

# Robin Mark, My Song Is My Unknown

My song is love unknown,  
My Saviours 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?  
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.  
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.  
Why, what hath my Lord done?  
What makes this rage and spite?  
He made the lame to run,  
He gave the blind their sight,  
Sweet injuries! Yet they at these  
Themselves displease, and gainst Him rise.  
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.  
In life, no house, no home  
My Lord on earth might have;  
In death no friendly tomb  
But what a stranger gave.  
What may I say? Heavn was His home;  
But mine the tomb wherein He lay.  
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.