

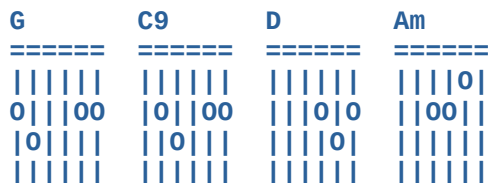
How Great Thou Art (Blue Hymnal, #6)

Words: Stuart K. Hine

Music: Swedish Folk Melody

[CAPO 3]

[CHORDS]



[VERSE 1]

G C9
Oh Lord, my God, when I in awe-some won-der
Con-sid-er all the worlds Thy hands have made,
G D C9 G
I see the stars, I hear the roll-ing thun-der,
G D C9 G
Thy pow'r through-out the u-ni-verse dis-played

[CHORUS]

G C9 G
Then sings my soul, my Sav-ior God, to Thee;
D G
How great thou art! How great thou art!
G C9 G
Then sings my soul, my Sav-ior God, to Thee;
Am D G
How great thou art! How great thou art!

[VERSE 2]

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

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3]

And when I think that God, His Son not spar-ing.
Sent Him to die, I scarce can take it in;
That on that cross, my burden glad-ly bear-ing.
He bled and died, to take a-way my sin.

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 4]

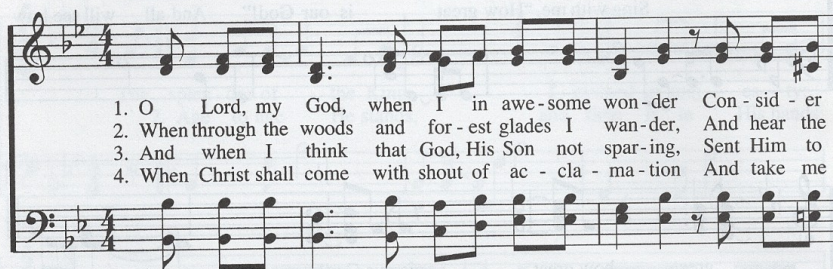
When Christ shall come with shout of ac-c-la-ma-tion
and take me home, what joy shall fill my heart!
Then I shall bow in hum-ble ad-o-ra-tion,
and there proclaim: my God, how great Thou art!

[CHORUS]

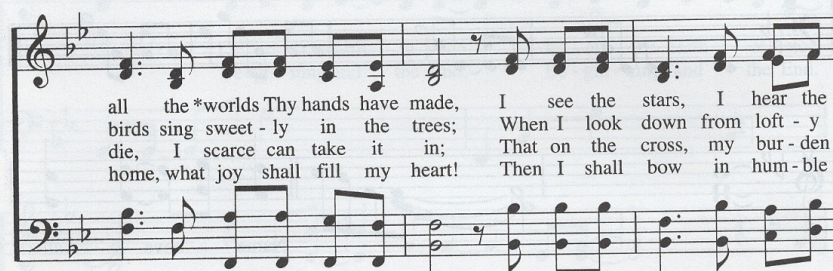
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How Great Thou Art

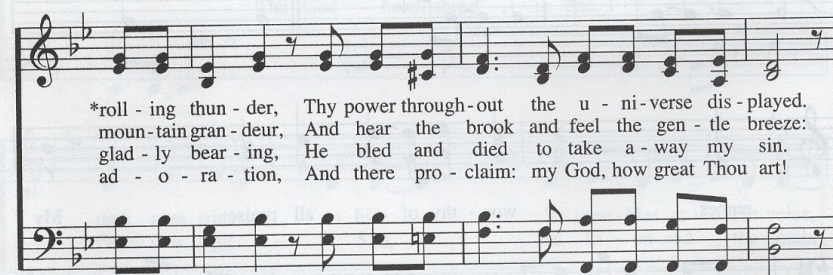
You are great and perform wonders. Psalm 86:10



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
 3. And when I think that God, His Son not spar-ing, Sent Him to
 4. When Christ shall come with shout of ac-cla-ma-tion And take me



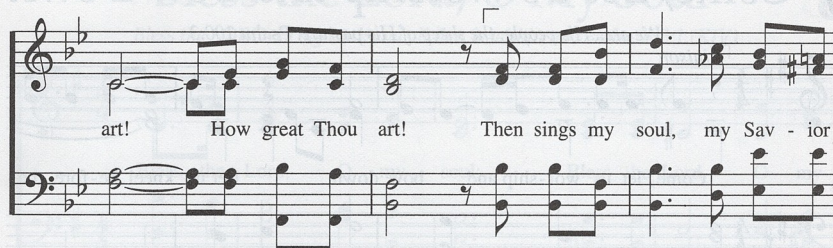
all the *worlds Thy hands have made, I see the stars, I hear the
 birds sing sweet-ly in the trees; When I look down from loft-y
 die, I scarce can take it in; That on the cross, my bur-den
 home, what joy shall fill my heart! Then I shall bow in hum-ble



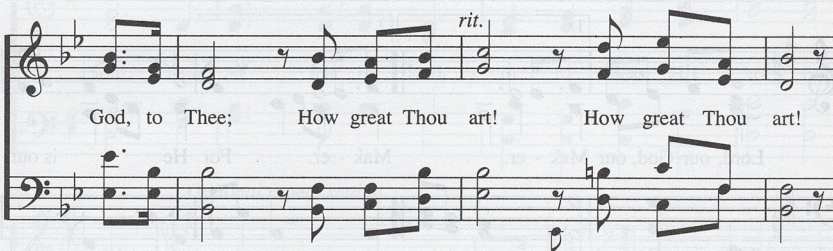
*roll-ing thun-der, Thy power through-out the u-ni-verse dis-played.
 moun-tain gran-deur, And hear the brook and feel the gen-tle breeze:
 glad-ly bear-ing, He bled and died to take a-way my sin.
 ad-o-ra-tion, And there pro-claim: my God, how great Thou art!



Chorus
 Then sings my soul, my Sav-ior God, to Thee; How great Thou



art! How great Thou art! Then sings my soul, my Sav-ior



rit.
 God, to Thee; How great Thou art! How great Thou art!