My song is love unknown AMNS 63 Melody: Love Unknown 6 6. 6 6. 4 4. 4 4.

(Melody still in copyright)

My song is love unknown,

my Saviour’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 sweet 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 cheerful he

to suffering goes,

that he his foes

from thence might free.

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?

Heaven was his home;

but mine the tomb

wherein he lay.

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)

Music: John Ireland (1879-1962)