

I cannot tell why He, whom angels worship

Preaching of the Gospel — Myriads Won

934

(Guitar)

1. I can-not tell why He, whom an-gels wor - ship, Should set His love up - on the sons of
men, Or why, as Sheph - erd, He should seek the wan-d'rers, To bring them back, they know not how or
when. But this I know, that He was born of Ma - ry, When Bethl'hem's man - ger was His on - ly
home, And that He lived at Naz-areth and la-bored, And so the Savior, Savior of the world, is come.

2. 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 Savior, Savior 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 shall shine in splendor
When He the Savior, Savior 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 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 Savior, Savior of the world, is King.