Heber C. M.

1. God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform:
2. Deep in un-fathom-able mines Of nev-er-fail-ing skill,
3. Ye fear-ful saints, fresh cour-age take: The clouds ye so much dread
4. Judge not the Lord by fee-ble sense, But trust Him for His grace;
5. Blind un-be-lief is sure to err, And scan His work in vain;

He plants His foot-steps in the sea, And rides up-on the storm.
He treas-ures up His bright de-signs, And works His sov-reign will.
Are big with mer-cy, and will break In bless-ings on your head.
Be hind a frown-ing prov-i-dence He hides a smil-ing face.
God is His own in-ter-pret-er, And He will make it plain. A-men.