

A QUESTION OF TRUST

1. My ^{F6} Father brings the ^{Gm6} stars to birth, His ^{C7} word created ^F time and space,
From ^{F6} ages past to ^{Gm6} endless years de- ^{Bb7} pendably the ^{A7} same;
He ^{Dm} formed our race up- ^{Gm6} on the earth; pre- ^{C7} pared for us a ^{Dm} lovely place
To ^{F6} live for Him and ^{Gm6} be His friends and ^{Dm/A} glori- ^{A7} fy His ^{Dm} name.

Chorus:

Though He ^{Dm7} kill me, ^{D7} I will ^{Gm} trust Him. ^{C7} I will put my case be- ^F fore Him,
For I ^{A7/E} know no other ^{Dm} power can re- ^{Bb7} store my wayward ^A soul.
I will ^{Dm} call and ^{D7} He will ^{Gm} hear me; ^{C7} Though I'm nervous that He's ^F near me,
For my ^{A7/E} vigour and my ^{Dm} length of ^{Gm} days are ^{Dm/A} under ^{A7} His con- ^{Dm} trol.

2. Such ^{F6} sadness now! His ^{Gm6} work we've spoiled and ^{C7} gone our own mis- ^F guided ways -
Our ^{F6} cunning plans all ^{Gm6} bring us grief and ^{Bb7} desecrate our ^{A7} land.
No ^{Dm} matter how we ^{Gm6} scheme and toil in ^{C7} endless work and ^{Dm} stressful days,
We're ^{F6} powerless to ^{Gm6} make amends, and ^{Dm/A} do not ^{A7} under- ^{Dm} stand.
3. For ^{F6} only He who ^{Gm6} made the whole can ^{C7} take the pieces ^F and restore,
And ^{F6} though it cost Him ^{Gm6} very dear, His ^{Bb7} purpose He'll ful- ^{A7} fil.
He ^{Dm} gave his Son to ^{Gm6} save my soul, so ^{C7} should I not be- ^{Dm} lieve Him more
than ^{F6} human pundits, ^{Gm6} in their pride, who ^{Dm/A} disre- ^{A7} gard His will?

Chorus 2:

For I've ^{Dm7} found that ^{D7} I can ^{Gm} trust Him ^{C7} when I put my case be- ^F fore Him,
And I ^{A7/E} know no other ^{Dm} power can re- ^{Bb7} store my wayward ^A soul.
I have ^{Dm} called and ^{D7} He's as- ^{Gm} sured me ^{C7} Of His gentleness to- ^F ward me,
So I'm ^{A7/E} thankful that my ^{Dm} destin- ^{Gm} y is ^{Dm/A} under ^{A7} His con- ^{Dm} trol.