

A QUESTION OF TRUST

1. My Father brings the stars to birth,
His word created time and space,
From ages past to endless years
Dependably the same;
He formed our race upon the earth;
Prepared for us a lovely place
To live for Him and be His friends
And glorify His name.

Chorus:

Though He kill me, I will trust Him.
I will put my case before Him,
For I know no other power can restore my wayward soul.
I will call and He will hear me;
Though I'm nervous that He's near me,
For my vigour and my length of days are under His control.

2. Such sadness now! His work we've spoiled
And gone our own misguided ways -
Our cunning plans all bring us grief
And desecrate our land.
No matter how we scheme and toil
In endless work and stressful days,
We're powerless to make amends,
And do not understand.
3. For only He who made the whole
Can take the pieces and restore,
And though it cost Him very dear,
His purpose He'll fulfil.
He gave his Son to save my soul,
So should I not believe Him more
Than human pundits, in their pride,
Who disregard His will?

Chorus 2:

For I've found that I can trust Him
When I put my case before Him,
And I know no other power can restore my wayward soul.
I have called and He's assured me
Of His gentleness toward me,
So I'm thankful that my destiny is under His control.