God Moves in a Mysterious Way

1. God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform;
2. Deep in un-fathom-able minds Of never fail-ing skill,
3. Ye fear-ful saints, fresh cour-age take, The clouds ye so much dread
4. His pur-pos-es will rip-en fast, Un-fold-ing ev-’ry hour;
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 gra-cious will.
Are big with mer-cy, and shall break In bless-ings on your head.
The bud may have a bit-ter taste, But sweet will be the flower.
God is His own in-ter-pret-er, And He will make it plain.

Words: William Cowper
Music: Hart’s Psalms Of David, Walt Ravenscroft

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