

I Cannot Tell-Ira Sankey

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 Bethlehem's Manger Was His Only
Home
And That He Lived At Nazareth And
Laboured
And So The Saviour, 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, Saviour Of The World
Is Here.

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, Saviour Of The World
Is King!