

**My song is love unknown**

My song is love unknown,  
my Savior's love to me,  
love to the loveless shown  
that they might lovely be.  
O who am I  
that for my sake  
my Lord should take  
frail flesh and die?

He came from his blest throne  
salvation to bestow,  
but men made strange, and none  
the longed-for Christ would know.  
But O my friend,  
my friend indeed,  
who at my need,  
his life did spend.

Sometimes they strew his way,  
and his strong praises sing,  
resounding all the day  
hosannas to their King.  
Then "Crucify!"  
is all their breath,  
and for his death  
they thirst and cry.

Why, what hath my Lord done?  
What makes this rage and spite?  
He made the lame to run,  
he gave the blind their sight.  
Sweet injuries!  
Yet they at these  
themselves displease,  
and 'gainst him rise.

They rise, and needs will have  
my dear Lord made away;  
a murderer they save,  
the Prince of Life they slay.  
Yet steadfast he  
to suffering goes,  
that he his foes  
from thence might free.

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.

Words: Samuel Crossman  
(1624-1683), 1664  
Music: Love Unknown  
(John Ireland, 1879-1962)  
Meter: 66 66 44 44