



1. Who is this so weak and helpless, Child of low - ly
 2. Who is this— a Man of Sor-rows, Walk-ing sad - ly
 3. Who is this— be - hold him rain-ing Drops of blood up -
 4. Who is this that hang-eth dy - ing, With the thieves on



Heb-rew maid, Rude - ly in a sta - ble sheltered,
 life's hard way; Home-less, wear - y, sigh - ing, weep-ing
 on the ground? Who is this— de-spised, re - ject - ed,
 ei - ther side? Nails his hands and feet are tear-ing,



Cold - ly in a man - ger laid? 'Tis the Lord of
 Over sin and Sa - tan's sway? 'Tis our God, our glo -
 Mocked, in - sult - ed, beat - en, bound? 'Tis our God, who
 And the spear hath pierced his side. 'Tis the God who



all cre - a - tion, Who this won-drous path hath trod;
 ri - ous Sav-ior, Who be - yond our mor - tal sight
 gifts and grac - es On his Church now pour - eth down;
 ev - er liv - eth 'Mid the shin - ing ones on high,



He is God from ev - er - last - ing,
 Now for us a place pre - par - eth
 Who shall smite in ho - ly ven - geance
 In the glo - ri - ous gold - en city



And to ev - er - last - ing God.
 Free from grief and full of light.
 All his foes be - neath his throne.
 Reign - ing ev - er - last - ing - ly.