

# My Song Is Love Unknown

*By this the love of God was manifested in us, that God has sent His only begotten Son into the world so that we might live through Him. 1 John 4:9*



1. My song is love un-known, my Sav - ior's love for me,
2. Some-times they line His way and His sweet prais - es sing,
3. The Bless - ed One they curse, and send the Lamb a - way;
4. Here will I stay and sing of whom my soul a - dores;



love to the love-less shown, that they might love-ly be.  
re-sound-ing all the day ho-san-as to their King.  
a guilt-y man they choose, the Prince of Life they slay.  
nev-er was love, dear King, nev-er was grief like Yours!



Oh who am I, that for my sake my  
Then "Cru-ci-fy!" is all their breath, and  
Yet will-ing He to suf-f'ring goes, that  
This is my Friend, in whose sweet praise I



Lord should take frail flesh and die?  
for His death they thirst and cry. My song is love,  
He His foes from death might save.  
all my days would glad-ly spend.



TEXT: Samuel Crossman, 1664, alt.

MUSIC: Dan Kreider

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## My God, My God (Psalm 22)

*And about the ninth hour Jesus cried out with a loud voice, saying, "Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani?" that is, "My God, my God, why have You forsaken me?" Matthew 27:46*

1. My God, my God, to You I cry; O why have You forsaken me?  
Why are You far from giving help, and from my agonizing plea?  
All day, my God, I cry in vain— by night, yet no relief I gain.
2. But still You are the Holy One; on Israel's praise You are enthroned.  
Our fathers put their trust in You; You saved them when to You they groaned.  
To You they cried, and rescue came; they trusted and were free from shame.
3. Reproached of men, by all despised; a worm, and not a man am I.  
All they that see me laugh in scorn; they shake their heads and taunting cry:  
"He trusts the LORD! Let Him defend and save him, if He is his friend!"
4. You brought me safely from the womb, gave faith when on my mother's breast,  
since birth entrusted to Your care. You've been my God— in You I rest.  
Be not far off, for grief is near; no other helper will appear.