

320. O LORD MY GOD

O BOŽE MOJ

376 U CRVENOJ ZBIRCI

1. O Lord my God, when I in awe - some won - der con - sid - er
 2. When through the woods and for - est glades I wan - der and hear the

all birds the sing worlds sweet - ly hands have the made, I see the
 trees, When I look

stars, I hear the roll - ing thun - der, Thy pow'r through -
 down from loft - y moun - tain gran - deur, and hear the

out the u - ni - verse dis - played: Then sings my
 brook and feel the gen - tle breeze:

soul, my Sav - ior God, to Thee: How great Thou art! How great Thou art! Then sings my

soul, my Sav - ior God, to Thee: How great Thou art! How great Thou art!

3. And when I think that God, His Son not sparing,
Sent Him to die, I scarce can take it in,
That on the cross, my burden gladly bearing,
He bled and died to take away my sin.

Chorus: *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!*

4. When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation
And take me home, what joy shall fill my heart!
Then I shall bow in humble adoration,
And there proclaim, "My God, how great Thou art!"

