

The Works of Your Hands

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G D G D G G/B D F#m

From gal - ax - ies in deep - est space to rain - drops fall - ing
 From plan - ets as they or - bit round to ev - 'ry buz - zing,
 From moun - tains peaks capped white with snow to flow - ers as they

Bm Bm/A Em Em7 A^{sus4} A G

on my face. From cresc - ent moon and sun - set sky to quarks and a - toms
 hum - ming sound. From o - ceans and their end - less waves to all the things I
 bloom and grow. From fer - tile fields that stretch for miles to ants who march in

E° D Em D/F# G A Bm Bm/A

puls - ing with life. CHORUS: These are the works of Your hands. —
 smell — and taste.
 sin - gle file.

G A D Em D/F# G A Bm A G

These are the works of your hands. — It's a myst - ry I can't — com - pre - hend.

G A G D G D Em

These are the works of Your hands. BRIDGE: Ar - chi - tect of the cos - mos, be -

Bm G

yond what I can see, — who am I that You would breathe the

A A^{sus4} A

breath of life in me?