

How Great Thou Art

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

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
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 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

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

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 then 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

It Is Well

When peace like a river attendeth my way
When sorrows like sea billows roll
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say
It is well, it is well with my soul

Though Satan should buffet, though trials
should come
Let this blest assurance control
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate
And hath shed His own blood for my soul

It is well with my soul
It is well, it is well with my soul

My sin, oh, the bliss of this glorious thought
My sin, not in part but the whole
Is nailed to the cross, and I bear it no more
Praise the Lord, it is well with my soul

It is well with my soul
It is well, it is well with my soul

And Lord, haste the day when my faith shall be
sight
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall
descend
Even so, it is well with my soul

It is well with my soul
It is well, it is well with my soul
It is well, it is well with my soul