

Grace Flows Down

Louie Giglio




A - maz - ing grace, how sweet the sound, a - maz - ing love,



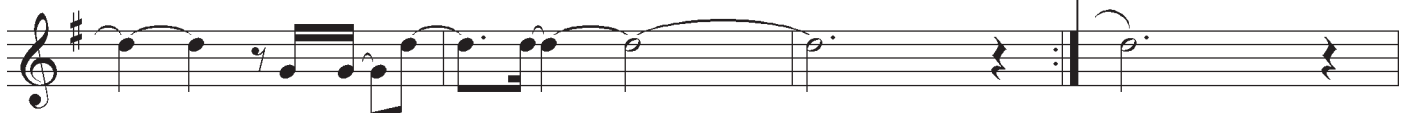
now flow - ing down from hands and feet that were nailed to the tree. —



His grace flows down and cov - ers me. And cov - ers me, _____



and cov - ers me, _____ and cov - ers me, _____



and cov - ers me, _____



His grace flows down and cov - ers me.