

# What Wondrous Love Is This?

*Legato*

1. What won-drous love is this, O my soul, O my soul!  
 2. When I be-gan to pray for my soul, for my soul,  
 3. From bonds of sin and woe I was borne, I was borne,  
 4. He shed his heav'n - ly light in my soul, in my soul,  
 5. Ye ho - ly an - gels fly, bear the news, bear the news,

What won - drous love is this, O my soul!  
 When I be - gan to pray for my soul,  
 From bonds of sin and woe I was borne,  
 He shed his heav'n - ly light in my soul,  
 Ye ho - ly an - gels fly, bear the news!

What won - drous love is this that caused the Lord of Bliss  
 When I be - gan to pray, thus God did tru - ly say,  
 From bonds of sin and woe Christ made me to be whole:  
 He shed his heav'n - ly light dis - pers - ing gloom and night:  
 Ye ho - ly an - gels fly, like co - mets through the sky

To send such per - fect peace to my soul, to my soul,  
 Christ is the truth and way, for thy soul, for thy soul,  
 He jour - neyed down be - low for my soul, for my soul,  
 Now shines a ra - diance bright, in my soul, in my soul,  
 With loud and joy - ful cry, bear the news, bear the news,

*Piu lento*

*Rit.*

To send such per - fect peace to my soul.  
 Christ is the truth and way, for thy soul.  
 He suf - fered here be - low for my soul!  
 Now shines a ra - diance bright, in my soul.  
 With loud and joy - ful cry, bear the news!

*Legato*

6. To God and to the Lamb I will sing, I will sing.  
 7. Come, friends of Zi-on's King, join the praise, join the praise.  
 8. And when from death we're free, we'll sing on, we'll sing on.  
 9. Yea, to a bright-er world we'll a-rise, we'll a-rise!

To God and to the Lamb I will sing.  
 Come, friends of Zi-on's King, join the praise!  
 And when from death we're free, we'll sing on;  
 When in that bright-est world we a-rise—

To God and to the Lamb, Je-ho-vah great I AM,  
 Come, friends of Zi-on's King, with hearts and voi-ces sing,  
 And when from death we're free, we'll sing, and joy-ful be,  
 When to that world we go, free from all pain and woe,

And to the Son of Man I will sing, I will sing,  
 And strike each tune-ful string, in his praise, in his praise,  
 And through e-ter-ni-ty, we'll sing on, we'll sing on,  
 We'll join the hap-py throng, and sing on, and sing on,

*Piu lento* *Rit.*

And to the Son of Man I will sing.  
 And strike each tune-ful string in his praise.  
 And through e-ter-ni-ty, we'll sing on.  
 We'll join the hap-py throng, and sing on.

*Text:* Attributed to Alexander Means

*Melody:* James Christopher; found in William Walker's *Southern Harmony*, 1835

*Parts and arrangement:* Mark Hamilton Dewey (b. 1980), 2007—based on Connie Dover's arrangement

*Tune name:* Wondrous Love

*Key:* A Mixolydian