine.

D C Em C G Bm A/C#

O who am I that for my sake My
 But O my friend, My friend in - deed, Who
 Then "Cru - ci - fy!" is all their breath, And
 Sweet in - ju - ries! Yet they at these Them -
 Yet stead - fast he to su - fring goes, That
 What may I say? Heav'n was his home; But
 This is my friend, in whose sweet praise I

D A D

Lord should take frail flesh, and die?
 at my need his life did spend.
 for his death they thirst and cry.
 selves dis - please, and 'gainst him rise.
 he his foes, from thence might free.
 mine the tomb where - in he lay.
 all my days could glad - ly spend.

Words: Samuel Crossman, 1624-1683
 Music: John Ireland, 1879-1962

LOVE UNKNOWN
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