

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 Saviour,
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
Poureth on His Church below,
Now, in royal might victorious,
Triumphing o'er every foe.

Who is this that hangeth dying
While the rude world scoffs and scorns;
Numbered with the malefactors,
Pierced 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.
(William Walsham How—1823-97.)

"While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us"
—Romans 5:8.

There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified.
Who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear;
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.
There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

O dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,

And try His works to do.
(Cecil Frances Alexander—1818-95.)
"He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief"—Isaiah 53:3.

Man of Sorrows! What a name
For the Son of God, who came
Ruined sinners to reclaim!
Hallelujah! What a Saviour!
Bearing shame and scoffing rude,
In my place condemned He stood,
Sealed my pardon with His blood:
Hallelujah! What a Saviour!

Guilty, vile and helpless, we;
Spotless Lamb of God was He:
Full atonement—can it be?
Hallelujah! What a Saviour!

When He comes, our glorious King,
All His ransomed home to bring,
Then anew this song we'll sing,
'Hallelujah! What a Saviour!'
(Phillip Bliss—1838-76.)

"He said, It is finished."—John 19:30.

Hark! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
Seel it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky:
'Tis finished!

Hear the dying Saviour cry.
'Tis finished! What assurance
Do the wondrous words afford!
Heavenly blessings without measure
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
'Tis finished!
Saints the dying words record!
Finished all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law,
Finished all that God had promised;
Death and hell no more shall awe:
'Tis finished!
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

Saints and angels shout His praises,
His great finished work proclaim;
All on earth and all in heaven
Join to bless Immanuel's name:
Hallelujah!
Endless glory to the Lamb!
(Jonathan Evans—c. 1740-1809.)

O perfect life of love!
All, all is finished now,
All that He left His Throne above
To do for us below.

No work is left undone
Of all the Father willed;
His toil, His sorrows, one by one,
The Scriptures have fulfilled.

No pain that we can share
But He has felt its smart;
All forms of human grief and care
Have pierced that tender Heart.
And on His thorn-crowned Head,
And on His sinless Soul,
Our sins in all their guilt were laid
That He might make us whole.

In perfect love He dies;
For me He dies, for me;
O all-atonement Sacrifice,
I cling by faith to Thee.

In every time of need,
Before the judgment-throne,
Thy work, O Lamb of God, I'll plead,
Thy merits, not my own.

Yet work, O Lord, in me,
As Thou for me hast wrought;
And let my love the answer be
To grace Thy love has brought. Amen.
(Rev. Sir H. W. Baker—1875.)

"And the women also ... beheld the sepulchre,
and how His Body was laid."—Luke 23:55.

Weeping as they go their way
Their dear Lord in earth to lay
Late at even—who are they?

These are they who watched to see
Where He hung in agony,
Dying on the accursed Tree.

All is over—fought the fight;
Heaviness is for the night,
Joy comes with the morning light.

Leave we in the grave with Him
Sins that shame and doubts that dim,
If our souls would rise with Him.

Glory to the Lord, Who gave
His pure Body to the grave,
Us from sin and death to save. Amen.
(Rev. W. S. Raymond—1855.)

"I am He that liveth, and was dead; and, behold,
I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys
of hell and of death"—Rev. 1:18.

Welcome, happy morning! age to age shall say;
Hell today is vanquished; Heaven is won today;
Lo! the Dead is living, God for evermore,
Him, their true Creator, all His Works adore;
"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

Earth with joy confesses, clothing her for Spring,
All good gifts returned with her returning King:
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
Speak His Sorrows ended, hail His Triumph now;
Hell today is vanquished; Heaven is won today!

Maker and Redeemer, Life and Health of all,
Thou from Heaven beholding human nature's fall,
Of the Eternal Father true and only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on;
"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

Thou, of Life the Author, death didst undergo;
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;
Come then, True and Faithful, now fulfil Thy word:
'Tis Thine own Third Morn'ng! rise, O buried Lord!
Hell today is vanquished; Heaven is won today!

Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's
chain;

All that now is fallen, raise to life again;
Show Thy Face in brightness, bid the nations see;
Bring again our daylight: day returns with Thee!
"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

Multitudes unnumbered, saved from Death's do-
main,

Follow on in freedom Him, Who broke their chain;
He, their mighty Leader, bears beyond the stars,
These the countless trophies of His glorious wars!
Hell today is vanquished; Heaven is won today!
(Translated in 1808 from the Latin of Fortunatus, 6th
century, by Rev. J. Ellerton.)

"And on His head were many crowns."—Rev. 19:12.

Crown Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His Throne;
Hark! how the heavenly anthem dwells
All music but its own:
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him Who died for thee,
And hail Him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

Crown Him the Victor's Son!
The God Incarnate born,
Whose conquering Arm those trophies won
Which now His Brow adorn.
The Saviour long foretold,
The Branch of Jesse's stem,
The Eternal Shepherd of His fold,
The Babe of Bethlehem!
Crown Him the Lord of Life,
Who triumphed o'er the grave,
And rose victorious in the strife
For those He came to save;
His glories now we sing,
Who died and rose on high;
Who died—eternal life to bring,
And lives, that death may die.

Crown Him the Lord of Peace!
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
And all be love and praise.
His reign shall know no end;
And round His pierced Feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

Crown Him the Lord of Heaven,
Enthroned in worlds above;
Crown Him the King, to Whom is given
The wondrous name of Love;
Crown Him with many crowns
As thrones before Him fall;
Crown Him, ye kings, with many crowns,
For He is King of all.

Crown Him the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably Sublime:
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity. Amen.

Crown Him the Lord of love;
Behold His hands and side,
Those wounds yet visible above,
In beauty glorified.
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.
(Matthew Bridges—1800-94; & Godfrey Thring—1823-1903)

"Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become
the first-fruits of them that slept"—1 Cor. 15:20.

Come, see the place where Jesus lay,
And hear Angelic watchers say—
"He lives, Who once was slain,
Why seek the living 'midst the dead?
Remember how the Saviour said
That He would rise again."

O joyful sound! O glorious hour,
When by His own Almighty power
He rose, and left the gravel
Now let our songs His triumph tell,
Who burst the bands of death and hell,
And ever lives to save.

The First-begotten of the dead,
For us He rose, our glorious Head,
Immortal life to bring:
What though the saints like Him shall die,
They share their Leader's victory,
And triumph with their King.
No more they tremble at the grave,

For Jesus will their spirits save,
And raise their slumbering dust:
O risen Lord, in Thee we live,
To Thee our ransomed souls we give,
To Thee our bodies trust. Amen.

(Rev. J. Kelly—1804.)
"God...hath quickened us together with Christ"
—Ephesians 2:5.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Hearts to heaven and voices raise;
Sing to God a hymn of gladness,
Sing to God a hymn of praise;
He who on the cross a victim
For the world's salvation bled,
Jesus Christ, the King of glory,
Now is risen from the dead.

Now the iron bars are broken,
Christ from death to life is born,
Glorious life, and life immortal,
On this holy Easter morn;
Christ has triumphed, and we conquer
We with Him to life eternal
By His resurrection rise.

Christ is risen, Christ the first-fruits
Of the holy harvest field
Which will all its full abundance
At His second coming yield;
Then the golden ears of harvest
Will their heads before Him wave,
Ripened by His glorious sunshine
From the furrows of the grave.

Christ is risen, we are risen:
Shed upon us heavenly grace,
Rain and dew and gleams of glory
From the brightness of Thy face;
That, with hearts in heaven dwelling,
We on earth may fruitful be,
And by angel hands be gathered,
And be ever, Lord with Thee.
(Christopher Wordsworth—1807-85; and others.)

"Death is swallowed up in victory"—1 Cor. 15:54.

The strife is o'er, the battle done;
Now is the Victor's triumph won;
O let the song of praise be sung: Hallelujah!

Death's mightiest powers have done their worst,
And Jesus hath His foes dispersed;
Let shouts of praise and joy outburst:

On the third morn He rose again
Glorious in majesty to reign;
O let us swell the joyful strain:

He broke the age-bound chains of hell;
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
Let hymns of praise His triumph tell:

Lord, by stripes which wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live, and sing to Thee:

(From "Symphonia Sirenum"—Cologne, 1695; translated
by Francis Pott—1832-1909.)

"I am he that liveth"—Rev. 1:18.

Jesus liveth! thy terrors now
Can, O death, no more appal us;
Jesus liveth! by this we know
Thou, O grave, canst not enthrall us:
Hallelujah!

Jesus liveth! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath
When we pass thy gloomy portal:
Hallelujah!

Jesus liveth! for us He died;
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving:
Hallelujah!

Jesus liveth! our hearts know well
Naught from us His love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from His keeping ever.

Jesus liveth! to Him the throne
Over all the world is given;
May we go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.

(Christian Furchtegott Gellert—1715-69; translated by
Elizabeth Cox—1812-97, and others.)

"I am the resurrection, and the life"—John 11:25.

Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo, our Sun's eclipse is o'er!
Lo, He sets in blood no more! Hallelujah!
Vain the stone, the watch, the seal!
Christ has burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids His rise;
Christ has opened Paradise.

Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Dying once, He all doth save;
Where thy victory, O grave?

Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

Hail the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to Thee by both be given:
Thee we greet triumphant now;
Hail, the Resurrection Thou!
(Charles Wesley—1707-88.)

"Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory
through our Lord Jesus Christ"—1 Cor. 15:57.

Thine be the glory risen, conquering Son,
Endless is the victory Thou o'er death hast won;
Angels in bright raiment rolled the stone away,
Kept the folded grave-clothes, where Thy body lay.

Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son,
Endless is the victory Thou o'er death hast won.
Lo! Jesus meets us, risen from the tomb;
Lovingly He greets us, scatters fear and gloom;
Let the Church with gladness, hymns of triumph
sing.

For her Lord now liveth, death hath lost its sting.
No more we doubt Thee, glorious Prince of life;
Life is naught without Thee; aid us in our strife;
Make us more than conquerors, thru' Thy deathless
love;
Bring us safe through Jordan to Thy home above.
(Edmond Louis Budry—1854-1932; translated by Richard
Birch Hoyle—1875-1939.)

"Our Lord Jesus Christ ... the King of kings, and
Lord of lords"—1 Timothy 6:14,15.

Look, ye saints! the sight is glorious;
See the Man of Sorrows now,
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to Him shall bow:
Crown Him! crown Him!
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

Crown the Saviour! angels, crown Him!
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings:
Crown Him! crown Him!
Crown the Saviour King of kings!

Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His name:
Crown Him! crown Him!
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
Hark, those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station:
O what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him! crown Him!
King of kings, and Lord of lords!
(Thomas Kelly—1769-1854.)

"The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice"
—Palm 97:1.

Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
He hath burst His bonds in twain;