

How Great Thou Art (Blue Hymnal, #6)

Words: Stuart K. Hine

Music: Swedish Folk Melody

[CHORDS] G C9 D Am [CAPO 3]

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[VERSE 1] G C9

Oh Lord, my God, when I in awe-some won-der
G D C9 G
Con-sid-er all the worlds Thy hands have made,
G C9
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] G C9

When through the woods and for-est glades I wan- der,
G D C9 G
and hear the birds sing sweet-ly in the trees;
G C9
When I look down from loft-y moun-tain grand-eur,
G D C9 G
and hear the brook and feel the gen-tle breeze

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3] G C9

And when I think that God, His Son not spar-ing.
G D C9 G
Sent Him to die, I scarce can take it in;
G C9
That on that cross, my burden glad-ly bear-ing.
G D C9 G
He bled and died, to take a-way my sin.

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 4] G C9

When Christ shall come with shout of ac-cla-ma-tion
G D C9 G
and take me home, what joy shall fill my heart!
G C9
Then I shall bow in hum-ble ad-o-ra-tion,
G D C9 G
and there pro-claim: 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
 God, to Thee; How great Thou art! How great Thou art!
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