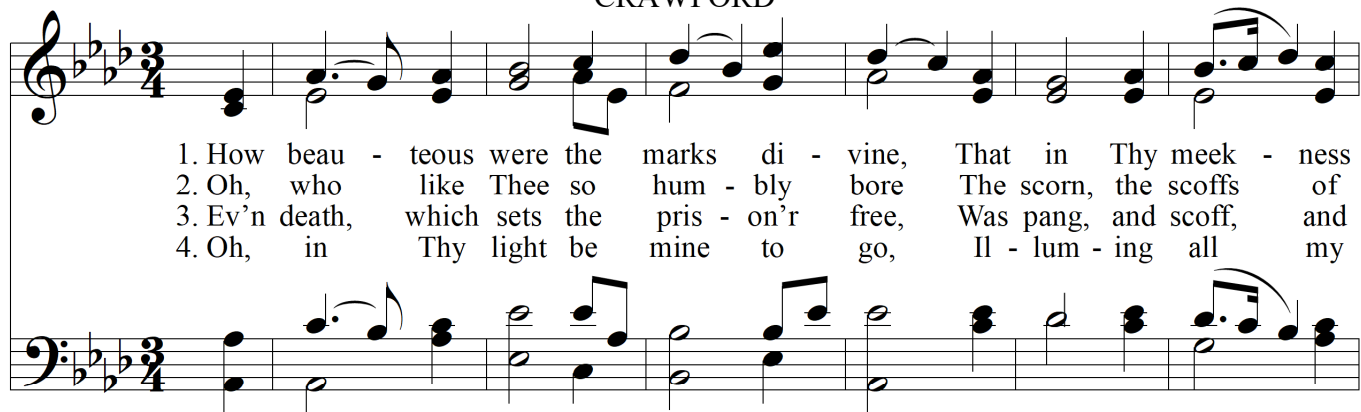
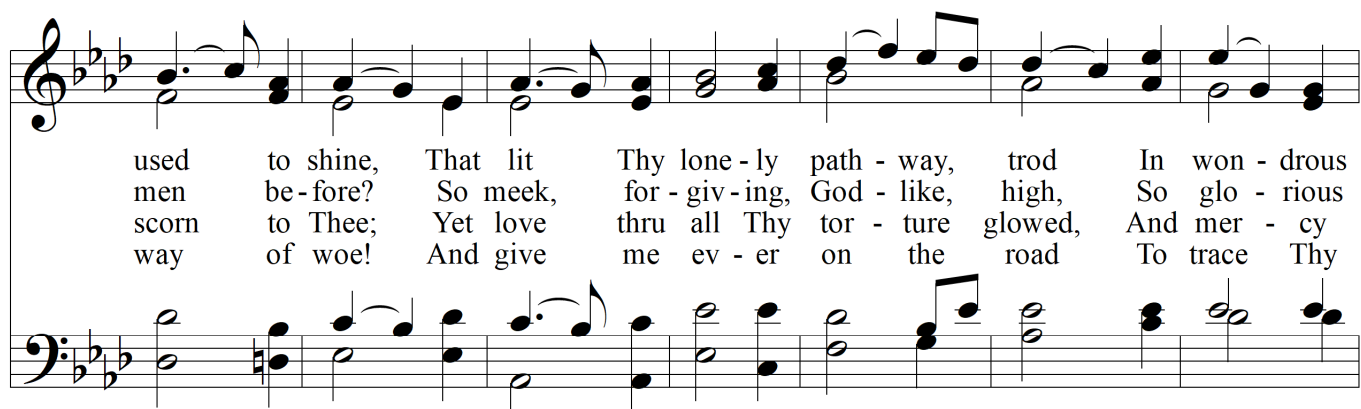


How Beauteous Were The Marks Divine

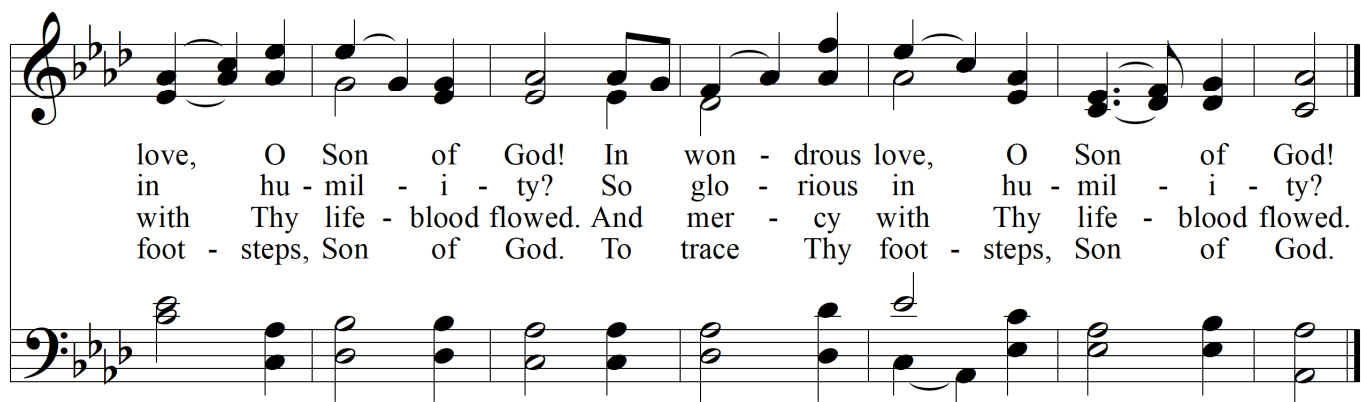
CRAWFORD



1. How beau - teous were the marks di - vine, That in Thy meek - ness
2. Oh, who like Thee so hum - bly bore The scorn, the scoffs of
3. Ev'n death, which sets the pris - on'r free, Was pang, and scoff, and
4. Oh, in Thy light be mine to go, Il - lum - ing all my



used to shine, That lit Thy lone - ly path - way, trod In won - drous
men be - fore? So meek, for - giv - ing, God - like, high, So glo - rious
scorn to Thee; Yet love thru all Thy tor - ture glowed, And mer - cy
way of woe! And give me ev - er on the road To trace Thy



love, O Son of God! In won - drous love, O Son of God!
in hu - mil - i - ty? So glo - rious in hu - mil - i - ty?
with Thy life - blood flowed. And mer - cy with Thy life - blood flowed.
foot - steps, Son of God. To trace Thy foot - steps, Son of God.