

# God Moves In Mysterious Ways

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William Cowper - 1772

God moves in a mys - te - rious way His won - ders to per - form; He  
Deep in un - fath - om - a - ble mines Of nev - er - fail - ing skill, He  
Ye fear - ful saints, fresh cou - rage take; The clouds ye so much dread Are

6 plants His foot - steps in the sea And rides up on the storm.  
treas - ures up His bright de - signs And works His sov - ereign will.  
big with mer - cy and shall break In bless - ings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace;  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face

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

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