


*He was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not. John 1:10*


William Walsham How, 1823-1897

EIFIONYDD 8.7.8.7. D.


John Ambrose Lloyd, the elder, 1815-1874




1. Who is this so weak and help-less, Child of low-ly He-brew maid,  
 2. Who is this, a Man of Sor-rows, Walk-ing sad-ly life's hard way,  
 3. Who is this? be-hold him shed-ding Drops of blood up-on the ground!  
 4. Who is this that hang-eth dy-ing While the rude world scoffs and scorns,



Rude-ly in a sta-ble shel-tered, Cold-ly in a man-ger laid?  
 Home-less, wea-ry, sigh-ing, weep-ing O-ver sin and Sa-tan's sway?  
 Who is this, de-spised, re-ject-ed, Mocked, in-sult-ed, beat-en, bound?  
 Num-bered with the mal-e-e-fac-tors, Torn with nails, and crowned with thorns?



'Tis the Lord of all cre-a-tion, Who this won-drous path hath trod;  
 'Tis our God, our glo-rious Sav-iour, Who a-bove the star-ry sky  
 'Tis our God, who gifts and grac-es On his Church now pour-eth down;  
 'Tis the God who ev-er liv-eth 'Mid the shin-ing ones on high,



He is God from ev-er-last-ing, And to ev-er-last-ing God.  
 Now for us a place pre-par-eth, Where no tear can dim the eye.  
 Who shall smite in ho-ly ven-geance All his foes be-neath his throne.  
 In the glo-rious gold-en cit-y, Reign-ing ev-er-last-ing-ly. A - MEN.