

W. Cowper

W. 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 ev'ry 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.