

How Beauteous Were the Marks Divine

Arthur Coxe, 1840.

Robert Schumann.

How beauteous were the marks divine,
That in Thy meekness used to shine;
That lit Thy lonely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Lamb of God!

Oh! who like Thee, so calm, so bright;
So pure, so made to live in light?
Oh, who like Thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe?

Oh, who like Thee so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before?
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,
So glorious in humility?

And all Thy life's unchanging years,
A man of sorrows and of tears,
The cross, where all our sins were laid,
Upon Thy bending shoulders weighed.

E'en death, which sets the prisoner free,
Was pain, and scoff, and scorn to Thee;
Yet love through all Thy torture glowed,
And mercy with Thy lifeblood flowed.

Oh, in Thy light be mine to go,
Illumining all my way of woe!
And give me ever on the road
To trace Thy footsteps, Son of God!