I Cannot Tell

I cannot tell why he, whom angels worship,
Should set His love upon the sons of men;
Or why, as Shepherd, He should seek the wanderers
To bring them back, they know not how or when.
But this I know, that He was born of Mary,
When Bethl'hem's manger was His only home,
And that He lived at Nazareth and laboured
And so the Saviour of the world is come.

I cannot tell how silently He suffered As with His peace He graced this place of tears; Or how His heart upon the cross was broken The crown of pain to three and thirty years. But this I know, He heals the broken-hearted And stays our sin and calms our lurking fear And lifts the burden from the heavy laden, For yet the Saviour of the world is here.

I cannot tell how He will win the nations,
How He will claim His earthly heritage,
How satisfy the needs and aspirations
Of east and west, of sinner and of sage.
But this I know, all flesh shall see His glory
And He shall reap the harvest He has sown
And some glad day His sun shall shine in splendour
When He the Saviour of the world is known.

I cannot tell how all the lands shall worship
When at His bidding every storm is stilled;
Or who can say how great the jubilation
When all the hearts of men with love are filled.
But this I know, the skies will thrill with rapture
And myriad, myriad human voices sing
And earth to heaven, and heaven to earth will answer
"At last the Saviour of the world is King."

2 I Cannot Tell

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