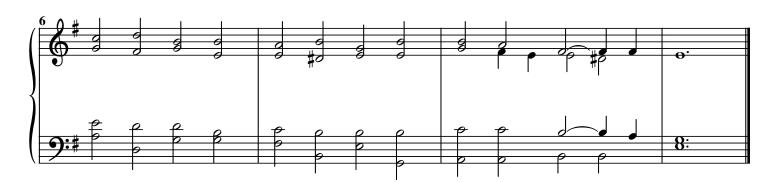
What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone





What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone Around Thy steps below! What patient love was seen in all Thy life and death of woe.

For, ever on Thy burdened heart A weight of sorrow hung; Yet no ungentle, murmuring word Escaped Thy silent tongue.

Thy foes might hate, despise, revile, Thy friends unfaithful prove; Unwearied in forgiveness still, Thy heart could only love. O give us hearts to love like Thee! Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve Far more for others' sins than all The wrongs that we receive.

One with Thyself, may every eye In us, Thy brethren, see The gentleness and grace that spring From union, Lord, with Thee.

Edward Denny

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