

## Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity ~ hymns for the day

### Hymn 1 ~ I cannot tell

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 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 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 heaven, and heaven to earth, will answer,  
at last the Saviour, Saviour of the world, is King.

*Words:* William Young Fullerton (1857-1932)  
*Text ©:* Public Domain  
*Tune:* LONDONDERRY AIR  
*Music:* Air from County Derry as noted by George  
Petrie, 1903

### Hymn 2 ~ Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven;  
to his feet thy tribute bring;  
ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,  
who like me his praise should sing?  
Alleluia, alleluia,  
praise the everlasting King.

Praise him for his grace and favour  
to our fathers in distress;  
praise him still the same for ever,  
slow to chide, and swift to bless:  
Alleluia, alleluia,  
glorious in his faithfulness.

Father-like he tends and spares us;  
well our feeble frame he knows;  
in his hands he gently bears us,  
rescues us from all our foes:  
Alleluia, alleluia,  
widely as his mercy flows.

Angels, help us to adore him,  
ye behold him face to face;  
sun and moon, bow down before him,  
dwellers all in time and space:  
Alleluia, alleluia,  
praise with us the God of grace.

*Words:* Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847)  
*Text ©:* Public Domain  
*Tune:* PRAISE MY SOUL  
*Music:* John Goss (1800-1880)  
*Music ©:* The Estate of Leonard J Blake