How Great Thou Art

Carl G. Boberg

O Lord my God, when I in awe-some won-der con-sid-er
When through the woods and for-est glades I wan-der,
But when I think that God, His Son not spar- ing,
When Christ shall come, with shout of ac-cla-ma-tion,
all the works Thy hand hath made,
I see the stars, I hear the migh-ty
birds sing sweet-ly in the trees;
when I look down from loft-ty moun-tain
die, I scarce can take it in,
that on the cross my bur-den glad-ly
home, what joy shall fill my heart!
Then I shall bow in hum-ble a-dor-
thun-der,
Thy pow’r through-out the u-ni-verse dis-played;
Then sings my
gran-deur
and hear the brook and feel the gen-tle breeze;
bear-ing
He bled and died to take a-way my sin;
ratio-n
and there pro-claim, "My God, how great Thou art!"
soul, my Sav-i-or God, to Thee.
How great Thou art!
Then sings my
soul, my Sav-i-or God, to Thee.
How great Thou art! How great Thou art!