

The Undercurrent Breaks Our Grip

Capo 3: A

C F C Am Dm G C Am Em C D
 D A F#m Bm E A F#m C#m A B

1. The un - der - cur - rent breaks our grip on sand that shifts and
2. Tsu - na - mis sweep them all a - way as peo - ple kneel in
3. If God is there, what sort of God would watch these peo - ple
4. We have - n't found the an - swer yet to cos - mic suf - fer -

G C F Dm G C F E C Dm C F G C
 E A D Bm E A D C# A Bm A D E A

- sways; the earth-quake sends the tid - al wave: are these a cause for praise?
 prayer. In ran - dom tra - ge - dy and pain we chant, "Our God is there."
 die, would see young ba-bies swept a - way and still ig - nore their cry?
 ing: we cry to God, our faith re-mains al-though we can - not sing.

WORDS: Andrew Pratt
 MUSIC: Attr. to William Croft, 1708

ST. ANNE
 CM

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