

# How beauteous were the marks divine

Praise of the Lord — His Life

*(Guitar)*

	<b>C</b>		<b>G</b>		<b>C</b>																
1.	How	beauteous	were	the	marks	di -	vine,	That	in	Thy	meek	-	ness	used	to	shine,	That				
	<b>G</b>			<b>D<sup>7</sup></b>					<b>G<sup>7</sup></b>	<b>C</b>	<b>F</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>G<sup>7</sup></b>	<b>C</b>							
	lit	Thy	lone -	ly	path	-			trod	In	won -	drous	love,	O	Son	of	God!				

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.