G	С	G	
A-maz-ing Grace, how s	sweet th	e sound,	
That saved a wretch like G C	e me. G		
I once was lost, but now Em G D ⁷		ınd,	
Was blind, but now I	see.		
G	С	G	
Twas grace that though G	nt my hea O	art to fear,	
and grace my fears re-l G	ieved. C	G	
How precious did that grace ap-pear, Em G D ⁷ G			
the hour I first be - lieved.			
G	С	G	
Through many dangers G D	, toils, a	nd snares,	
I have already come.			
G	С	G	
'Tis grace has brought in Em G D ⁷	me safe G	thus far,	
and grace will lead me	home.		

G	С	G		
My God has pr	omised god	od to me,		
G	[)		
whose word my hope se-cures;				
G	С	G		
God will my shield and portion be				
Em G	D^7 G			
as long as life	en - dures.			
G		С	G	
When we've been there ten thousand years,				
G	D			
bright shining a	as the sun,			
G	С		3	
We've no less days to sing god's praise				
Em	$G D^7 C$	3		
than when we'	d first be - c	าเมา		