

MY SONG IS LOVE UNKNOWN

D A A7 G A D F#m G G/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 -

Em F#m Bm Bm/D Esus4 E7 A D C

1. to the love - less shown That they might love - ly be. O who am
 2. all made strange, and none The longed - for Christ — would know. But O my
 3. sound - ing all the day Ho - san - nas to — their King. Then “Cru - ci -
 4. made the lame to run, He gave the blind — their sight. Sweet in - ju -
 5. mur - der - er they save, The Prince of Life — they slay. Yet stead - fast
 6. death no friend - ly tomb But what a strang - er gave. What may I
 7. er was love, dear King, Nev - er was grief — like thine. This is my

Em C G Bm A D D/F# A A7 D

1. I That for my sake The Lord should take Frail flesh, and die?
 2. friend, My friend in - deed, Who at my need His life did spend!
 3. fy!” Is all their breath, And for his death They thirst and cry.
 4. ries! Yet they at these Them - selves dis - please, And 'gainst him rise.
 5. he To suf - f'ring goes, That he his foes From thence might free.
 6. say? Heav'n was his home; But mine the tomb Where - in he lay.
 7. friend, In whose sweet praise I all my days Could glad - ly spend!

Note: When guitar and keyboard play together, keyboardists should improvise using the guitar chords above the melody.

Text: 66 66 44 44; Samuel Crossman, ca. 1624–1683.

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30117170

Edition #30117170