

My Song Is Love Unknown

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Samuel Crossman, 1664; alt.

2 Cor. 5:15–19; Heb. 5:7–10

1 My song is love un - known, my Sav - ior's love to me,
 2 God left the rich - est throne sal - va - tion to be - stow;
 3 Some - times they threw down palms and sweet - est prais - es sang.
 4 What has my Sov - ereign done? What makes this rage and spite?
 5 I sing my plain be - lief, one song my heart out - pours:

Love to the love - less shown, that they might love - ly be.
 But Christ as flesh and bone the world re - fused to know.
 Ho - san - nas and glad psalms through streets and mar - kets rang.
 Christ gave new strength to run, re - stored the gift of sight.
 Nev - er was pain nor grief, nev - er was love like yours.

O who am I, that for my sake my God should take frail
 But, O my Friend, my Friend in - deed, who at my need did
 Then "Cru - ci - fy!" is all their breath, for blood and death they
 Sweet in - ju - ries! Yet they at these them - selves dis - please, and
 This is my Friend, in whose sweet praise I all my days could

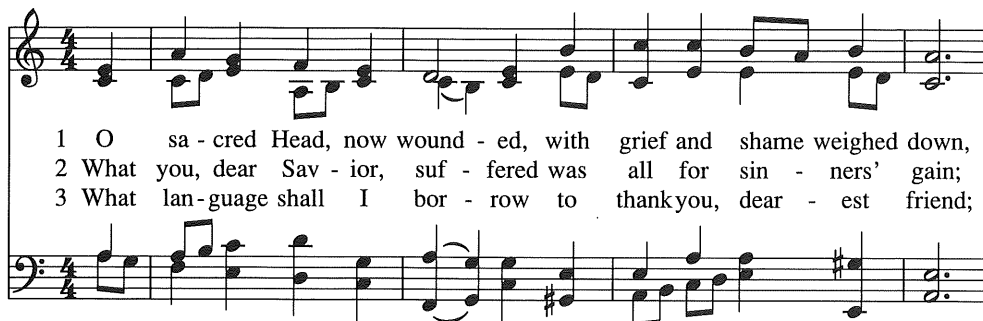
flesh and die? My God should take frail flesh and die?
 life ex - pend; who at my need did life ex - pend.
 thirst and cry; for blood and death they thirst and cry.
 'gainst Christ rise; them - selves dis - please, and 'gainst Christ rise.
 glad - ly spend; I all my days could glad - ly spend.

First published in 1664 by Samuel Crossman, one of the first writers of English hymns, this hymn of praise for Christ's love was not appreciated until 200 years later. The tune was named for the parish in northeastern Wales where the composer served as vicar.

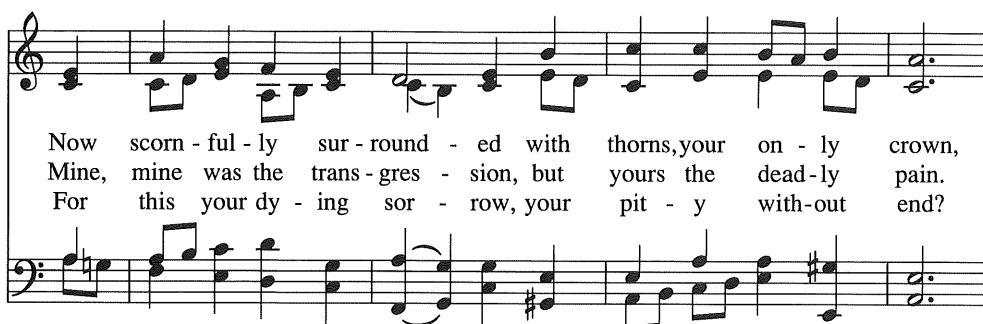
Tune: RHOSYMEDRE 6.6.6.6.8.8.8.
 John D. Edwards, c. 1840

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

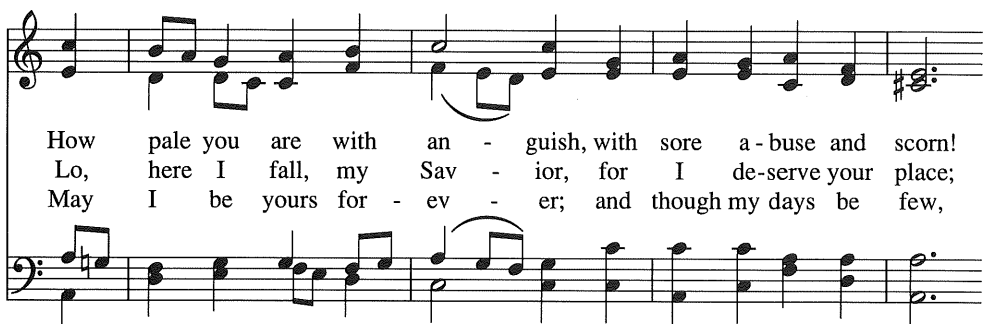
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*Medieval Latin, attrib. to Bernard of Clairvaux (1091–1153)**German paraphr. by Paul Gerhardt, 1656**Transl. James W. Alexander, 1830; alt.**Isa. 53; John 19:1–3*


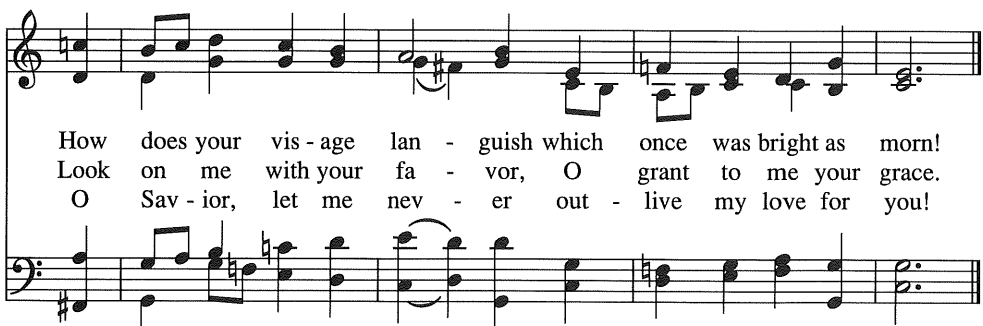
1 O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, with grief and shame weighed down,
 2 What you, dear Sav - ior, suf - fered was all for sin - ners' gain;
 3 What lan - guage shall I bor - row to thank you, dear - est friend;



Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed with thorns, your on - ly crown,
 Mine, mine was the trans - gres - sion, but yours the dead - ly pain.
 For this your dy - ing sor - row, your pit - y with - out end?



How pale you are with an - guish, with sore a - buse and scorn!
 Lo, here I fall, my Sav - ior, for I de - serve your place;
 May I be yours for - ev - er; and though my days be few,



How does your vis - age lan - guish which once was bright as morn!
 Look on me with your fa - vor, O grant to me your grace.
 O Sav - ior, let me nev - er out - live my love for you!

This hymn is drawn from an extended Latin poem in seven sections, each addressed to a member of Christ's body on the cross. It comes to us by way of a German translation by Lutheran pastor and hymnwriter Paul Gerhardt.

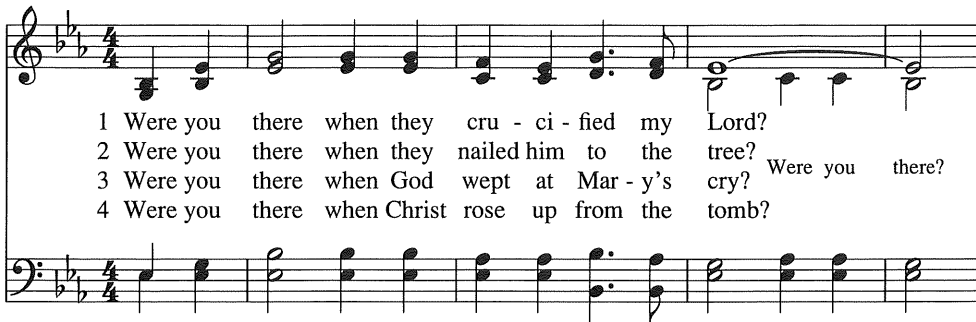
Tune: PASSION CHORALE 7.6.7.6.D.
 (HERZLICH TUT MICH VERLANGEN)

Melody by Hans Leo Hassler, 1601
 Harm. J. S. Bach, 1729

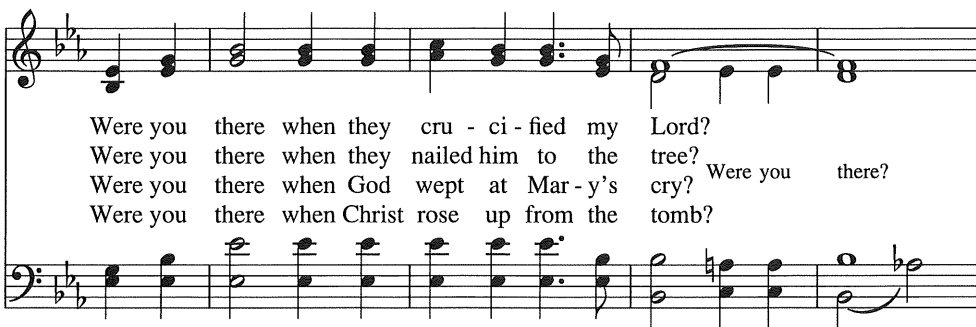
For another harmonization, see 179

John 19:16-18; 20:11-17

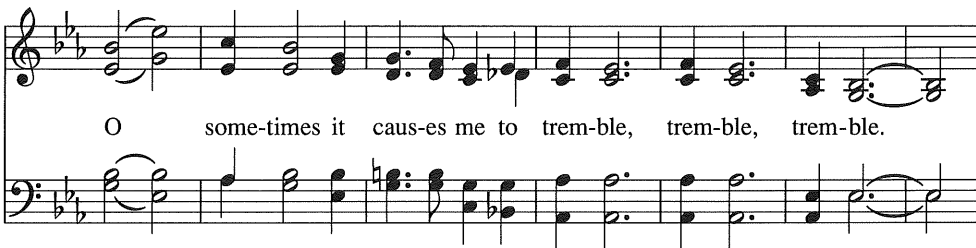
African-American spiritual



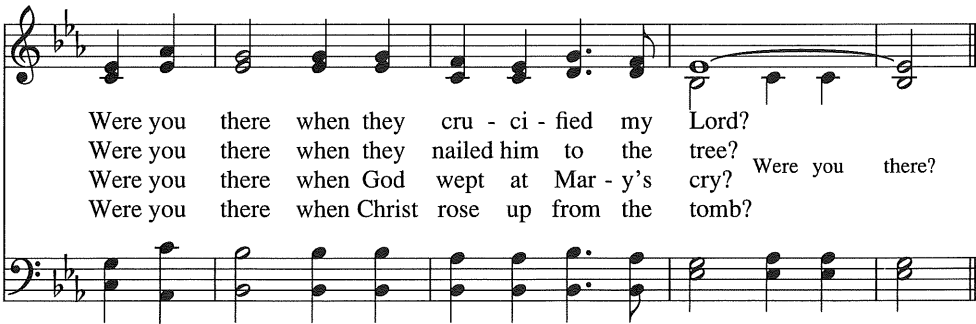
1 Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord?
 2 Were you there when they nailed him to the tree? Were you there?
 3 Were you there when God wept at Mar - y's cry?
 4 Were you there when Christ rose up from the tomb?



Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord?
 Were you there when they nailed him to the tree? Were you there?
 Were you there when God wept at Mar - y's cry?
 Were you there when Christ rose up from the tomb?



O some-times it caus-es me to trem-ble, trem-ble, trem-ble.



Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord?
 Were you there when they nailed him to the tree? Were you there?
 Were you there when God wept at Mar - y's cry?
 Were you there when Christ rose up from the tomb?

While many spirituals begin solemnly but end on a high pitch of praise, this is one of the true "sorrow songs" that W. E. B. DuBois spoke about in his book *The Souls of Black Folk*.

Tune: WERE YOU THERE Irr.
 African-American spiritual
 Arr. Joyce Finch Johnson, 1992