

## HYMN

## # Who is this, so weak and helpless

Capo 3: Em Am<sup>7</sup> B Em (D<sup>7</sup> Em) B<sup>7</sup> Em

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,

Em Am<sup>7</sup> B Em (D<sup>7</sup> Em) B<sup>7</sup> Em

rude-ly in a sta-ble shel-tered, cold-ly in a man-ger laid?  
 home-less, wea-ry, sigh-ing, weep-ing ov-er 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-fact-ors, torn with nails, and crowned with thorns?

Em B (Em B Em) Am B<sup>7</sup> Em Am Em B

'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 gra-cies on his church now pour-eth down;  
 'Tis the God who ev-er liv-eth 'mid the shin-ing ones on high,

Em (B Em B<sup>7</sup> Em) B<sup>7</sup> Em (D<sup>7</sup> Em) B<sup>7</sup> Em

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.

Text: William Walsham How, 1823–1897, alt.  
 Tune: John Ambrose Lloyd, 1815–1874

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