

# My song is love unknown

Love unknown

1. My song is love unknown, my Sa-viour's love for me; love to the loveless shown that they might love - ly be: but who am I, that for my sake my Lord should take frail flesh and die.

2. Sometimes they crowd 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.

3. With angry shouts they have  
my dear Lord done away;  
a murderer they save,  
the Prince of Life they slay.  
Yet steadfast he to suffering goes  
that these, his foes, can be set free.

4. 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.

5. Here might I stay and sing  
of him my soul adores;  
never was love, dear King,  
never was grief like yours!  
this is my friend in whose sweet praise  
I all my days could gladly spend.

S. Crossman (1624-1683)  
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