

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 Thee 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 He will win the nations,  
how He will claim His earthly heritage,  
how satisfy the needs and aspirations  
of east and west, of sinners 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 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 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!