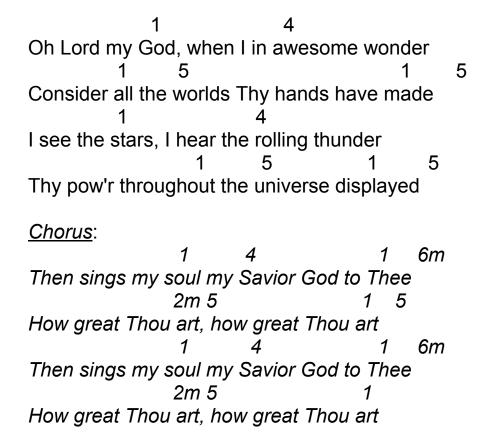
## **How Great Thou Art**



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 hear the brook and feel the gentle breeze

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 Then I shall bow in humble adoration And there proclaim my God how great Thou art!