## He's my God

## Comfort in Trials—By the Lord's Faithfulness

(Guitar: Capo 1)

| D   |                   | A Bm               |                       | G D              | Α                                    |
|---|-------------------|--------------------|-----------------------|------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1. From the morn-ing to the even-ing, His faith-ful-ness I see; His mer-cy reach-ing sin-ners,              |                   |                    |                       |                  |                                      |
| F♯m   | G                 | Em Em <sup>7</sup> | A <sup>sus4</sup> A D |                  | A Bm                                 |
| reach-ing e-ven me; And I know, now I know. Bright-er than the bright-est sun-light, all doubts             |                   |                    |                       |                  |                                      |
|   | G D               | Α                  | F#m                   | G                | Em Em <sup>7</sup> A <sup>sus4</sup> |
| and fears must cease; Sweet-er than the sweet-est de-light, His liv-ing Word in me; And I know, now I know. |                   |                    |                       |                  |                                      |
| A   | A <sup>7</sup>    | D                  | F♯m                   |                  | G                                    |
|   | (C) That God      | is there for me    | to - mor - row        | , As He          | is for me to-day;                    |
| A   | D                 |                    | F#m                   | G                |                                      |
| Т   | 'hat He'll take   | my cares and sor   | - row,                | And He'll wip    | e them all a - way;                  |
| A   | D                 | F‡r                | m                     | G                |                                      |
| Т   | here's no cri-sis | s that He can't    | bear,                 | There's no storm | n He can't a - bate;                 |
| A   | G                 | A                  | D                     | G                | D                                    |
|   | He's my God,      | Не                 | e's my God.           |                  |                                      |

2. Day by day His grace grows dearer; His love has conquered me, Never leaving, never ceasing, His Spirit constantly Flooding me, rich and free; Higher than the highest heaven, He lifts me up to see New Jerusalem descending, His Bride, His love to be Eternally, it shall be.