

# How Great Thou Art

Words by Stuart Wesley Keene Hine | Music: Swedish Folk Melody

Key - Bb | Tempo - 48 | Time - 4/4

## VERSE 1

O Lord my <sup>1</sup> God,                      when I in <sup>4</sup> awesome wonder  
<sup>#4°7</sup> <sup>1/5</sup>                      <sup>5</sup>                      <sup>1</sup>                      <sup>5</sup>  
Con - sider    all    the works (worlds) Thy hands hath (have) made  
<sup>1</sup>                      <sup>4</sup>  
I see the stars,                      I hear the mighty (rolling) thunder  
<sup>#4°7</sup>                      <sup>1/5</sup>                      <sup>5</sup>                      <sup>1</sup>                      <sup>5</sup>  
Thy pow'r    through - out    the universe dis - played

## CHORUS

Then sings my soul,                      my <sup>4</sup> Saviour God, to Thee <sup>1</sup>  
<sup>2m7</sup>                      <sup>5</sup>                      <sup>1</sup>                      <sup>5</sup>  
How great Thou art,                      how great Thou art  
<sup>1</sup>                      <sup>4</sup>                      <sup>1</sup>  
Then sings my soul,                      my Saviour God, to Thee  
<sup>2m7</sup>                      <sup>5</sup>                      <sup>1</sup>  
How great Thou art,                      how great Thou art

## VERSE 2

When through the <sup>1</sup> woods                      and forest glades I wander <sup>4</sup>  
<sup>#4°7</sup>                      <sup>1/5</sup>                      <sup>5</sup>                      <sup>1</sup>                      <sup>5</sup>  
And hear    the birds    sing sweetly in the trees  
<sup>1</sup>                      <sup>4</sup>  
When I look down                      from lofty mountain grandeur  
<sup>#4°7</sup>                      <sup>1/5</sup>                      <sup>5</sup>                      <sup>1</sup>                      <sup>5</sup>  
And hear    the brook    and feel the gentle breeze

## VERSE 3

And when I think                      that God His Son not sparing <sup>4</sup>  
<sup>#4°7</sup>                      <sup>1/5</sup>                      <sup>5</sup>                      <sup>1</sup>                      <sup>5</sup>  
Sent Him    to die,    I    scarce can take it in  
<sup>1</sup>                      <sup>4</sup>  
That on the cross,                      my burden gladly bearing  
<sup>#4°7</sup>                      <sup>1/5</sup>                      <sup>5</sup>                      <sup>1</sup>                      <sup>5</sup>  
He bled    and died    to    take away my    sin

## VERSE 4

When Christ shall come <sup>1</sup> with shout of acclamation <sup>4</sup>  
And take <sup>#4°7</sup> me <sup>1/5</sup> home— what joy shall fill my heart <sup>5</sup> <sup>1</sup> <sup>5</sup>  
Then shall I bow <sup>1</sup> in humble adoration <sup>4</sup>  
And there <sup>#4°7</sup> pro - claim, <sup>1/5</sup> my God, how great Thou art <sup>5</sup> <sup>1</sup> <sup>5</sup>

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