

# Jesus Christ our Lord

Unison or harmony

458

v. 1, 7

1 My song is love un - known, my Sa - vior's love to me, love  
2 He came from his blest throne sal - va - tion to be - stow, but  
\*3 Some - times they strew his way, and his strong prais - es sing, re -  
\*4 Why, what hath my Lord done? What makes this rage and spite? He  
\*5 They rise, and needs will have my dear Lord made a - way; a

1 to the love - less shown that they might love - ly be. O  
2 men made strange, and none the longed - for Christ would know. But  
3 sound - ing all the day ho - san - nas to their King. Then  
4 made the lame to run, he gave the blind their sight. Sweet  
5 mur - der - er they save, the Prince of Life they slay. Yet

1 who am I that for my sake my Lord should take frail flesh, and die?  
2 O my friend, my friend in - deed, who at my need his life did spend.  
3 "Cru - ci - fy!" is all their breath, and for his death they thirst and cry.  
4 in - ju - ries! Yet they at these them-selves dis - please, and 'gainst him rise.  
5 stead-fast he to suf - fering goes, that he his foes from thence might free.

\*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?  
Heaven 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.

Alternative tune: *Rhosymedre*, 587.

Words: Samuel Crossman (1624-1683), alt.

Music: *Love Unknown*, John Ireland (1879-1962)

$\text{♩} = 54$

66. 66. 44. 44

vv. 1, 4

1 Tell out, my soul, the great-ness of the Lord! Un -  
 2 Tell out, my soul, the great-ness of his Name! Make  
 3 Tell out, my soul, the great-ness of his might! Powers  
 4 Tell out, my soul, the glo - ries of his word! Firm

num - bered bless - ings give my spi - rit voice; ten - der to  
 known his might, the deeds his arm has done; his mer - cy  
 and do - min - ions lay their glo - ry by. Proud hearts and  
 is his prom - ise, and his mer - cy sure. Tell out, my

me the prom - ise of his word; in  
 sure, from age to age the same; his  
 stub - born wills are put to flight, the  
 soul, the great - ness of the Lord to

God my Sa - vior shall my heart re - joice.  
 ho - ly Name— the Lord, the Might - y One.  
 hun - gry fed, the hum - ble lift - ed high.  
 chil - dren's chil - dren and for ev - er - more!

Alternative tune: *Birmingham*, 437.

Words: Timothy Dudley-Smith (b. 1926); based on *The Song of Mary*

Music: *Woodlands*, Walter Greatorex (1877-1949), alt.

$\text{♩} = 52$   
 10 10. 10 10

*Alternative accompaniment*

Music: *Woodlands*, Walter Greatorex (1877-1949)

$\text{♩} = 52$