

# 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

CCLI Song # 14181

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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!