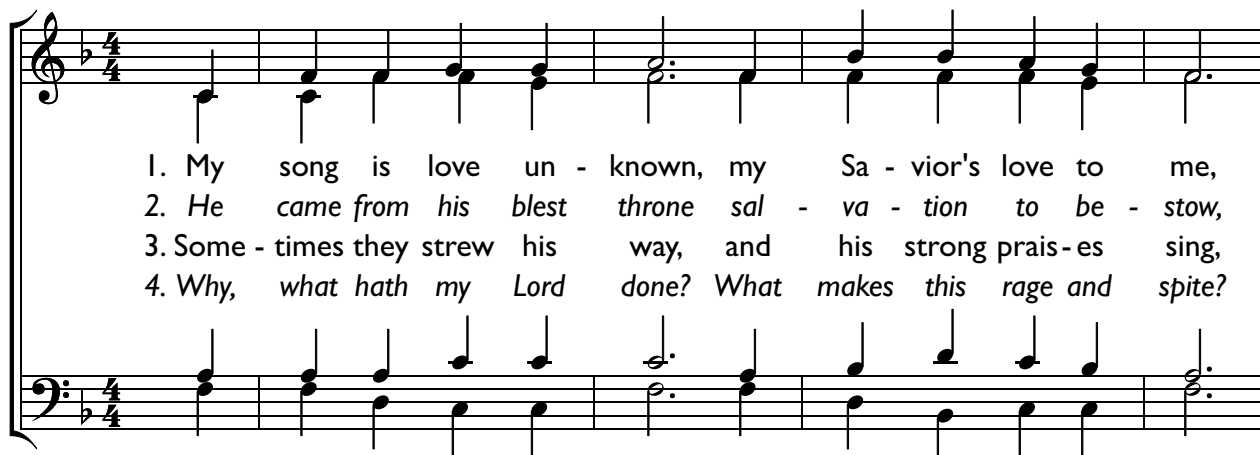


Samuel Crossman
(1624-1683)

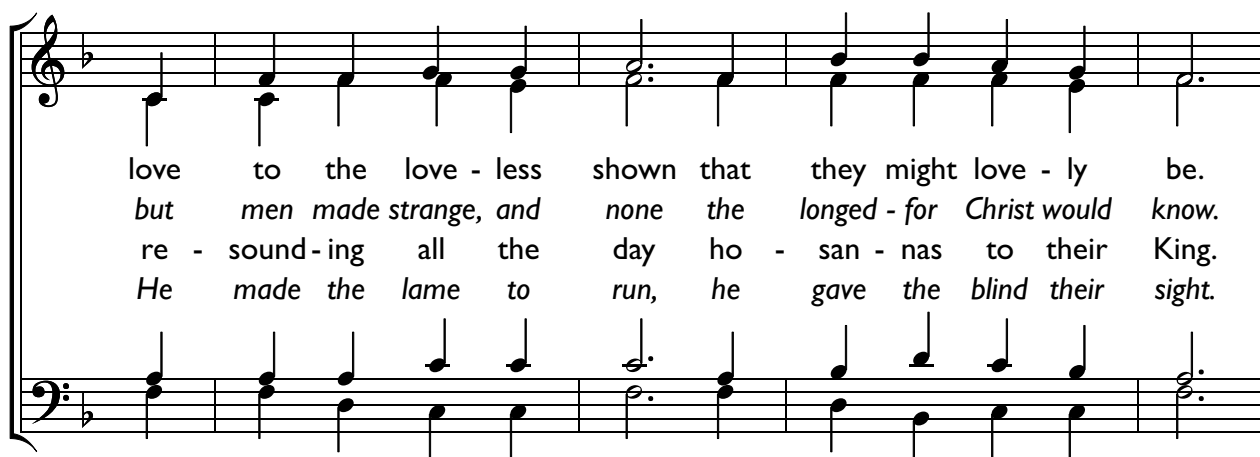
My song is love unknown

Hymnal 1982 no. 458, Melody: Rhosymedre

John Edwards
(1806-1885)



1. My song is love un - known, my Sa - vior'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 strong prais - es sing,
4. Why, what hath my Lord done? What makes this rage and spite?



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.



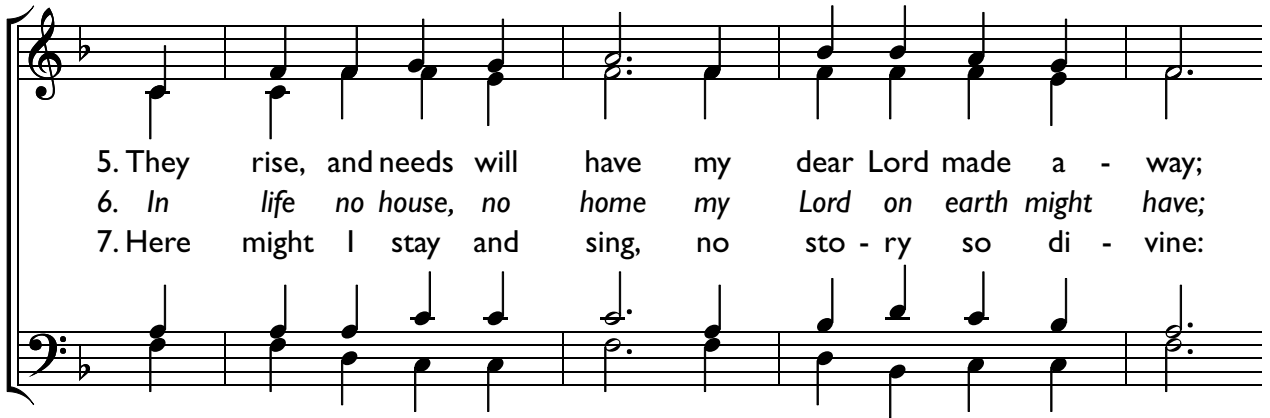
O who am I that for my sake my Lord should take frail
But O my friend, my friend in - deed, who at my need his
Then "Cru - ci - fy!" is all their breath, and for his death they
Sweet in - ju - ries! Yet they at these them - selves dis - please, and



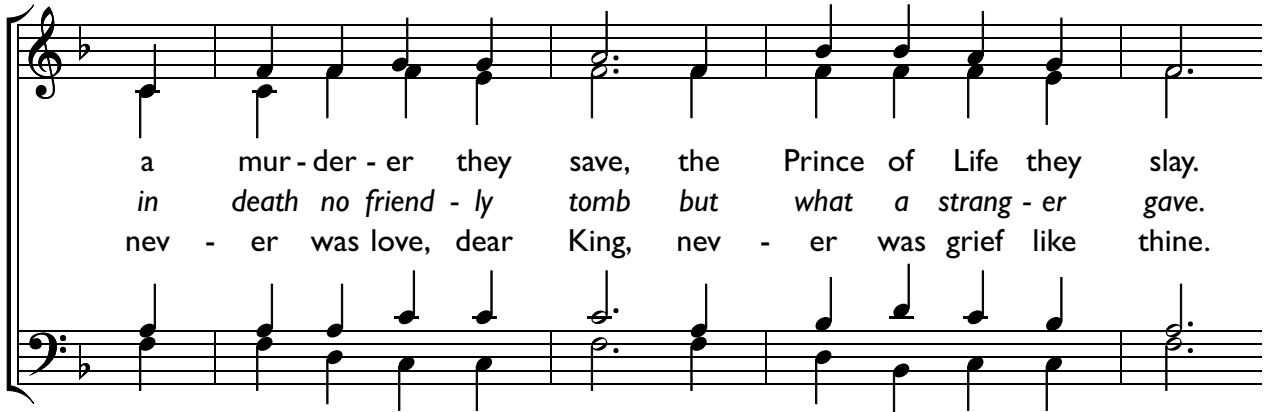
flesh, and die, my Lord should take frail flesh, and die?
life did spend, who at my need his life did spend.
thirst and cry, and for his death they thirst and cry.
'gainst him rise, them - selves dis - please, and 'gainst him rise.

vv. 5-7 on next page

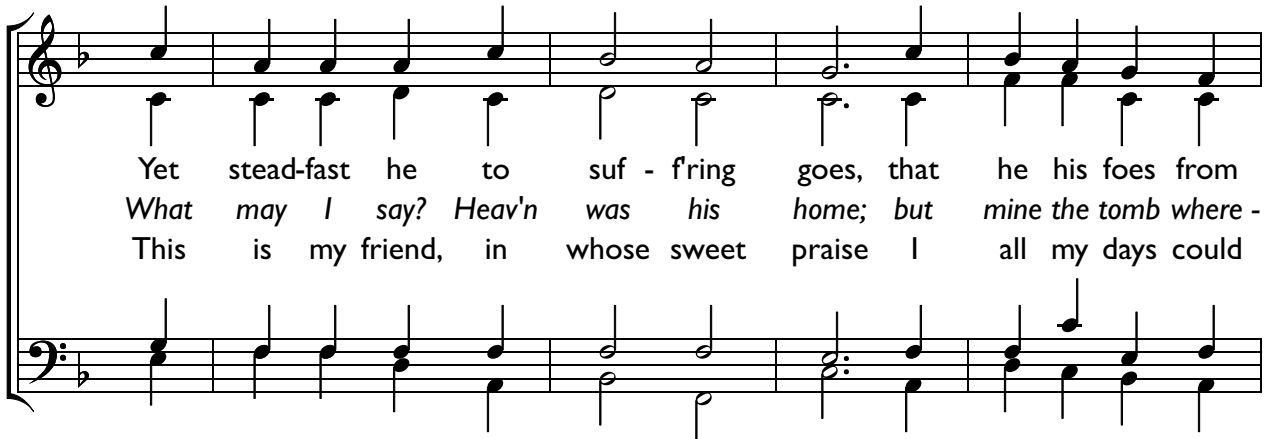
Hymnal 1982 no. 458 continued (melody: Rhosymedre)




5. They rise, and needs will have my dear Lord made a - way;
6. In life no house, no home my Lord on earth might have;
7. Here might I stay and sing, no sto - ry so di - vine:



a mur - der - er they save, the Prince of Life they slay.
in death no friend - ly tomb but what a strang - er gave.
nev - er was love, dear King, nev - er was grief like thine.



Yet stead-fast he to suf - fring goes, that he his foes from
What may I say? Heav'n was his home; but mine the tomb where -
This is my friend, in whose sweet praise I all my days could



thence might free, that he his foes from thence might free.
in he lay, but mine the tomb where - in he lay.
glad - ly spend, I all my days could glad - ly spend.