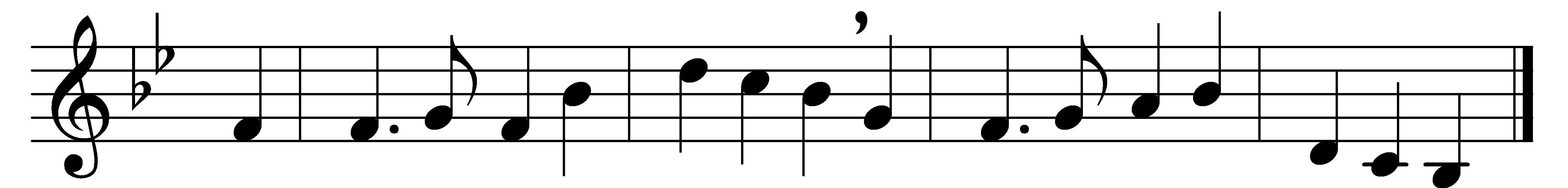
It is a thing most wonderful AMNS 70 Melody: Alstone L.M.



It is a thing most wonderful,

almost too wonderful to be,

that God’s own Son should come from heaven,

and die to save a child like me.

And yet I know that it is true:

he chose a poor and humble lot,

and wept and toiled and mourned and died

for love of those who loved him not.

I cannot tell how he could love

a child so weak and full of sin;

his love must be most wonderful,

if he could die my love to win.

I sometimes think about the Cross,

and shut my eyes, and try to see

the cruel nails and crown of thorns,

and Jesus crucified for me.

But even could I see him die,

I could but see a little part

of that great love which, like a fire,

is always burning in his heart.

It is most wonderful to know

his love for me so free and sure;

but ’tis more wonderful to see

my love for him so faint and poor.

And yet I want to love thee, Lord;

O light the flame within my heart,

and I will love thee more and more,

until I see thee as thou art.

Words: William Walsham How (1823-1897)

Music: Christopher Edwin Willing (1830-1904)