

5. There dwells the Lord our King, the Lord our Righteousness,  
triumphant o’er the world and sin, the Prince of Peace.  
On Zion’s sacred height his kingdom he maintains,  
and glorious with his saints in light forever reigns.
6. The whole triumphant host gives thanks to God on high;  
“Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! ” they ever cry.  
Hail, Abraham’s God and mine! I join the heav’nly lays;  
all might and majesty are thine, and endless praise.

Thomas Olivers, 1770

LEONI 6.6.8.4.D.  
Jewish melody  
Arr. by Meyer Lyon, 1770

My God, How Wonderful Thou Art

35

*Who is like the LORD our God, the One who sits enthroned on high, who stoops  
down to look on the heavens and the earth? Ps. 113:5, 6*

1. My God, how won - der - ful thou art, thy maj - es - ty how bright!  
2. Won- drous are thine e - ter - nal years, O ev - er - last - ing Lord,  
3. O how I fear thee, liv - ing God, with deep - est, ten- d'rest fears,  
4. Yet I may love thee too, O Lord, al - might - y as thou art;

How beau - ti - ful thy mer - cy seat, in depths of burn - ing light!  
by ho - ly an - gels day and night un - ceas - ing - ly a - dored!  
and wor - ship thee with trem- bling hope, and pen - i - ten - tial tears.  
for thou hast stooped to ask of me the love of my poor heart.

5. No earthly father loves like thee,  
no mother half so mild  
bears and forbears, as thou hast done  
with me, thy sinful child.
6. How wonderful, how beautiful,  
the sight of thee will be,  
thine endless wisdom, boundless pow’r,  
and awesome purity!

From Psalm 113  
Frederick W. Faber, 1848; alt. 1961, 1990

ST. ETHELDREDA C.M.  
Thomas Turton. 1780–1864