

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 laid a - side his crown 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 laid a - side his crown for my soul!
 Now shines a ra - diance bright, in my soul.
 With loud and joy - ful cry, bear the news!

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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