

Verse:

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.

Chorus:

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