It Is Jesus

1. Behold One cometh in the way, In humble garments clad;
The poor eat of the poor is He, No pillow for His head;
The hungry, weary, sick and sad In crowds about Him press,
To every one He gives relief,—What manner of man is this?

2. What words of grace and truth He speaks, Ne’er heard on earth before.
The burdened sinner hears that voice, And feels his sins no more;
He calls the dead to life again, Bids winds and billows cease,
None other man such works hath done,—What manner of man is this?

3. They lead Him forth to Calvary,—O see Him bleed and die!
His parched lips are pleading now For those who crucify!
His head is bowed, the cup has passed, His Spirit finds release,
He suffered thus for you and me,—What manner of man is this?

4. But lo! what wondrous thing is done? The grave has lost its dead!
To weeping ones He reappears, When all their hopes had fled;
He lingers but a little while, To comfort and to bless;
The heav’n’s receive Him from their sight,—What manner of man is this?

Chorus

It is Jesus, it is Jesus, The Man of Galilee;
It is Jesus, blessed Jesus who died on Calvary.

Words: T. O. Chisholm
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