

O Lord my God, I stand and gaze in wonder
on the vast heavens Thy wisdom hath ordained;
sun, moon and stars continue at Thy pleasure,
from nothing called and by Thy power sustained!

*O mighty God, my heart cries out to Thee,
'How great Thou art! How great Thou art!'
Thy praise shall sound throughout eternity:
'How great Thou art! How great Thou art!'*

- 2 Sometimes I hear the heavens rent by thunder,
or see dread lightning leap across the sky,
then in the cloud I see the promised rainbow
stilling my fears with mercy from on high.
- 3 This earth once heard the sound of angels singing –
this earth that wept the day that Adam fell –
for Jesus came from purest heights of glory,
an infant weak, to break the powers of hell.
- 4 Nailed to a tree, the great Creator suffered
when that dread weight of foulest sin He bore.
Lo! Satan flees, the Lord of glory triumphs!
Nothing can with this mighty love compare.

*Carl G. Boberg 1856-1940
tr. Eluned Harrison 1934-2013*

I stand amazed in the presence
of Jesus the Nazarene,
and wonder how He could love me,
a sinner, condemned, unclean.

How marvelous! How wonderful!
And my song shall ever be:
'How marvelous! How wonderful!
is my Saviour's love to me!'

2 For me it was in the garden
He prayed, 'Not My will, but Thine';
He had no tears for His own griefs,
but sweat drops of blood for mine.

3 In pity angels beheld Him,
and came from the world of light
to comfort Him in the sorrows
He bore for my soul that night.

4 He took my sins and my sorrows,
He made them His very own;
He bore the burden to Calvary,
and suffered and died alone.

5 When with the ransomed in glory
His face I at last shall see,
'twill be my joy through the ages
to sing of His love for me.

Glory be to God on high,
and peace on earth descend:
God comes down, He bows the sky,
and shows Himself our Friend:
God the invisible appears:
God, the blessed, the great I AM,
sojourns in this vale of tears,
and 'Jesus' is His Name.

2 Him the angels all adored,
their Maker and their King;
tidings of their humbled Lord
they now to mortals bring.
Emptied of His majesty,
of His dazzling glories shorn,
being's source begins to be,
and God Himself is born!

3 See the eternal Son of God
a mortal Son of Man;
dwelling in an earthly clod,
whom heaven cannot contain.
Stand amazed, you heavens, at this!
See the Lord of earth and skies;
humbled to the dust He is,
and in a manger lies.

4 We, the sons of men, rejoice,
the Prince of Peace proclaim;
with heaven's host lift up our voice,
and shout Immanuel's Name:
knees and hearts to Him we bow;
of our flesh and of our bone,
Jesus is our Brother now,
and God is all our own.