

How Great Thou Art (Fresh Cut Flowers)

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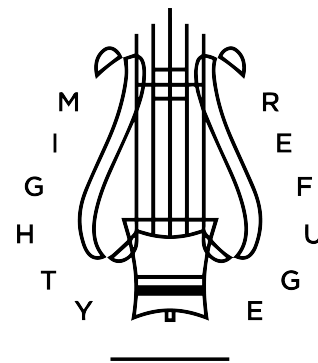
O Lord my God, when I in awesome wonder
 Consider all the worlds Thy Hand hath made,
 I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder,
 Thy pow'r throughout the universe displayed;

Then sings my soul,
 My Saviour God, to Thee,
 How great Thou art!
 How great Thou art!

When through the woods and forest glades I wander
 I 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; **ch.**

But 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; **ch.**

When Christ shall come, with shouts 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!" **ch.**



All creation shouts
 With beauty resounds
 It says to me, that we should sing
 Hallelujah
 So the people sing
 With the choirs of heaven
 Our melodies, so beautiful
 Hallelujah
 And the trumpet sounds
 Like fresh cut flowers
 It's heralding, your great name
 Hallelujah

Hallelujah, hallelujah
 Hallelujah, how great Thou Art