God Moves in a Mysterious Way

1. God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform;  
2. Deep in unfaithable mines of never-failing skill;  
3. Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take; the clouds ye so much dread  
4. Judge not the Lord by feeble sense, but trust Him for His grace;  
5. His purposes will ripen fast, unfolding every hour;  
6. Blind unbelief is sure to err, and scan His work in vain;  

He plants His steps in the sea and rides upon the storm.  
He treasures up his bright designs, and works His sovereign will.  
are big with mercy and shall break in blessings on your head.  
be behind a frowning Providence He hides a smiling face.  
the bud may have a bitter taste, but sweet will be the flow'rr.  
God is His own interpreter, and He will make it plain.

WORDS: William Cowper, 1774  
MUSIC: Scottish Psalter, 1615