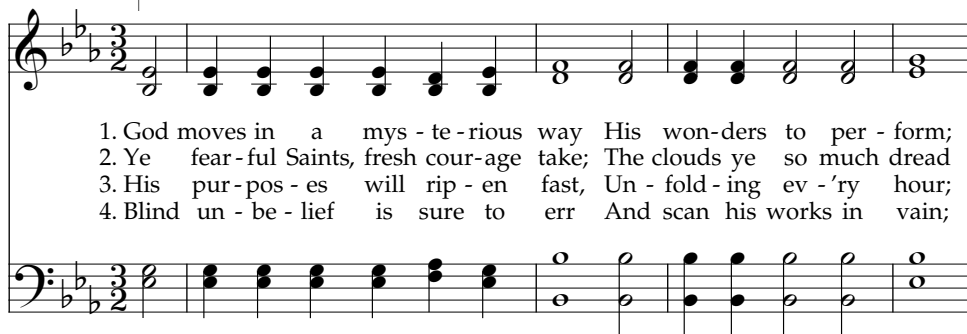


# God Moves in a Mysterious Way

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

Psalm 107:23-31

Romans 8:28