It is a thing most wonderful



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. 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.

William W. How

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