O-Lord my God, when I in awe
Wonder consider all the works
Thy hand hath made, I see the

stars, I hear the mighty thun-
der, - Thy pow'r-through
out the universe dis-
played; Then sings my

soul, my Saviour God, to
Thee. How great Thou art!
How great Thou art!
Then sings my
think that God, his son—not sparing sent Him to die I scarce can take it—

in, that-on the-cross my burden gladly bearing He-bled and

died to take a way my-sin; Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to

Thee. How great Thou art! How great Thou art! Then sings my

soul, my Saviour-God, to Thee. How great Thou art! great Thou art!