

## How Great Thou Art (Blue Hymnal, #6)

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Words: Stuart K. Hine

Music: Swedish Folk Melody

[ CAPO 3 ]

[ CHORDS ]

G	C9	D	Am
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[ 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 ]

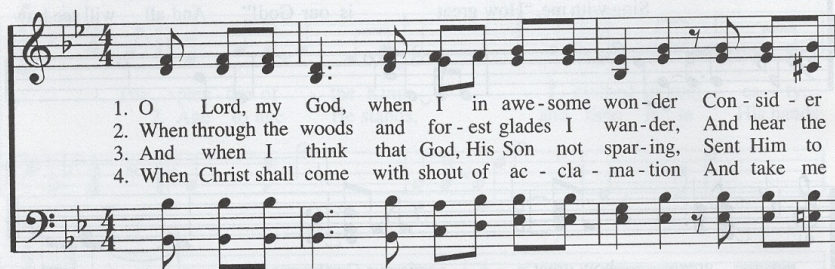
When Christ shall come with shout of ac-c-la-ma-tion  
and take me home, what joy shall fill my heart!  
Then I shall bow in hum-ble ad-o-ra-tion,  
and there proclaim: my God, how great Thou art!

[ CHORUS ]

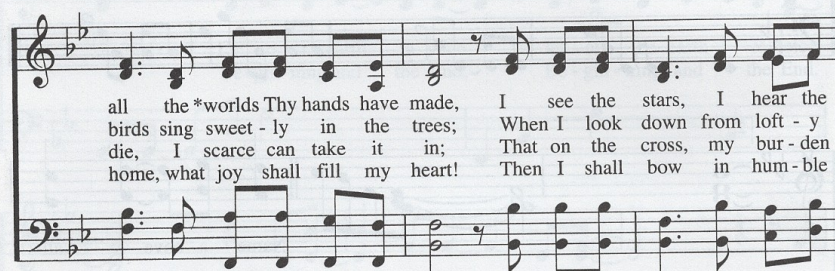
## 6

## How Great Thou Art

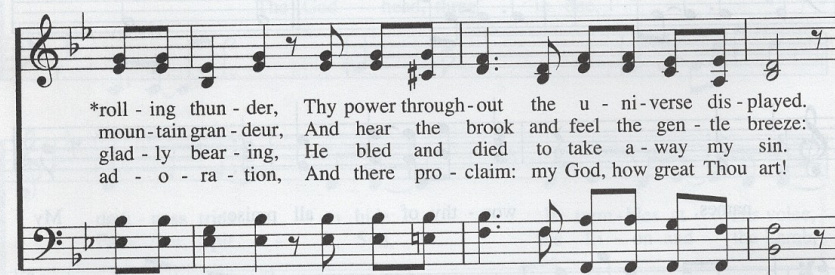
You are great and perform wonders. Psalm 86:10



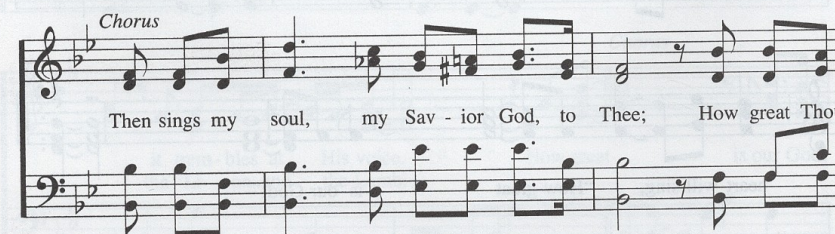
1. O Lord, my God, when I in awe-some won-der Con-sid-er  
 2. When through the woods and for-est glades I wan-der, And hear the  
 3. And when I think that God, His Son not spar-ing, Sent Him to  
 4. When Christ shall come with shout of ac-cla-ma-tion And take me



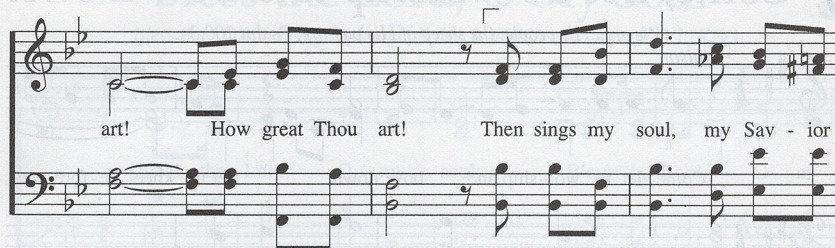
all the \*worlds Thy hands have made, I see the stars, I hear the  
 birds sing sweet-ly in the trees; When I look down from loft-y  
 die, I scarce can take it in; That on the cross, my bur-den  
 home, what joy shall fill my heart! Then I shall bow in hum-ble



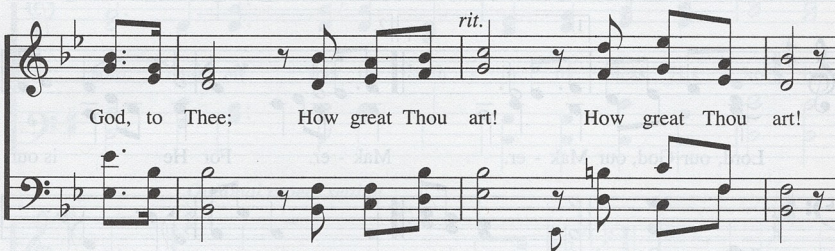
\*roll-ing thun-der, Thy power through-out the u-ni-verse dis-played.  
 moun-tain gran-deur, And hear the brook and feel the gen-tle breeze:  
 glad-ly bear-ing, He bled and died to take a-way my sin.  
 ad-o-ra-tion, And there pro-claim: my God, how great Thou art!



*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!