

## Exodus 5:2 (James George Deck) 96987

Hymns and Sacred Poems, Who Is the Lord? (5:2)

"Who is the Lord, that I should obey His voice?"

EXODUS 5: 2.

WHO is the LORD? His power pervades

From earth to heaven's remotest sky,

-Seen in the light, that bids the shades

Of midnight's thickest darkness fly;

The planets that majestic roll,

The sun that shines from pole to pole,

Declare His glorious majesty.

Who is Jehovah? Hear His name

In whirlwinds and in thunder pealed;

Behold it in the dreadful flame

Of forked lightnings bright revealed:

Famine, sickness, earthquakes, fire,

Are His ministers of ire;

His,-who is our Rock and Shield.

In the vale of emerald green;

In the stream, the tree, the flower;

In the azure vault serene,

And the twilight's peaceful hour:

Listen to fair nature's voice,

Who is the LORD? A starry gem

To you low shed directs our eyes;

See Him in a manger laid,

Him, in swaddling-clothes arrayed,

Who outspread the boundless skies.

Who is the LORD? You lonely One

Whom all reject, whom all deride!

The birds have nests; but He hath none

From cold or heat His head to hide:

Hungering, thirsting, fainting, lo!

See "the Man of Sorrows" go;

My soul, for thee He all did bide.  
Who is the LORD? You prostrate One,  
In that dark vale, Gethsemane;  
Oh, mark that bitter cry and groan;  
Those tears, and sweat, and agony!  
O'er Him the sins of ages roll,  
Sorrows of death o'erwhelm His soul:  
Sinner, all this He bore for thee.  
Who is the LORD? A prisoner led!  
See how they bend the mocking knee;  
A crown of thorns is on His head;  
"BEHOLD THE MAN!" Can this be HE?  
He at whose beck the angels fly?  
Who wields Heaven's red artillery?  
Yes, even this He bore for thee.  
Who is the LORD? Behold that tree-  
Hell's power, man's hate, sin's doom meet there;  
Such crushing loads of agony  
Who, but Jehovah's self, could bear?  
'T is night at noon; earth groans and shakes,  
While God His only Son forsakes-  
His only Son He did not spare!  
Who is the LORD? Can this be He,  
Who utters that heart-broken cry,  
"Why hast Thou, God, forsaken Me?"  
"Eli, lama sabachthani."  
Is this the well-beloved Son,  
With the eternal Father one?  
My soul, thy sin's the answer WHY.  
Who is the LORD? His corpse they lay,  
With its five wounds, in you new cave,-  
The Lord of life, death's willing prey;  
They seal the stone, they guard the grave:  
Well may we weep around His tomb;  
Love's deepest depth! sin's deadliest doom!  
For us Himself He would not save.  
What epitaph could we indite  
His name, His deeds, His worth to tell?

O sinner, look within, and see

All that thy Lord has borne for thee;-

O Love divine, unsearchable!

Who is the LORD? Behold on high,

A Man sits on the Father's throne;

The Man, that did for sinners die,

"As Lord of lords," heaven's myriads own:

"Worthy the Lamb!" all angels cry,

"Worthy the Lamb!" our songs reply,

HE IS THE LORD, AND HE ALONE.

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