

## It Is a Thing Most Wonderful

Words: William How, 1872.

Music: Thomas Southgate, 1855.

It is a thing most wonderful,  
Almost too wonderful to be,  
That God's own Son should come from Heav'n,  
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;  
Oh, light the flame within my heart,  
And I will love Thee more and more,  
Until I see Thee as Thou art.