

I Cannot Tell

Trad Tune
Arr T Barrett

Slow Folk Ballad

1. I can - not tell why he whom angels wor - ship should set his love up - on the sons of men Or why as
 2. I can - not tell how si - lent - ly he suff - ered as with his peace he graced this place of tears Or how his
 3. I can - not tell how he will win the na - tions how he will claim his earth - ly her - i - tage how sat - is -

shep - herd he should seek the wand - er - ers to bring them back, they know not how or when But this I
 heart up - on the cross was bro - ken the crown of pain to three and thir - ty years But this I
 fy the needs and as - pir - a - tions of east and west, of sin - ner and of sage But this I

know, that he was born of Ma - ry when Beth - l'em's man - ger was his on - ly home And that he
 know He heals the bro - ken heart - ed and stays our sin and calms our lurk ing fear And lifts the
 know all flesh shall see his glo - ry and he shall reap the har - vest he has sown and some glad

lived at Naz - a - reth and la - boured And so the sav - iour, sav - iour of the world is come 4. I can - not
 bur - den from the heav - y la - den for yet the sav - iour, sav - iour of the world is here
 day his sun shall shine in splen - dour when he the sav - iour, sav - iour of the world is known

tell how all the lands shall wor - ship when at his bid - ding ev - ry storm is stilled. Or who can

say how great the ju - bi - la - tion when all the hearts of men with love are filled But this I

know the skies will thrill with rap - ture And myr - iad my - riad hu - man voi - ces sing And earth to

heav'n and heav'n to earth will ans - wer At last the sav - iour sav - iour of the world is king