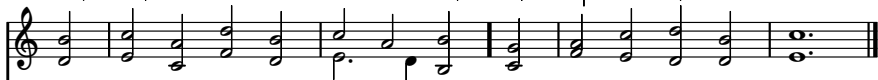


William Cowper

William Croft



1. God moves in a mys - ter - ious way, His won - ders to per - form;  
 2. Deep in un - fath - om - a - ble 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;



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 shall break In bless - ings on your head.  
 Be - hind a frown - ing pro - vi - dence He hides a smil - ing face.



5 His purposes will ripen fast,  
 Unfolding every hour;  
 The bud may have a bitter taste,  
 But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
 And scan His work in vain;  
 God is His own interpreter,  
 And He will make it plain.