

Hymns for May 22, 2022

*Hymn #467

“How Great Thou Art”

O Store Gud

1. O Lord my God! When I in awesome wonder, consider all the worlds thy hands have made,
I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder, Thy power through the universe displayed.

*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!*

2. When through the woods and forest glades I wander, and 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;

Chorus:

3. 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:

4. When Christ shall come with shout 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!

Chorus:

825 Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

Refrain

Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, com-ing for to car-ry me home.

Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, com-ing for to car-ry me home. *Fine*

1 I looked o-ver Jor-dan, and what did I see com-ing for to car-ry me home?
 2 If you get there be - fore I do, com-ing for to car-ry me home,
 3 The bright - est day that ev - er I saw, com-ing for to car-ry me home,
 4 I'm some-times up and some-times down, com-ing for to car-ry me home,

to Refrain
 A band of an-gels com-ing af-ter me, com-ing for to car-ry me home. O,
 tell all my friends I'm com - ing too, com-ing for to car-ry me home. O,
 when Je - sus washed my sins a - way, com-ing for to car-ry me home. O,
 but still my soul feels heaven-ly bound, com-ing for to car-ry me home. O,

I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go

MARY BROWN

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CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm-y sea;
2. Per-haps to - day there are lov - ing words Which Jesus would have me speak;
3. There's surely somewhere a low - ly place In earth's harvest-fields so wide,

It may not be at the bat - tle's front My Lord will have need of me:
There may be now, in the paths of sin, Some wand'rer whom I should seek.
Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied.

But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths I do not know,
O Sav - ior, if Thou wilt be my Guide, Tho' dark and rug - ged the way,
So, trust - ing my all un - to Thy care, I know Thou lov - est me!

mf I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall ech - o the mes - sage sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sin - cere, I'll be what you want me to be.

FINE

D.S. — I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

REFRAIN.

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O'er mountain, or plain, or sea;

D. S.