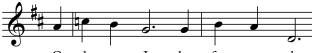
## My Song Is Love Unknown



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



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



my Lord should take frail flesh, and die? who life did my need his spend. and for his death they thirst and cry. them-selves dis-please, and 'gainst him rise. his foes from thence might free. that he T 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).