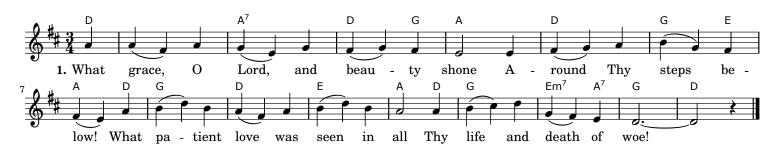
What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone

Praise of the Lord — His Life

89

(Guitar)



- Forever on Thy burdened heart
 A weight of sorrow hung,
 Yet no ungentle, murm'ring word
 Escaped Thy silent tongue.
- 3. Thy foes did hate, despise, revile,
 Thy friends unfaithful prove;
 Unwearied in forgiveness still,
 Thy heart could only love!

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