

My God, How Wonderful Thou Art  
Frederick Faber, 1849.  
Carl Glser, 1828.

My God, how wonderful Thou art,  
Thy majesty, how bright;  
How beautiful Thy mercy seat  
In depths of burning light!

How dread are Thine eternal years,  
O everlasting Lord,  
By prostrate spirits day and night  
Incessantly adored!

How beautiful, how beautiful,  
The sight of Thee must be,  
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,  
And awful purity!

O how I fear Thee, living One,  
With deepest, tenderest fears,  
And worship Thee with trembling hope,  
And penitential tears!

Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,  
Almighty as Thou art;  
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me  
The love of my poor heart.

Oh then this worse than worthless heart  
In pity deign to take,  
And make it love Thee, for Thyself  
And for Thy glory's sake.

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

Only to sit and think of God,  
Oh, what a joy it is!  
To think the thought, to breathe the name,  
Earth has no higher bliss.

Father of Jesus, love's reward!  
What rapture it will be,  
Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,  
And gaze and gaze on Thee!