

O Lord, my God, when I in awesome wonder,
consider all the worlds Thy hand hast made,
I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder,
Thy power throughout the universe displayed.

*Then sings my soul, my Saviour God to Thee:
How great Thou art, how great Thou art.*

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 burden gladly bearing,
He bled and died to take away my sin.

When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation
and take me home, what joy shall fill my heart;
when I shall bow in humble adoration,
and there proclaim: my God, how great Thou art.