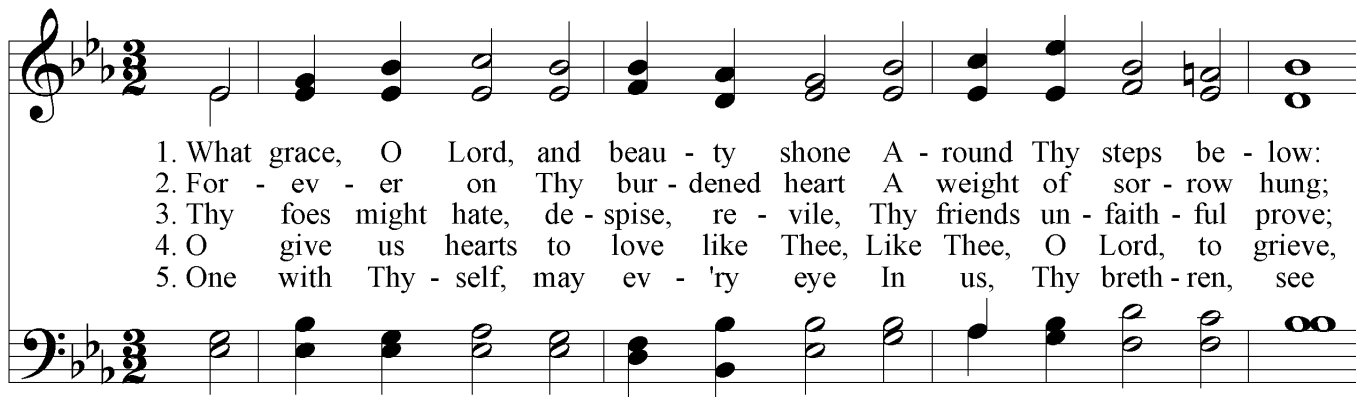
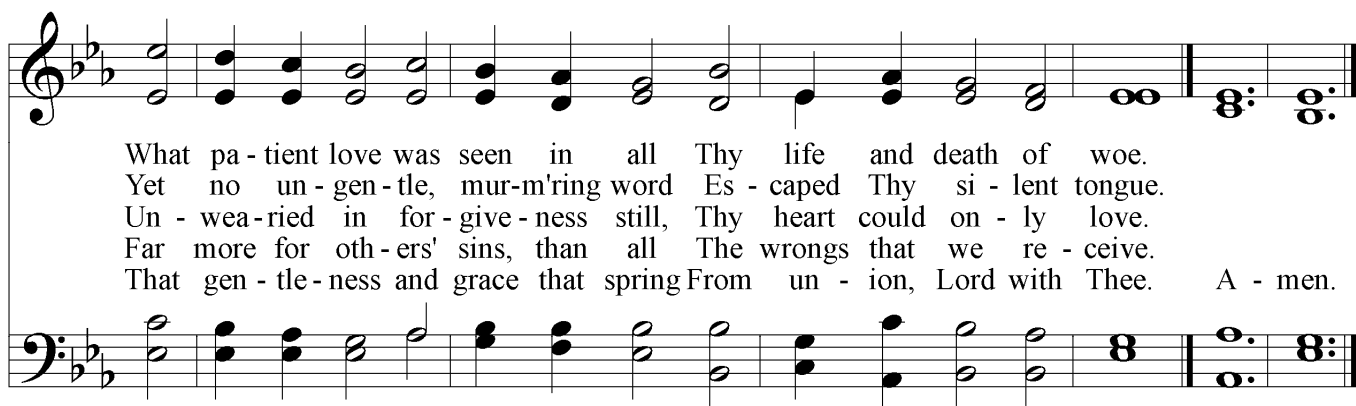


Downs C. M.



1. What grace, O Lord, and beau - ty shone A - round Thy steps be - low:
2. For - ev - er on Thy bur - dened heart A weight of sor - row hung;
3. Thy foes might hate, de - spise, re - vile, Thy friends un - faith - ful prove;
4. O give us hearts to love like Thee, Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve,
5. One with Thy - self, may ev - 'ry eye In us, Thy breth - ren, see



What pa - tient love was seen in all Thy life and death of woe.
Yet no un - gen - tle, mur - m'ring word Es - caped Thy si - lent tongue.
Un - wea - ried in for - give - ness still, Thy heart could on - ly love.
Far more for oth - ers' sins, than all The wrongs that we re - ceive.
That gen - tle - ness and grace that spring From un - ion, Lord with Thee. A - men.