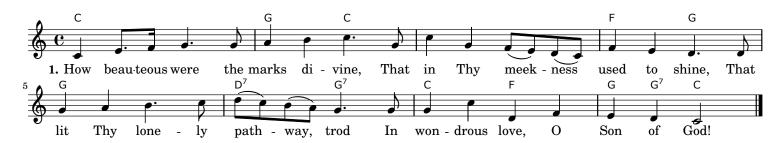
How beauteous were the marks divine

Praise of the Lord — His Life

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(Guitar)



- 2. O who like Thee, so mild, so bright, Thou Son of man, Thou Light of light? O who like Thee did ever go So patient, through a world of woe?
- 3. O who like Thee so humbly bore The scorn, the scoffs of men, before? So meek, so lowly, yet so high, So glorious in humility?
- 4. And death, that sets the prisoner free, Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to Thee; Yet love through all Thy torture glowed, And mercy with Thy life-blood flowed.
- **5.** O wondrous Lord, my soul would be Still more and more conformed to Thee, And learn of Thee, the lowly One, And like Thee, all my journey run.