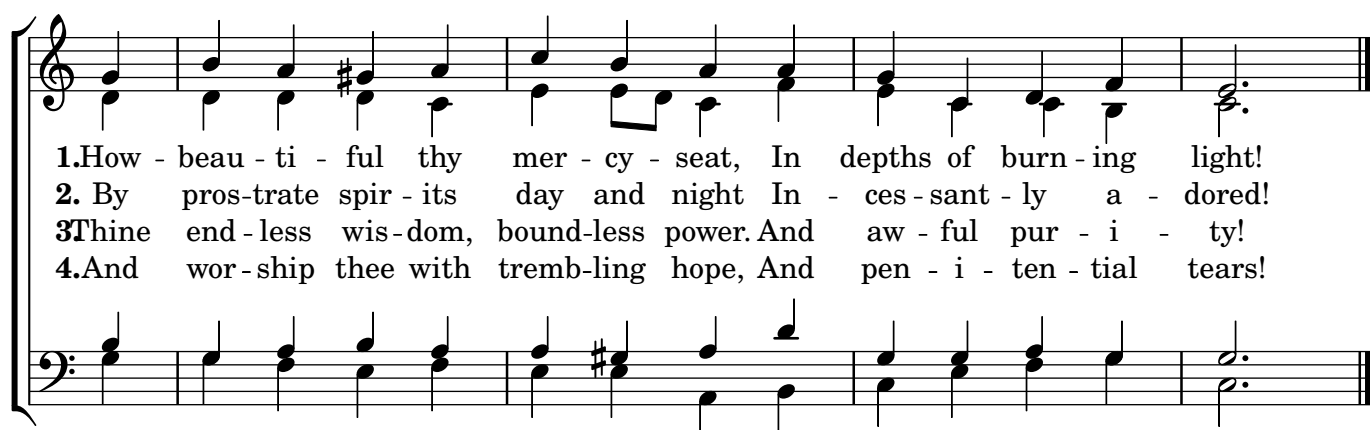


1. My God, how won - der - ful thou art, Thy ma - jes - ty how bright,
 2. How dread are thine e - ter - nal years, O ev - er - last - ing Lord,
 3. How won - der - ful, how beau - ti - ful, The sight of thee must be,
 4. O, how I fear thee, liv - ing God, With deep - est, tend - rest fears,



1. How - beau - ti - ful thy mer - cy - seat, In depths of burn - ing light!
 2. By pros - trate spir - its day and night In - ces - sant - ly a - dored!
 3. Thine end - less wis - dom, bound - less power. And aw - ful pur - i - ty!
 4. And wor - ship thee with tremb - ling hope, And pen - i - ten - tial tears!

5. 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.

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 gaze and gaze on thee.

Text: Frederick W. Faber (1814-63)

Music: WESTMINSTER CM, James Turle (1802-82)