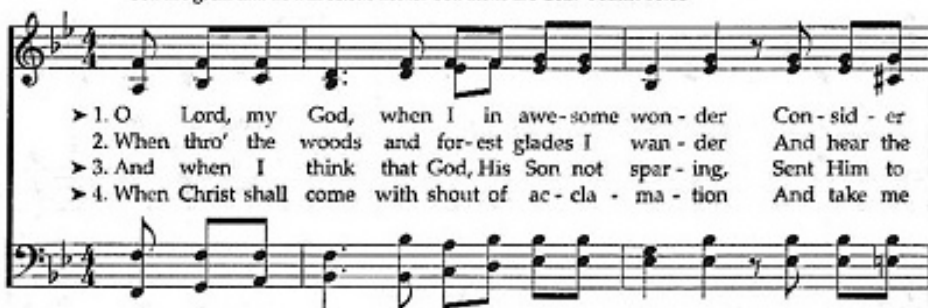


147 How Great Thou Art

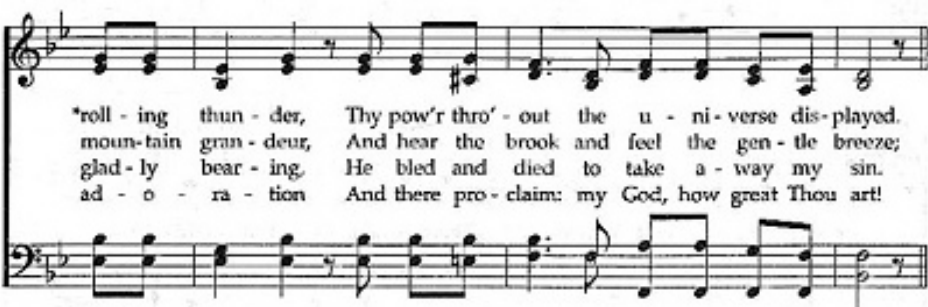
You are great and do marvelous deeds: You alone are God. Psalm 86:10



1. O Lord, my God, when I in awe-some won-der Con-sid-er
 2. When thro' 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



all the *worlds Thy hands have made, I see the stars, I hear the
 birds sing sweet-ly in the trees, When I look down from loft-y
 die, I scarce can take it in; That on the cross, my bur-den
 home, what joy shall fill my heart! Then I shall bow in hum-ble



*roll-ing thun-der, Thy pow'r thro'-out the u-ni-verse dis-played.
 moun-tain gran-deur, And hear the brook and feel the gen-tle breeze;
 glad-ly bear-ing, He bled and died to take a-way my sin.
 ad-o-ra-tion And there pro-claim: my God, how great Thou art!

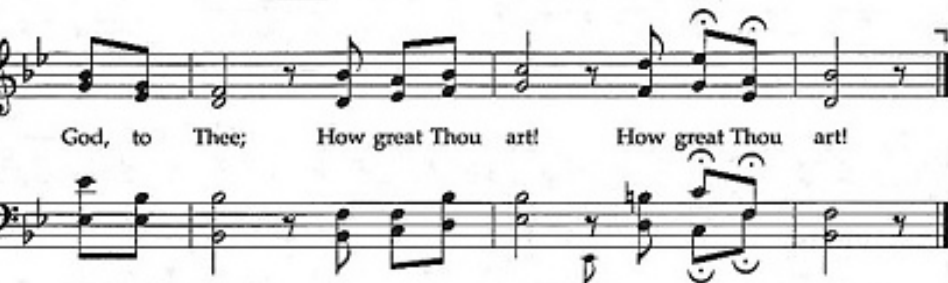
Refrain



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



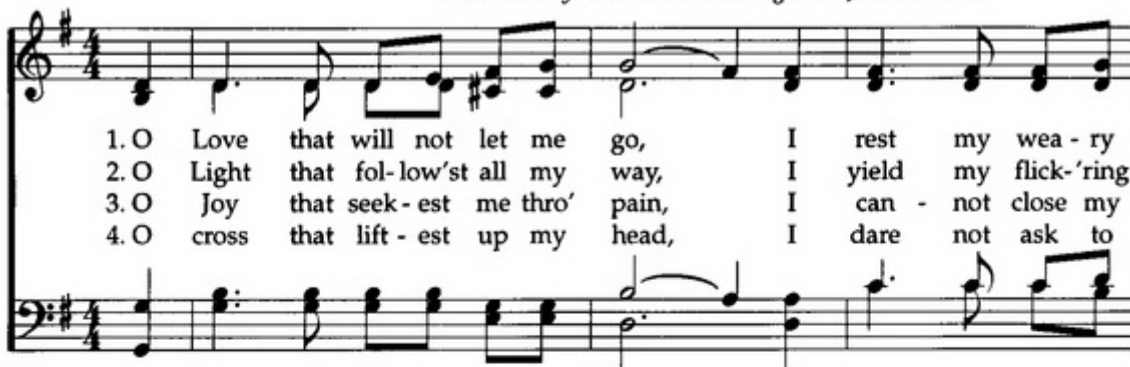
art! How great Thou art! Then sings my soul, my Sav-ior



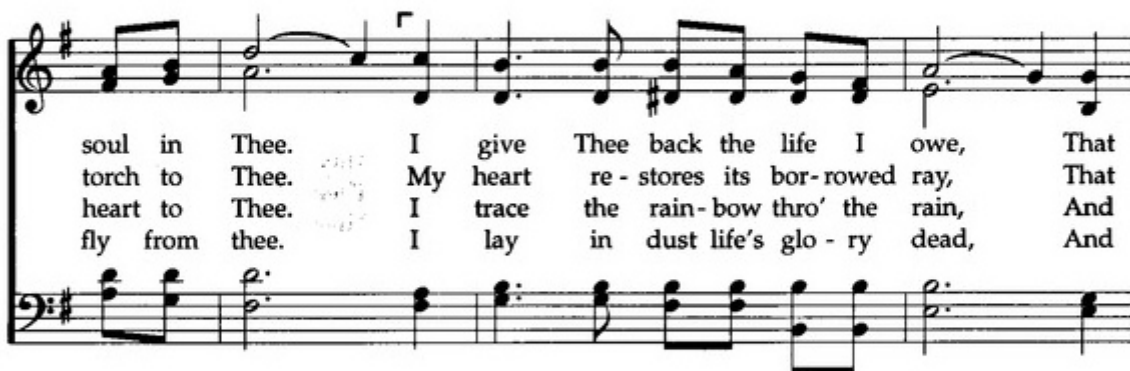
God, to Thee; How great Thou art! How great Thou art!

O Love That Will Not Let Me Go 606

I have loved you with an everlasting love. Jeremiah 31:3



1. O Love that will not let me go, I rest my wea - ry
 2. O Light that fol - low'st all my way, I yield my flick - ring
 3. O Joy that seek - est me thro' pain, I can - not close my
 4. O cross that lift - est up my head, I dare not ask to



soul in Thee. I give Thee back the life I owe, That
 torch to Thee. My heart re - stores its bor - rowed ray, That
 heart to Thee. I trace the rain - bow thro' the rain, And
 fly from thee. I lay in dust life's glo - ry dead, And



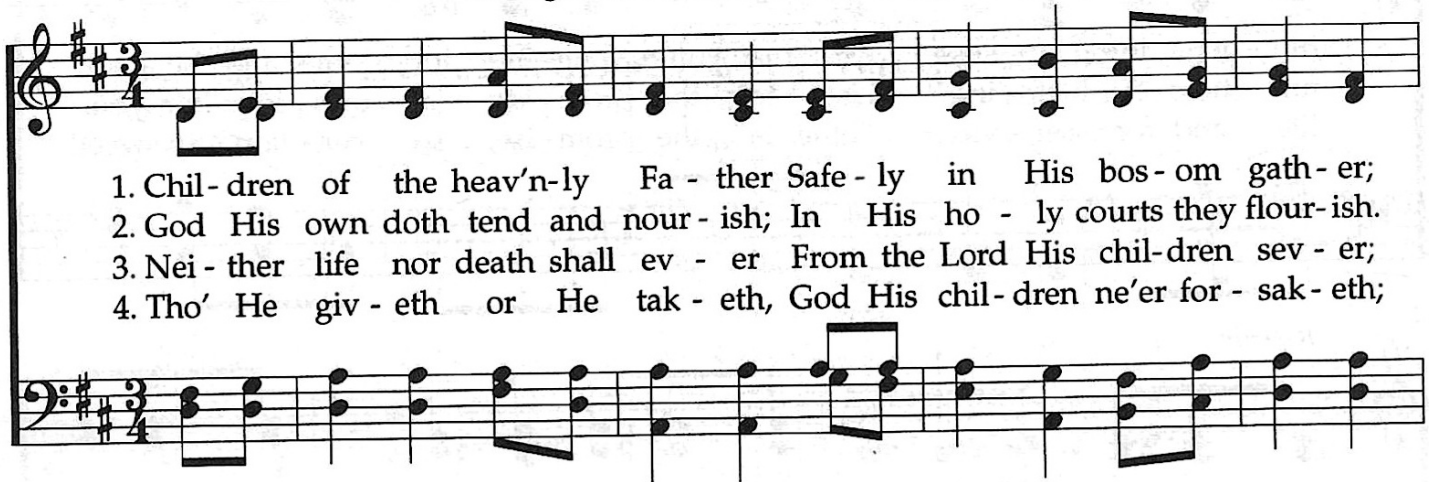
in Thine o - cean depths its flow May rich - er, full - er be.
 in Thy sun - shine's blaze its day May bright - er, fair - er be.
 feel the prom - ise is not vain That morn shall tear - less be.
 from the ground there blos - soms red Life that shall end - less be.

TEXT: George Matheson
 MUSIC: Albert L. Peace

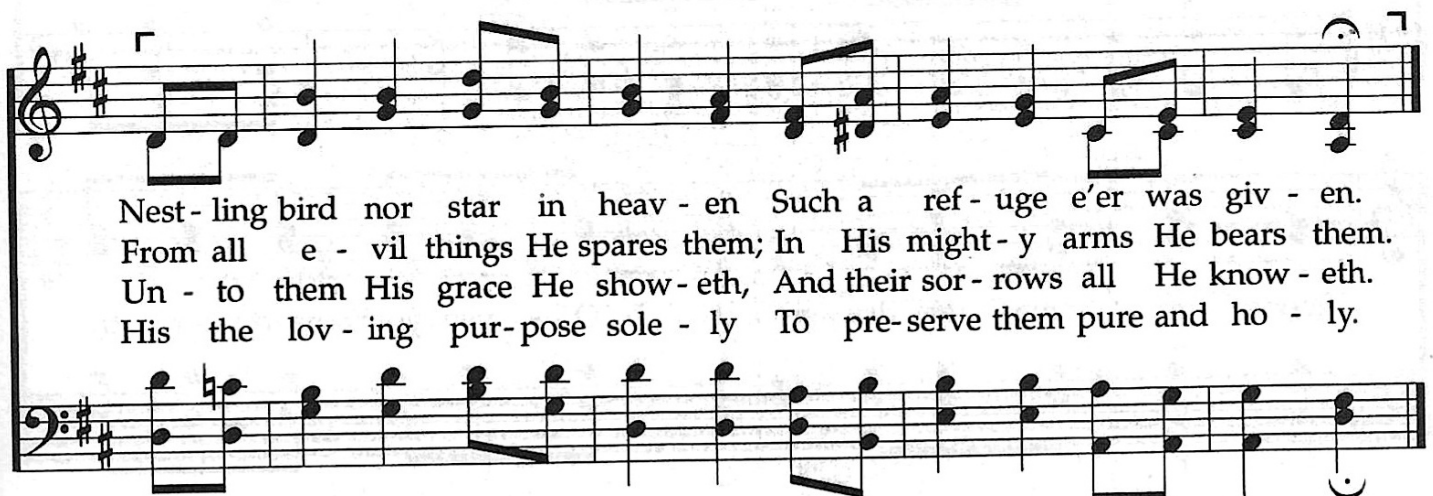
ST. MARGARET
 8.8.8.8.6.

Children of the Heavenly Father 719

How great is the love the Father has lavished on us. 1 John 3:1



1. Chil - dren of the heav'n - ly Fa - ther Safe - ly in His bos - om gath - er;
2. God His own doth tend and nour - ish; In His ho - ly courts they flour - ish.
3. Nei - ther life nor death shall ev - er From the Lord His chil - dren sev - er;
4. Tho' He giv - eth or He tak - eth, God His chil - dren ne'er for - sak - eth;



Nest - ling bird nor star in heav - en Such a ref - uge e'er was giv - en.
From all e - vil things He spares them; In His might - y arms He bears them.
Un - to them His grace He show - eth, And their sor - rows all He know - eth.
His the lov - ing pur - pose sole - ly To pre - serve them pure and ho - ly.

TEXT: Carolina Sandell Berg; translated by Ernst W. Olson
MUSIC: Traditional Swedish melody

TRYGGARE KAN INGEN VARA
L.M.