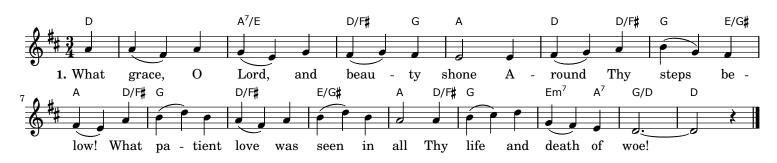
What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone

Praise of the Lord — His Life

89



- 2. 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!