

THE Hiding Place

How Great Thou Art

O, Lord, my God,
When I in awesome wonder,
Consider all the worlds Thy hands hath made.
I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder,
Thy power throughout, the universe displayed

Chorus:

*Then sings my soul, my Savior God to Thee
How great Thou art, how great Thou art
Then sings my soul, my Savior God to Thee
How great Thou art, how great Thou art*

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

Chorus

And when I think, that God His Son not sparing,
Sent Him to die, I scarce can take it in.
That on the cross, my burdens gladly bearing,
He bled and died, to take away my sin.

Chorus

When Christ shall come, with shouts 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.

Chorus