

HYMN

It is a thing most wonderful

D G D A A⁷ D

1 It is a thing most won - der - ful, al - most too
 2 And yet I know that it is true: he chose a
 3 I can - not tell how he could love a child so

E⁷ A D G Em⁷

won - der - ful to be, that God's own Son should
 poor and hum - ble lot, and wept and toiled and
 weak and full of sin; his love must be most

D A⁷ Bm F[#]m Bm G D A A⁷ D

come from heaven and die to save a child like me.
 mourned and died for love of those who loved him not.
 won - der - ful, if he could die my love to win.

- 4 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.
- 5 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.
- 6 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 W. How, 1872

Tune: English traditional melody; arr. Ralph Vaughan Williams, 1872–1958

LM
 HERONGATE