

A Question of Trust

Ken Fry

♩=106

F6 Gm6 C7 F F6

1. My Fa-ther brings the stars to birth, His word cre - a - ted time and space, from ag - es past to
 2. Such sad-ness now! His work we've spoiled and gone our own mis - guid-ed ways; our cunn-ing plans all
 3. For on - ly He who made the whole can take the piec-es and re - store, and though it cost Him

Gm6 Bb7 A7 Dm Gm6 C7

end-less years de - pend - a - bly the same; He formed our race up - on the earth; pre - pared for us a
 bring us grief and de - se - crate our land. No matt - er how we scheme and toil in end-less work and
 ve - ry dear, His pur-pose He'll ful - fil. He gave his Son to save my soul, so should I not be-

Dm F6 Gm6 Dm/A A7 Dm **Chorus** Dm7 D7

love - ly place to live for Him and be His friends and glor - i - fy His name. Though He kill me, I will
 stress - ful days, we're pow - er - less to make a - mends, and do not und - er - stand. For I've found that I can
 - lieve Him more than hu-man pun-dits, in their pride, who dis - re - gard His will?

Gm C7 F A7/E Dm Bb7

trust Him. I will put my case be - fore Him, for I know no oth - er pow - er can re - store my way-ward
 trust Him When I put my case be - fore Him, And I know no oth - er pow - er can re - store my way-ward

A Dm D7 Gm C7 F A7/E

soul. I will call and He will hear me; though I'm nerv-ous that He's near me, for my vig - our and my
 soul. I have called and He's as - sured me Of His gent - le - ness to - ward me, So I'm thank - ful that my

Dm Gm Dm/A A7 Dm

length of days are un - der His con - trol.
 des - tin - y is un - der His con - trol.