

1. Who is this so weak and helpless, Child of low - ly Heb - rew 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 rain - ing Drops of blood up - on the ground?  
 4. Who is this that hang - eth dy - ing, With the thieves on ei - ther side?

Rude - ly in a sta - ble sheltered, Cold - ly in a man - ger laid?  
 Homeless, wear - y, sigh - ing, weep - ing Over sin and Sa - tan's sway? 'Tis  
 Who is this - despised, re - ject - ed, Mocked, in - sult - ed, beat - en, bound?  
 Nails his hands and feet are tear - ing, And the spear hath pierced his side.

'Tis the Lord of all cre - a - tion, Who this won - drous path hath trod;  
 our God, our glo - ri - ous Sav - ior, Who be - yond our mor - tal sight  
 '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 Free from grief and full of light.  
 Who shall smite in ho - ly vengeance All his foes be - neath his throne.  
 In the glo - ri - ous gold - en city Reign - ing ev - er - last - ing - ly.