

Immanuel

1. From the squa-lor of a bor-rowed sta-ble, By the Spi-rit and a
2. King of hea-ven now the Friend of sin-ners, Hum-ble ser-vant in the
3. Through the kis-ses of a friend's be-tray-al, He was lift-ed on a
4. Now He's stand-ing at the place of hon-or, Crowned with glo-ry on the

vir-gin's faith; To the ang-uish and the shame of scan-dal Came the
Fa-ther's hands, Filled with pow-er and the Ho-ly Spi-rit, Filled with
cru-el cross; He was pun-ished for a world's trans-gres-sions, He was
high-est throne, In-ter-ced-ing for his own be-lov-ed Till His

Sa-rior of the hu-man race! But the skies were filled with the praise of
mer-cy for the bro-ken man. Yes, He walked my road and He felt my
suf-fer-ing to save the lost. He fights for breath, He fights for
Fa-ther calls to bring them home! Then the skies will part as the trum-pet

heav'n, Shep-herds lis-ten as the an-gels tell Of the Gift of
pain, Joys and sor-rows that I know so well; Yet his right-eous
me, Loos-ing sin-ners from the claims of hell; And with a
sounds: Hope of hea-ven or the fear of hell; But the Bride will

God come down to man At the dawn-ing of Im-man-u-el.
steps give me hope a-gain; I will fol-low my Im-man-u-el.
shout our souls are free; Death de-feat-ed by Im-man-u-el.
run to her Lo-ver's arms, Giv-ing glo-ry to Im-man-u-el.