

# How Great Thou Art

Michael W. Smith

Oh Lord my God, when I in awesome wonder  
Consider all the worlds Thy hands have made  
I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder  
Thy power throughout the universe displayed

When through the woods and forest glades I wander  
And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees  
When I look down from lofty mountain grandeur  
And see the brook and feel the gentle breeze

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, how great Thou art?

Oh, and when I think that God, his Son not sparing  
Sent Him to die, I scarce can take it in  
That on that cross my burden gladly bearing  
He bled and died to take away 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, how great Thou art?

When Christ shall come with shout of Acclamation  
And take me home, what joy shall fill my heart?  
Then I shall bow in humble adoration  
And there proclaim my God how great Thou art?

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  
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