

# I Cannot Tell

Music: Traditional  
Words: William Young Fullerton (1857-1932)

C Gm C<sup>7</sup> F

5 B<sup>b</sup>7 Em<sup>7</sup> Am Dm F/G C

9 F/G C Gm C<sup>7</sup> F  
I can - not tell why he whom an - gels wor - ship

13 B<sup>b</sup>7 Em<sup>7</sup> Am Dm  
should set his love up - on the sons of men,

17 F/G C Gm C<sup>7</sup> F  
or why as shep - herd he should seek the wand - 'ers,

21 B<sup>b</sup>7 Em<sup>7</sup> Am Dm F/G C  
to bring them back, they know not how or when.

25 F/G C Dm C/E F  
But this I know, that he was born of Ma - ry

29 Dm F/G Em<sup>7</sup> Am D  
when Beth - lehem's man - ger was his on - ly home,

33 F/G C Gm C<sup>7</sup> F

and that he lived at Na - za - reth and la - boured

37 B<sup>b7</sup> Em<sup>7</sup> Am Dm G C

and so the Sa - viour, Sa - viour of the world, has come.

2. I cannot tell how silently he suffered  
 As with his peace he graced this place of tears,  
 Nor 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 still the Saviour, Saviour of the world, is here.

3. 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 will shine in splendour  
 When he the Saviour, Saviour of the world, is known.

4. 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 our hearts with love for him are filled.  
 But this I know, the skies will sound his praises,  
 Ten thousand thousand human voices sing,  
 And earth to heaven, and heaven to earth will answer,  
 'At last the Saviour, Saviour of the world, is King!'