

Elvis Presley - How Great Thou Art

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Tom: G
                                                                 When Christ shall come with shouts of acclamation,
                                                                 And take me home, what joy shall fill my heart.
                                                                 Then I shall bow in humble admiration,
   O Lord my (G ) God when I in awesome (C ) wonder,
Consider (D) all the worlds Thy hands have (G) made. (C) (G) And there proclaim, my God how great Thou art.
I see the (G ) stars, I hear the rolling (C ) thunder,
Thy power through(D) out the universe (G) displayed. (C) (G
                                                                 ~`~`~`~`~`~`~
Then sings my (G ) soul, my (C ) Saviour God to (G ) Thee, How great Thou (D ) art, (C ) how great Thou (G ) art! Then sings my (G ) soul, my (C ) Saviour God to (G ) Thee,
                                                                 Alternative arrangement
                                                                 O Lord my (A ) God when I in awesome (D ) wonder,
How great Thou (Am) art, how (D) great Thou (G) art! (C)
                                                                 Consider (A ) all the (E ) worlds Thy (E7 ) hands have (A )
                                                                 made. (E ) (A )
                                                                 I see the (A) stars, I hear the rolling (D) thunder,
When through the woods and forest glades I wander,
                                                                 Thy power through (A) out the (E) uni(E7) verse dis(A) played.
And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees.
                                                                 (E)
When I look down from lofty mountain grandeur,
And hear the brook and feel the gentle breeze.
                                                                 Chorus:
                                                                 (E) Then sings my (A) soul, my (D) Saviour God to (A)
Chorus
                                                                 Thee, (E)(A)
                                                                 How great Thou (Bm ) art, how (E ) great Thou (A ) art! (E )
And when I think that God His son not sparing,
                                                                 Then sings my (A) soul, my (D) Saviour God to (A) Thee,
Sent Him to die I scarce can take it in.
That on the cross my burden gladly bearing,
                                                                 How great Thou (Bm ) art, (E ) how great Thou (A ) art! (D )
He bled and died to take away my sin.
                                                                 (A)
Chorus
                                                                 etc...
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Acordes

