

How Great Thou Art

Words by
Stuart Wesley Keene Hine

Music
Swedish Folk Melody

♩=48

VERSE

B♭

E♭

E°7

1. O Lord my God, when I in awe-some won-der con-sid-er
2. When thru 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

3

B♭/F

F

B♭

F

B♭

all the *works Thy hand hath 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
*worlds Thy hands have

6

E♭

E°7

B♭/F

F

B♭

F

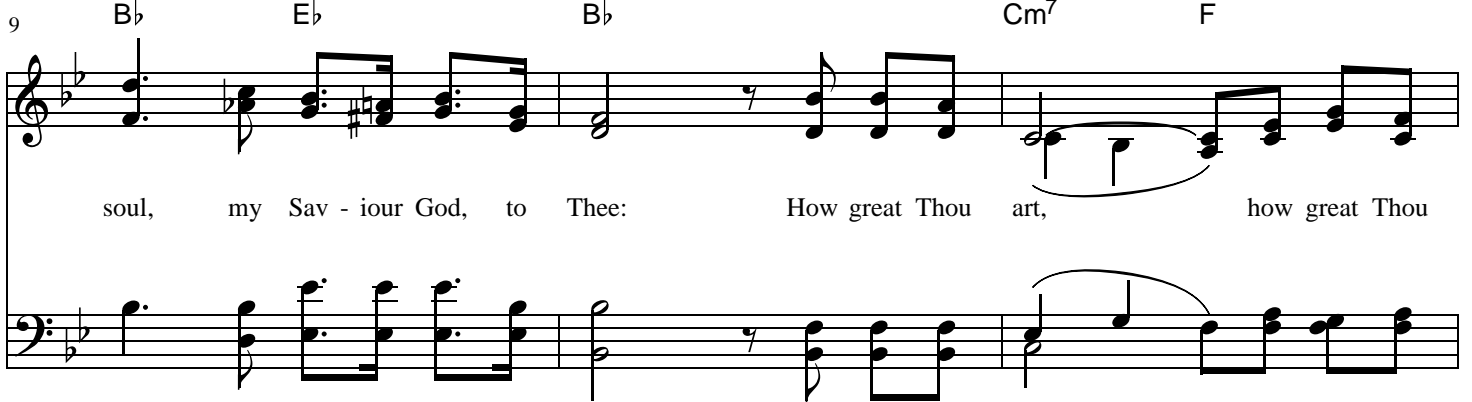
*might-y thun-der, Thy pow'r through-out the un-i-verse dis-played! Then sings my
moun-tain gran-deur and hear the brook and feel the gen-tle breeze.
glad-ly bear-ing, He bled and died to take a-way my sin!
ad-o-ra-tion and there pro-claim, my God, how great Thou art!
*roll-ing

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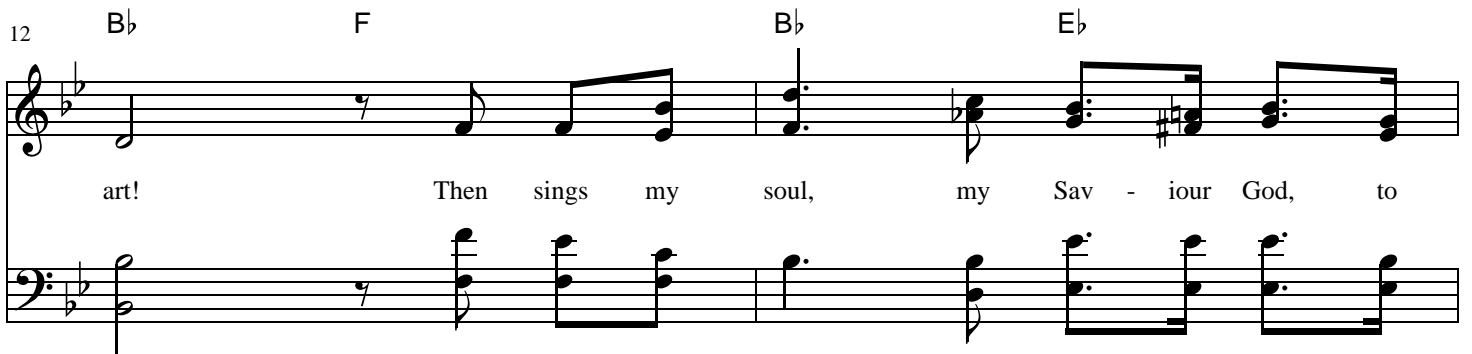
CHORUS

9 $B\flat$ $E\flat$ $B\flat$ Cm^7 F



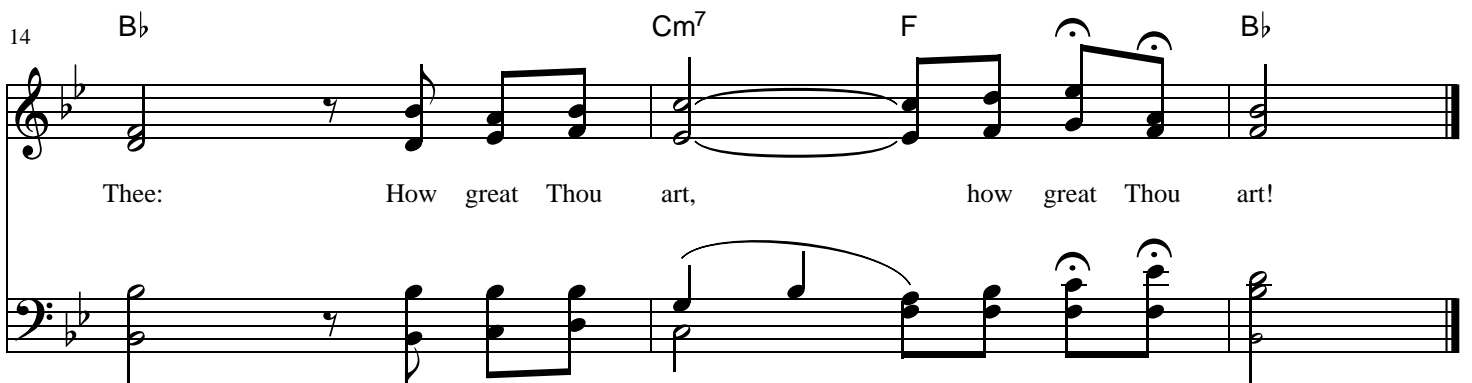
soul, my Sav - iour God, to Thee: How great Thou art, how great Thou

12 $B\flat$ F $B\flat$ $E\flat$



art! Then sings my soul, my Sav - iour God, to

14 $B\flat$ Cm^7 F $B\flat$



Thee: How great Thou art, how great Thou art!