

Creator God

Ben Slee
(arr. S. Lock)

D A Bm G D A Bm G

1. Cre - a - tor

D A Bm

God, who shaped the earth and hea - vens, Your glo - ry
God, cre - a - tion's song fell si - lent As on the
God! You broke the tomb in glo - ry, Death could not

G D Asus⁴ A

shines in all that You have made. You spoke the
cross, the Light was pierced with dark. The Word of
hold the One who auth - ored life! His ra - diant

Bm Gmaj⁷ A Bm

Word, who broke in - to the dark - ness; All earth re -
Life to death now hangs sur - ren - dered, The One who
light has sha - ttered through our dark - ness, And in our

G A D(omit³)

plies: "Ma - jes - tic is Your name!" And who am
spoke out stars now breathes His last. And who am
hearts, His ris - en life now shines. And who are

G D A Bm

I, though made be - low the an - gels, That You, my
I, the low - li - est of sin - ners, That You would
we, that You would call us child - ren And raise us

G Bm Asus⁴ A

King, are mind - ful of my ways? As moon and
 pay the price my sin de - serves? My Ma - ker
 up from death to life with you, Where we will

D Gmaj⁷ A Bm G A

stars sing out their joy - ful cho - rus, I lift my voice to join with them in
 scarred for those who marred His like - ness, And from His wounds flows mer - cy un - re -
 sing the New Cre - a - tion an - them: "O praise the One who's ma - king all things

D Bm G D A 1.2. Bm G

praise.
 served.
 new!"

2. Re - dee - ming
 3. O li - ving

3. Bm G G D A Bm

And so we wait in ea - ger ex - pec - ta - tion And join the

G Bm Asus⁴ A Bm Gmaj⁷

song as all cre - a - tion groans: "Lord, haste the Day de - cay is slain by

A Bm G A D

glo - ry The Day You call Your sons and daugh - ters home."