How Great Thou Art

1. O Lord my God, when I in awe-some won-der con-sid-er
   all the worlds thy hands have made, I see the stars, I hear the roll-ing
   birds sing sweet-ly in the trees, when I look down from loft-y moun-tain
   the u-ni-verse dis-played.

2. When thro' the woods and for-est glades I wan-der and hear the
   all the worlds thy hands have made, I see the stars, I hear the roll-ing
   die, I scarce can take it in, that on the cross, my bur-den glad-ly
   bear-ing, he bled and died to take a-way my sin.

3. And when I think that God, his Son not spar-ing, sent him to
   all the worlds thy hands have made, I see the stars, I hear the roll-ing
   home, what joy shall fill my heart! Then I shall bow in hum-ble ad-o-
   ra-tion, and there pro-claim, my God, how great thou art.

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 roll-ing
   to thee: how great thou art, how great thou art! how great thou art, how great thou art!