

I Cannot Tell Why He, Whom Angels Worship

(sung to Londonderry Air or known as Danny Boy)

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'em'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 still the Saviour, 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 some glad day His sun shall shine in splendour
when he the Saviour, 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 every heart with love and joy is filled.
But this I know, the skies will thrill with rapture,
and myriad, myriad human voices sing,
and earth to heav'n, and heav'n to earth will answer,
at last the Saviour, Saviour of the world, is King!

Words by W. Y Fullerton