

Behold, Where, in a Mortal Form

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Song Flow: 1,2,3
CCLI Song # 7037363

1 Behold, where, in a mortal form,
Appears each grace divine;
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With brilliant radiance shine.
He came to serve His Father's charge-
To spread His heav'nly light,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
To give the blind their sight.

2 Amidst reproach and cruel scorn,
Resolved and meek He stood:
His foes, ungrateful, sought His life;
He labored for their good.
In the final hour of deep distress,
Before His Father's throne,
With soul resigned, He bowed, and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"

3 He walked the hill of Calvary's shame;
He chose the sacrifice.
His reputation did not mind
And humbly bore the cross.
Be Christ our pattern and our guide,
His image may we bear.
Oh, may we tread His holy steps,
His joy and glory share!