1. How beau-ti-ous were the marks di - vine, That in Thy meek-ness used to shine,
2. O who like Thee, so calm, so bright, So pure, so made to live in light?
3. O who like Thee so hum-bly bore The scorn, the scoffs of men, be-fore?
4. The bend - ing an-gels stooped to see The lis-ping in-fant clasp Thy knee,
5. And death, which sets the pris-on'r free, Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to Thee;
6. O in Thy light be mine to go, Il - lum-ing all my way of woe;

That lit Thy lone-ly path-way, trod In won-derous love, O Son of God!
O Who like Thee did ev-er go So pa-tient thru a world of woe?
So meek, for-giv-ing, god-like, high, So glo-rious in hu - mil - i-ty?
And smile as in a fa-ther's eye, Up-on Thy mild di-vin-i-ty.
Yet love thru all Thy tor-ture glowed; And mer-cy with Thy life-blood flowed.
And give me ev-er on the road To trace Thy foot-steps, Son of God! A-men.