

My Song Is Love Unknown TiS 341

Tune: Love Unknown.

1. 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?
2. He came from
his blest throne
salvation to bestow:
but all 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.
4. Why, what has 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.
6. 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?
Heav'n was his home;
but mine the tomb
wherein he lay.
7. 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.

Samuel Crossman 1624-84 *alt.*

© The Australian Hymn Book Company

For Mary, Mother of our Lord A&M 313

Tune: St. Botolph

1. For Mary, Mother of our Lord
God's holy name be praised,
who first the Son of God adored
as on her child she gazed.
2. Brave, holy Virgin she believed,
though hard the task assigned,
and by the Holy Ghost conceived
the Saviour of mankind.
3. The busy world had got no space
or time for God on earth;
a cattle manger was the place
where Mary gave him birth.
4. She gave her body as God's shrine,
her heart to piercing pain;
and knew the cost of love divine,
when Jesus Christ was slain.
5. Dear Mary, from your lowliness
and home in Galilee,
there comes a joy and holiness
to every family.
6. Hail, Mary, you are full of grace,
above all women blest;
and blest your Son, whom your embrace
In birth and death confessed.

John Raphael Peacey 1896-1971

© Reproduced with permission OneLicense #A624976

All hail the power of Jesus' name Tis 224(i)

Tune: Miles Lane

1. All hail the power of Jesus' name;
let angels prostrate fall;
bring forth the royal diadem
And crown Him crown Him crown Him
to crown him Lord of all.
2. Crown him, you martyrs of our God,
who from his altar call;
praise him whose way of pain you trod,
and crown him, crown him, crown him,
crown him Lord of all.
3. As heirs of Israel's chosen race
and ransomed of the fall,
hail him who saves you by his grace,
and crown him, crown him. crown him,
crown him Lord of all.
4. Sinners, whose love cannot forget
the wormwood and the gall,
go spread your treasures at his feet
and crown him, crown him, crown him,
crown him Lord of all.
5. Let every tribe and every tongue
responsive to his call,
now shout in universal song
And crown Him crown Him crown Him
and crown him, crown him, crown him,
crown him Lord of all.

Edward Perronet 1726-92 *alt.*

© The Australian Hymn Book Company.

Let all mortal flesh keep silence Tis 497

Tune: Picardy

1. Let all mortal flesh keep silence
and with fear and trembling stand;
ponder nothing earthly-minded,
for with blessing in his hand
Christ our God to earth descending
comes full homage to demand.
2. King of kings, yet born of Mary,
as of old on earth he stood,
Lord of lords, in human vesture,
in the body and the blood,
he will give to all the faithful
his own self for heavenly food.

3. Rank on rank the host of heaven
spreads its vanguard on the way,
as the Light of light comes shining
from the realms of endless day,
that the powers of hell may vanish
as the darkness clears away.
4. At his feet the six-winged seraphs,
cherubim with sleepless eye,
veil their faces to the presence,
as with ceaseless voice they cry,
alleluia, alleluia, alleluia,
Lord Most High!

From the Liturgy of St. James c. 4th cent.

tr. Gerard Moultrie 1829-85 alt.

© The Australian Hymn book Company.

Blessed Assurance A&M 601

Tune: Blessed Assurance

1. Blessed assurance Jesus is mine:
Oh what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God;
born of his Spirit, washed in His blood:

Chorus

*This is my story, this is my song,
praising my Saviour all the day long.*

*This is my story, this is my song,
praising my Saviour all the day long.*

2. Perfect submission, perfect delight,
visions of rapture now burst at my sight;
angels descending bring from above
echoes of mercy whispers of love:

Chorus

3. Perfect submission. all is at rest,
I in my Saviour am happy and blest
watching and waiting, looking above,
filled with his goodness, lost in his love:

Chorus

CCLI Song # 2645094

Fanny Jane Crosby 1820-1915

© Public Domain

A&M = Ancient and Modern