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**“ Nobody Knows but Jesus.”**

I.

“ ‘ Nobody knows but Jesus ’ !  
’ Tis only the old refrain  
Of a quaint, pathetic slave-song,  
But it comes again and again.

II.

I only heard it quoted,  
And I do not know the rest ;  
But the music of the message  
Was wonderfully blessed,

III.

For it fell upon my spirit  
Like sweetest twilight psalm,  
When the breezy sunset waters  
Die into starry calm.

IV.

‘ Nobody knows but Jesus ! ’  
Is it not better so,  
That no one else but Jesus,  
My own dear Lord, should know ?

V.

When the sorrow is a secret  
Between my Lord and me,  
I learn the fuller measure  
Of his quick sympathy.

VI.

Whether it be so heavy,  
That dear ones could not bear  
To know the bitter burden  
They could not come and share ;