

Who Is This, So Weak and Helpless

William How, 1867.

John Lloyd(1815-1874)

Who is this, so weak and helpless, child of lowly Hebrew maid,
Rudely in a stable sheltered, coldly in a manger laid?
'Tis the Lord of all creation, who this wondrous path hath trod;
He is God from everlasting, and to everlasting God.

Who is this, a Man of sorrows, walking sadly life's hard way,
Homeless, weary, sighing, weeping, over sin and Satan's sway?
'Tis our God, our glorious Savior, who above the starry sky
Now for us a place prepareth, where no tear can dim the eye.

Who is this? Behold Him shedding drops of blood upon the ground!
Who is this, despised, rejected, mocked, insulted, beaten, bound?
'Tis our God, who gifts and graces on His church now poureth down;
Who shall smite in righteous judgment all His foes beneath His throne.

Who is this that hangeth dying while the rude world scoffs and scorns,
Numbered with the malefactors, torn with nails, and crowned with thorns?
'Tis the God who ever liveth, 'mid the shining ones on high,
In the glorious golden city, reigning everlastingly.