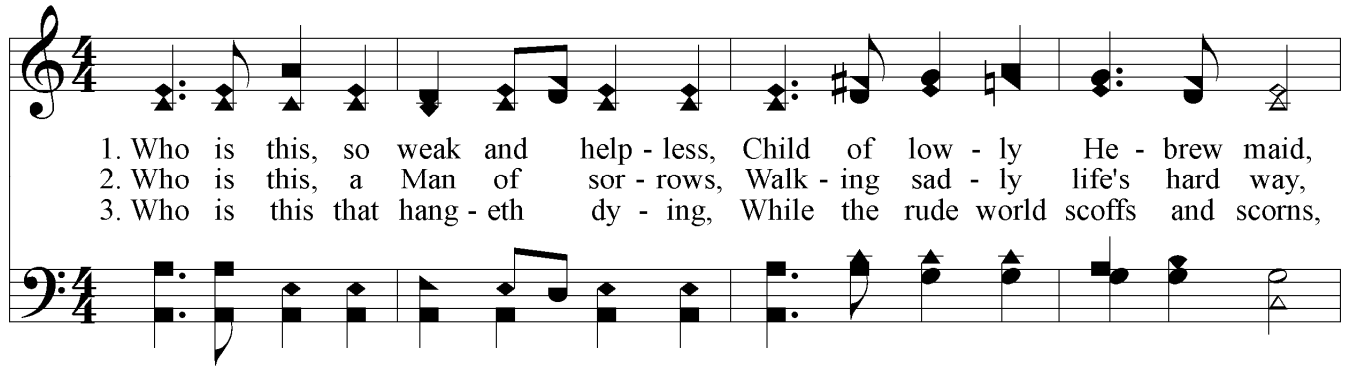


Who Is This, So Weak And Helpless?

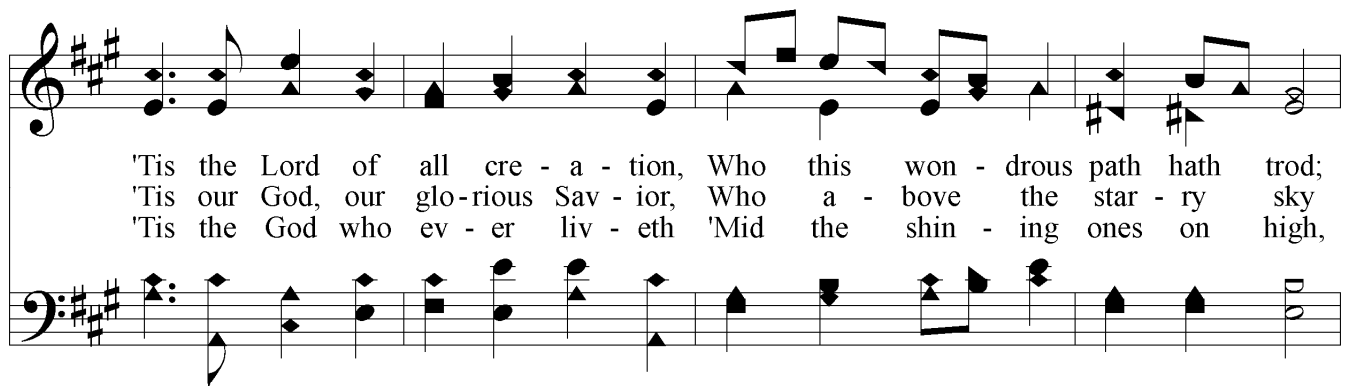
EXALTATION 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7



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 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?
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 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.
In the glo - rious gold - en cit - y Reign - ing ev - er - last - ing - ly. A - men.