

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 wonderful, how beautiful
the sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power
and awful purity!

Oh, how, I fear Thee, living God!
With deepest, tenderest fears,
and worship Thee with trembling hope
and penitential tears.

Yes 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.

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

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