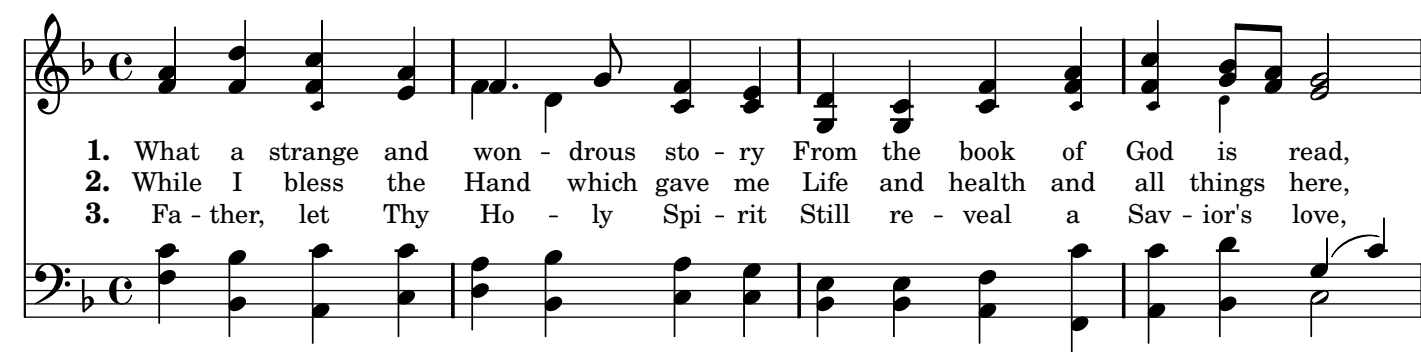


# What a Strange and Wondrous Story



1. What a strange and won - drous sto - ry From the book of God is read,  
2. While I bless the Hand which gave me Life and health and all things here,  
3. Fa - ther, let Thy Ho - ly Spi - rit Still re - veal a Sav - ior's love,

5




How the Lord of life and glo - ry Had not where to lay His head;  
O may He who died to save me, To my soul be ver - y dear.  
And pre - pare me to in - her - it Glo - ry, where He reigns a - bove.

9



How He left His throne in heav - en, Here to suf - fer, bleed, and die,  
Je - sus Christ, my Lord and Sav - ior, Let me not un - grate - ful be;  
There with saints and an - gels dwell - ing, May I that great love pro - claim,

13



That my soul might be for - giv - en, And as - cend to God on high.  
Let my words and my be - hav - ior Prove I love and hon - or Thee.  
And with them be ev - er tell - ing All the won - ders of His name. A - MEN.

*Text:* Dorothy Ann Thrupp (1779–1847), 1830

*Music:* Henry Thomas Smart (1813–1879), 1867

*Tune Name:* 'Bethany'

*Poetic Meter:* 8 7 8 7 D

*Source:* *Elmhurst Hymnal*, 1921; no. 88, p. 74