



My Song Is Love Unknown

Samuel Crossman | 1664

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?

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.

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.