

My song is love unknown

Samuel Crossman
(1624-84)

John Bacchus Dykes
(1823-76)

St John (66. 66. 88)

1. My song is love un - known, My Sa - viour's love to me, Love
2. He came from His blest throne, Sal - va - tion to be - stow; But
3. Some - times they strew His way, And His sweet prais - es sing; Re -
4. Why, what has my Lord done? What made this rage and spite? He
5. They rise, and needs will have My dear Lord made a - way; A
6. In life, no house, no home My Lord on earth might have; In
7. Here might I stay and sing, No sto - ry so di - vine; Ne -

to the love - less shown, That they might love - ly be. O
men made strange, and none The longed - for Christ would know. But
sound - ing all the day Ho - san - nas to their king. Then
made the lame to run, He gave the blind their sight. Sweet
mur - der - er they save, The Prince of Life they slay. Yet
death, no friend - ly tomb But what a strang - er gave. What
ver was love, Dear King, Ne - ver was grief like Thine. This

who am I that for my sake My Lord should take frail flesh and die.
O, my Friend, my Friend in - deed, Who at my need His life did spend.
"Cru - ci - fy!" Is all their breath, And for His death they thirst and cry.
in - jur - ies! Yet they at these Them - selves dis - please, and 'gainst Him rise.
cheer-ful He to suffer - ing goes, That He His foes from thence might free.
may I say? Heaven was His home; But mine the tomb where - in He lay.
is my Friend, in whose sweet praise I all my days could glad - ly spend.