

My Song Is Love Unknown



1. My song is love un - known; my Sav - ior's love to me.
2. He came from his blest throne sal - va - tion to be - stow:
3. Some - times they strew his way, and his sweet prais - es sing;
4. Why, what hath my Lord done? What makes this rage and spite?
5. They rise, and needs will have my dear Lord made a - way;
6. Here might I stay and sing, no sto - ry so di - vine;



love to the love - less shown, that they might love - ly be.
but men made strange,† and none the longed-for Christ would know:
re - sound - ing all the day ho - san - nas to their King.
He made the lame to run, he gave the blind their sight.
a mur - der - er they save, the Prince of Life they slay,
nev - er was love, dear King! nev - er was grief like thine.



O who am I that for my sake
But O my friend, my friend in - deed,
Then "Cru - ci - fy!" is all their breath,
Sweet in - ju - ries! Yet they at these
yet cheer - ful he to suf - fering goes,
This is my Friend, in whose sweet praise



my Lord should take frail flesh, and die?
who at my need his life did spend.
and for his death they thirst and cry.
them - selves dis - please, and 'gainst him rise.
that he his foes from thence might free.
I all my days could glad - ly spend.

Words: 1664 | Samuel Crossman (1623-1683)

Music: *Love Unknown*, 1918 | John Ireland (1879-1962) 66. 66. 44. 44

†But men made strange: *But men scorned him*

Historically, great hymns have been written by members of the clergy, rather than by lyric poets. Samuel Crossman was a Puritan-leaning Anglican minister, but this hymn is the masterpiece of a true poet and was not intended for corporate singing. Like the metaphysical poets, Crossman adopted the tone and techniques used in Renaissance love poetry; he uses common Petrarchan conventions including wordplay on a common root (st. 1 love/loveless/lovely), oxymoron (st. 4 sweet injuries), and irony (st. 5 line 2).