How Great Thou Art

1. O Lord, my God, when I in awe-some won-der
   con-sid-er all the works thy hand hath made,
   I see the stars, I hear the roll-ing thun-der,
   thy power through-out the u-ni-verse dis-played;

2. When through the woods and for-est glades I wan-der,
   I hear the birds sing sweet-ly in the trees;
   when I look down from loft-y moun-tain gran-deur
   and hear the brook and feel the gen-tle breeze;

3. But when I think that God, his Son not spar-ing,
   sent him to die, I scarce can take it in,
   that on the cross, my bur-den glad-ly bear-ing,
   he bled and died to take a-way my sin;

4. When Christ shall come, with shout of ac-clama-tion,
   and take me home, what joy shall fill my heart!
   Then I shall bow in hum-ble ad-o-ra-tion
   and there pro-claim, “My God, how great thou art!”

Then sings my soul, my Savior God, to thee: how great thou art,

how great thou art! Then sings my soul, my Savior God, to thee:

how great thou art, how great thou art!