

for W.J.J.

My song is love unknown

anthem for mixed voices and organ

Words, Samuel Crossman (1624–83)

Music, Jeremy Jackman

With movement, lyrical $\text{♩} = \text{c. 66}$

SOPRANO

With movement, lyrical $\text{♩} = \text{c. 66}$

ORGAN

Ped.

My song is love un-known,
— my Sa-viour's love to me, Love to the love-less shown, — that they might
love - ly be. O, who am I, — that for my sake my Lord should
take frail flesh, — and die?



26

S. *mp*
He came from his blest throne, sal - va - tion to be - stow:

A. *mp*
He came from his blest throne, sal - va - tion to be - stow: but

T. *mp*
He came from his blest throne, sal - va - tion to be - stow: but

B. *mp*
He came from his blest throne, sal - va - tion to be - stow: but

Org.

31

but men made strange, and none the long'd-for Christ would know. But

men made strange, none the long'd-for Christ would know. But

8 men made strange and none the long'd-for Christ would know. But

men made strange, none the long'd-for Christ would know. But

Org.

36

O, my Friend, my Friend in - deed, who at my need his
 O, my Friend, my Friend in - deed, who at my need
 O, my Friend, my Friend in - deed, who
 O, my Friend, who at my need his

41

life did spend!
 his life did spend!
 at my need his life did spend!
 life did spend!

TENOR

47 *mf*

TENOR

In life no house, no home, my Lord on earth might have;

BASS

In life no house, no home, my Lord on earth might have;

mf

SOPRANO

52 *mf*

SOPRANO

In death no friendly tomb, but what a strang - er grave.

58 *mf*

S. What may I say? Heav'n was his home; but mine the tomb where-in

A. What may I say? Heav'n was his home; but mine the tomb where-in

T. 8 What may I say? Heav'n was his home; but mine the tomb where-in

B. What may I say? Heav'n was his home; but mine the tomb where -

Org.

64

he lay.

he lay.

he lay.

-in he lay.

mp

69

Here might I stay and sing, no sto - - ry so di - vine; ne- ver was

Here might I stay and sing, no sto - ry so di - vine;

Here might I stay and sing, no sto - ry so di - vine;

Here might I stay and sing, no sto - ry so di - vine;

f

f

f

f

74

love, ne-ver was love, dear King, ne-ver was grief like thine! This
 ne-ver was love, dear King, ne-ver was grief like thine! This
 ne-ver was love, dear King, ne-ver was grief like thine! This
 ne-ver was love, dear King, ne-ver was grief like thine! This
 ne-ver was love, dear King, ne-ver was grief like thine! This

79

is my Friend, in whose sweet praise I all my days could
 is my Friend, in whose sweet praise I all my days could
 is my Friend, in whose sweet praise I all my days could
 is my Friend, in whose sweet praise I all my days could