283 It is a thing most wonderful



- 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.

Text: William Walsham How, 1872