

Keith Green - Trials Turned To Gold

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Then I would hear your voice
                tom:
                                                                               B7
Intro: E B7 E B7
                                                                  My Lord, my King, my urge to sing \stackrel{\hbox{\scriptsize E}}{E} \stackrel{\hbox{\scriptsize B7}}{B} \stackrel{\hbox{\scriptsize A}}{A} \stackrel{\hbox{\scriptsize A}}{A}
 E B7 E A E
                                                                  And praise the things above
                                                                  And France the things above

A E A E

No words can say the glorious way

A E D D A
                 В7
                             Ε
He's brought me here, where things are clear
 E B7 A A A
And trials turn to gold
                                                                  You changed me with your love
 A E A E
He shared with me, His victory

A E D D A Bm
                                                                  [Solo] Bm Gbm G D A
                                                                         Bm D G Gb
He won in days of old
                                                                         Bm Gbm G D
                                                                         B B B
                                                                         E B7 E B7
Oh Lord, I don't deserve

D G Gb Bm
The riches of your word

Gbm G D
                                                                                  B7 E
                                                                  He's brought me low, so I could know
But You've changed my filthy rags

A A A B B B B B B B

To linen white as snow
                                                                   E B7 A A A
                                                                  The way to reach the heights
                                                                   A E A
                                                                  To forsake my dreams, my self esteem A E D D A Bm
The view from here is nothing near E B7 A A A
                                                                  And give up all my rights
                                                                   Gbm G
To what it is for You
 A E A E
                                                                  With each one that I lay down D G Gb Bm
I tried to see Your plan for me

A E D D A Bm
                                                                  A jewel's placed in my crown Gbm G D
But I only acted like I knew
                                                                  Cause His love, the things above
         G D A Bm
                                                                   A A A B B B B B B
                                                                  Is all we'll ever need
Oh Lord forgive the times
 D G Gb
                                                                                          E
                                                                  {\color{red} E} {\color{red} B7} {\color{red} E} {\color{red} B7} He's brought me here, where things are clear
I tried to read your mind
Gbm G D
Cause you said if I'd be still
                                                                   E B7 A A
  A A A B B B B B B
                                                                  And trials turn to gold
Acordes
                                  Ε
                                                                                  ukulele-chords.com
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