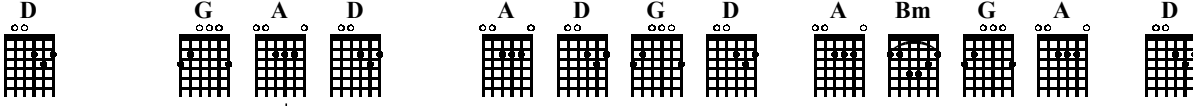
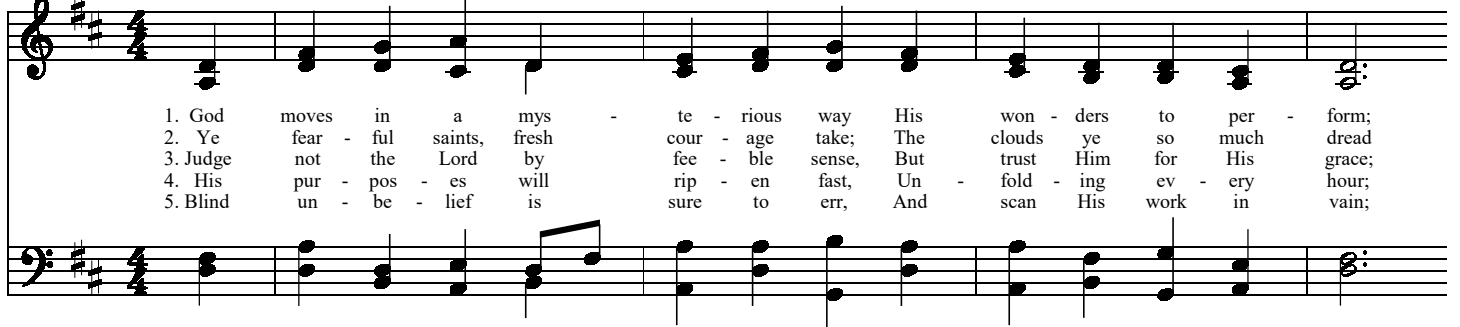


# God Moves in a Mysterious Way

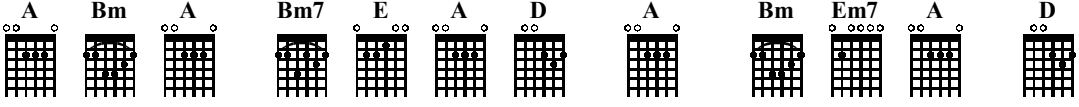
William Cowper


Scottish Psalter





1. God moves in a mys - te - rious way His won - ders to per - form;  
 2. Ye fear - ful saints, fresh cour - age take; The clouds ye so much dread  
 3. Judge not the Lord by fee - ble sense, But trust Him for His grace;  
 4. His pur - pos - es will rip - en fast, Un - fold - ing ev - ery 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.  
 Are big with mer - cy, and shall break In bless - ings on your head.  
 Be - hind a frown - ing prov - i - dence He hides a smil - ing face.  
 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.