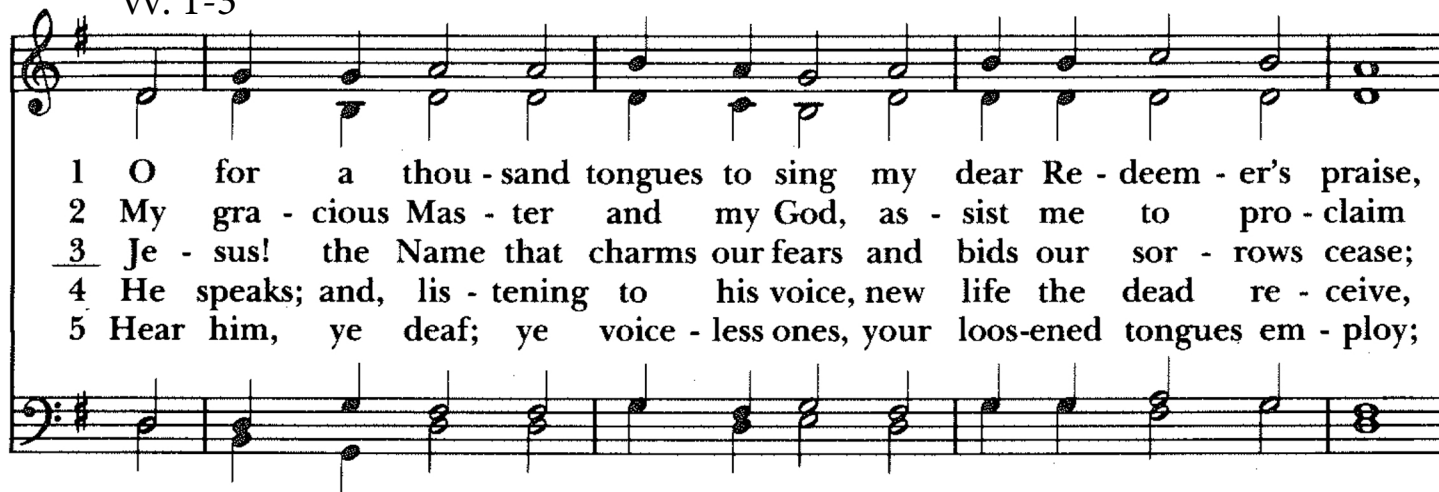
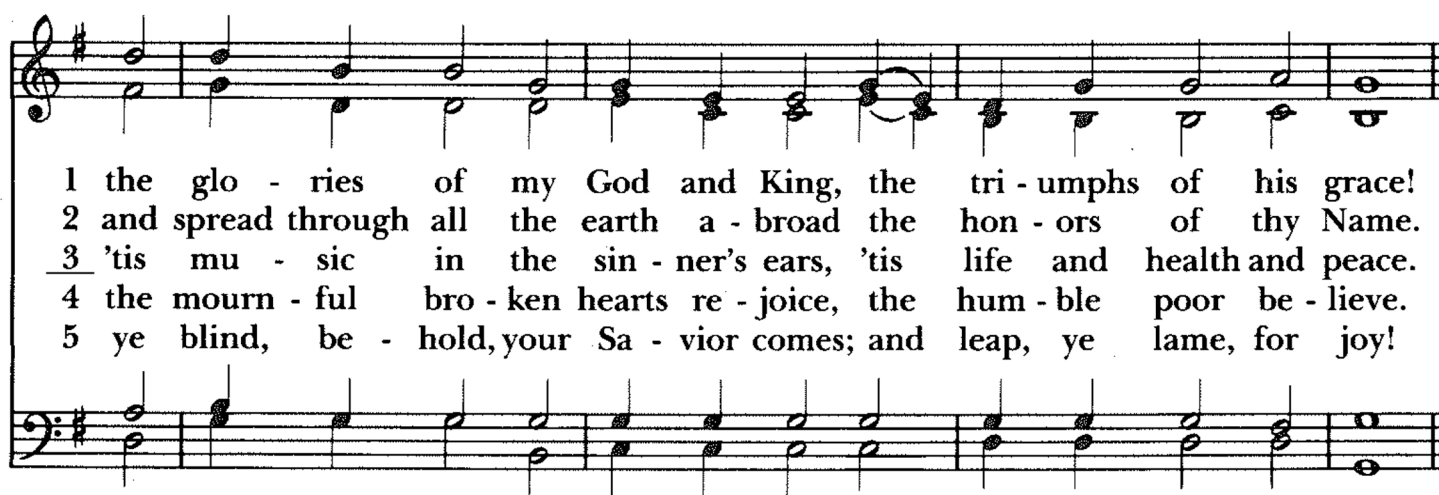


vv. 1-3



1 O for a thou - sand tongues to sing my dear Re - deem - er's praise,  
 2 My gra - cious Mas - ter and my God, as - sist me to pro - claim  
 3 Je - sus! the Name that charms our fears and bids our sor - rows cease;  
 4 He speaks; and, lis - tening to his voice, new life the dead re - ceive,  
 5 Hear him, ye deaf; ye voice - less ones, your loos-ened tongues em - ploy;



1 the glo - ries of my God and King, the tri - umphs of his grace!  
 2 and spread through all the earth a - broad the hon - ors of thy Name.  
 3 'tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears, 'tis life and health and peace.  
 4 the mourn - ful bro - ken hearts re - joice, the hum - ble poor be - lieve.  
 5 ye blind, be - hold, your Sa - vior comes; and leap, ye lame, for joy!

6 Glory to God and praise and love  
 be now and ever given  
 by saints below and saints above,  
 the Church in earth and heaven.

Words: Charles Wesley (1707-1788), alt.

Music: Azmon, Carl Gotthilf Gläser (1784-1829); adapt. and arr. Lowell Mason (1792-1872)

$\text{♩} = 84$   
 CM

## Verse 1

1. O Lord my God, when I in awe-some won - der Con - sid - er  
 2. When through the woods and for - est glades I wan - der And hear the  
 3. And when I think that God, his Son not spar - ing, Sent him to  
 4. When Christ shall come with shout of ac - cla - ma - tion And take me

1. all the worlds\* thy hands have made, — I see the stars I hear the roll - ing\*  
 2. birds sing sweet - ly in the trees, — When I look down from loft - y moun - tain  
 3. die, I scarce can take it in, — That on the cross, my bur - den glad - ly  
 4. home, what joy shall fill my heart! — Then I shall bow in hum - ble ad - or -

1. thun - der, Thy pow'r through - out the u - ni - verse dis - played. —  
 2. gran - deur, And hear the brook and feel the gen - tle breeze. —  
 3. bear - ing, He bled and died to take a - way my sin. —  
 4. ra - tion, And there pro - claim, my God, how great thou art. —

Then sings my soul, my Sav - ior, God, to Thee; — How great Thou

art, \_\_\_\_\_ how great Thou art! \_\_\_\_\_ Then sings my soul, my Sav-ior God, to

Thee: \_\_\_\_\_ How great Thou art, \_\_\_\_\_ how great Thou art! \_\_\_\_\_

*\* The translator's original words are "works" and "mighty."*

Words: Stuart K. Hine (b. 1899)

Music: Swedish Folk Melody; arr. Stuart K. Hine

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