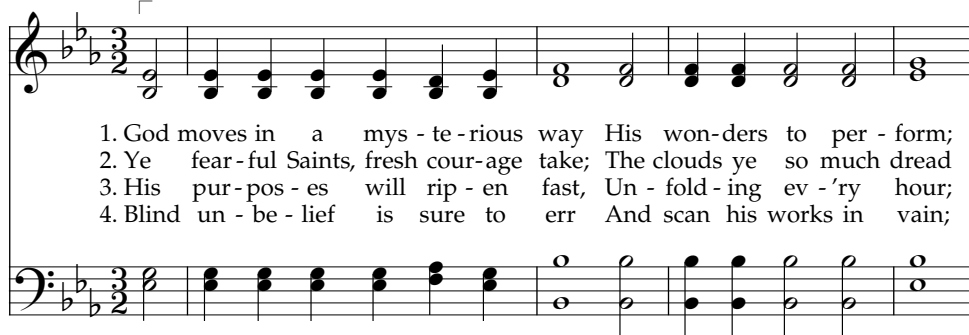


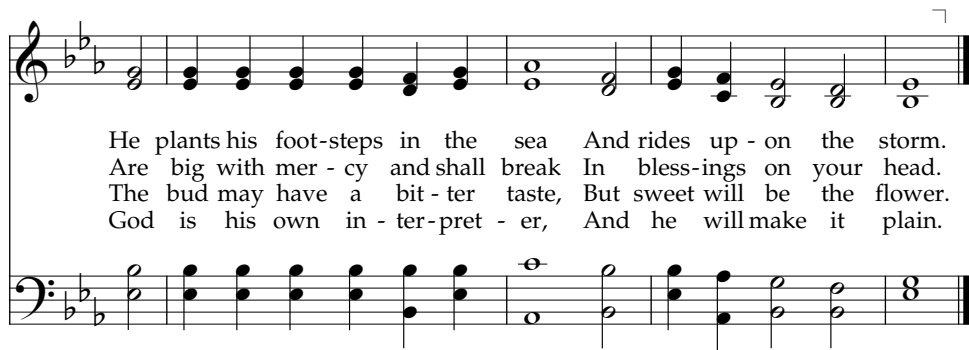
God Moves in a Mysterious Way

285

With dignity ♩ = 58-69



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. His pur - pos - es will rip - en fast, Un - fold - ing ev - 'ry hour;
 4. Blind un - be - lief is sure to err And scan his works 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.
 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.

Text: William Cowper, 1731-1800
 Music: William B. Bradbury, 1816-1868

Psalms 107:23-31
 Romans 8:28