

# How beautiful were the marks divine

Praise of the Lord — His Life

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(Guitar)

1. How beautiful were the marks di - vine, That in Thy meek - ness used to shine, That  
lit Thy lone - ly path - way, 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.