

## Love Unknown

JOHN IRELAND, 1879-1962

[UNISON]                    2  
 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?

[HARMONY]                    2  
 He came from his blest throne,  
 Salvation to bestow;  
 But men made strange, and none  
 The longed-for Christ would know.  
 But O, my Friend,  
 My Friend indeed,  
 Who at my need  
 His life did spend!

[UNISON]                    5  
 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.

[UNISON]                    3  
 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.

4  
 They rise, and needs will have,  
 My dear Lord made away;  
 A murderer they save,  
 The Prince of Life they slay.  
 Yet cheerful he  
 To suffering goes,  
 That he his foes  
 From thence might free.

S. CROSSMAN

## JESUS IS CRUCIFIED

Reading : ST. MATTHEW 27, 33-44