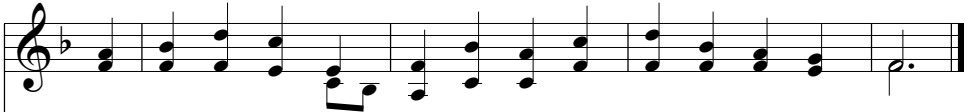


My God, How Wonderful Thou Art

ST. ETHELDREDA



1. My God, how won-der - ful Thou art, Thy maj - es - ty how bright,
 2. How dread are Thine e - ter - nal years, O ev - er - last - ing LORD;
 3. How won-der - ful, how beau - ti - ful, the sight of Thee must be,
 4. O how I fear Thee, Liv - ing God, with deep - est, ten - d'rest fears,
 5. Yet I may love Thee too, O LORD, Al - might - y as Thou art;



How beau - ti - ful Thy mer - cy seat, in depths of burn - ing light!
 by pros - trate spir - its, day and night, in - ces - sant - ly a - dored.
 Thine end - less wis - dom, bound - less pow'r, and aw - ful pu - ri - ty.
 and wor - ship Thee with trem - bling hope, and pen - i - ten - tial tears.
 for Thou hast stooped to ask of me the love of my poor heart.



6. No earthly father loves like Thee,
 no mother e'er so mild,
 bears and forbears, as Thou hast done
 with me, Thy sinful child.

7. Father of Jesus, love's reward,
 what rapture will it be,
 prostrate before Thy throne to lie,
 and ever gaze on Thee!

WORDS: **Psalm 113**; Frederick W. Faber, 1848

MUSIC: Thomas Turton, 1860

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