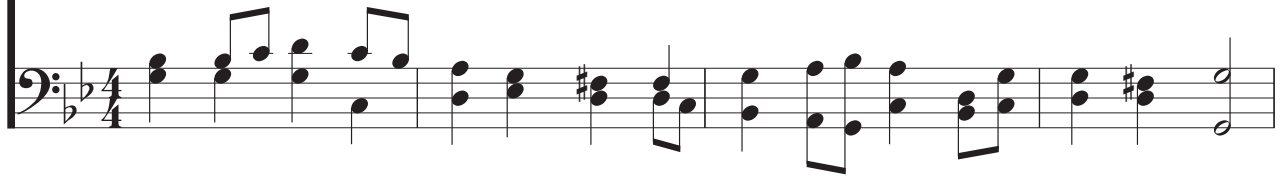




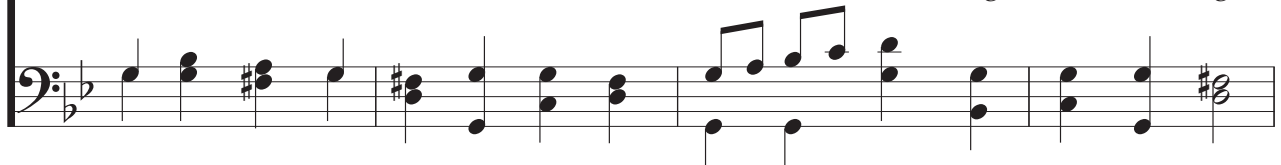
1. Who is this so weak and help-less, Child of low - ly He-brew maid,
 2. Who is this, a Man of Sor-rows, Walk-ing sad - ly life's hard way,
 3. Who is this? Be - hold Him shed-ding Drops of blood up - on the ground!
 4. Who is this that hangs there dy - ing While the rude world scoffs and scorns,



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 - 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 - ior, Who a - bove the star - ry sky
 'Tis our God, who gifts and grac - es On His church is pour-ing down;
 'Tis the God who lives for - ev - er '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.

