

## **How Great Thou Art**

Vs 1 O 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.

**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!**

Vs 2 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 hear the brook and feel the gentle breeze.

**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!**

Vs 3 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.

**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!**

Vs 4 When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation  
And take me home, what joys 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 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!**

## **This is My Father's World** (75)

**Vs 1** This is my Father's world,  
And to my listening ears  
All nature sings and 'round me rings  
The music of the spheres.  
This is my Father's world.  
I rest me in the thought  
Of rocks and trees, of skies and seas  
His hand the wonders wrought.

**Vs 2** This is my Father's world.  
The birds their carols raise.  
The morning light, the lily white  
Declare their Maker's praise.  
This is my Father's world.  
He shines in all that's fair.  
In the rustling grass I hear Him pass;  
He speaks to me ev'rywhere.

**Vs 3** This is my Father's world,  
O let me ne'er forget  
That tho' the wrong seems oft so strong,  
God is the Ruler yet.  
This is my Father's world.  
The battle is not done;  
Jesus, who died, shall be satisfied,  
And earth and heav'n be one.

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