

*I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight.* Isa. 42:16

HERMON C. M.

William Cowper, 1774

Lowell Mason, 1832

1. God moves in a mys-te-rious 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;  
 5. His pur-pos-es will rip-en fast, Un-fold-ing ev - 'ry hour;  
 6. 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.  
 He treas-ures up his bright de-signs, And works his sov-ereign will.  
 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 flow'r.  
 God is his own in - ter-pre-ter, And he will make it plain. A - MEN.

*Thou, O Lord, remainest for ever; thy throne from generation to generation.* Lam. 5:19

WINDSOR C. M.

Isaac Watts, 1707

Melody arr. from Christopher Tye, 1533,  
 in Wm. Daman's *Booke of Musicke*, 1591

St. 1, line 2, and st. 5, line 2, alt.

1. Great God, how in-fi-nite art thou! How poor and weak are we!  
 2. Thy throne e-ter-nal a-ges stood, Ere seas or stars were made:  
 3. E-ter-ni-ty, with all its years, Stands pres-ent in thy view;  
 4. Our lives through var-ious scenes are drawn, And vexed with trif-ling cares;  
 5. Great God, how in-fi-nite art thou! How poor and weak are we!

Let the whole race of crea-tures bow, And pay their praise to thee.  
 Thou art the ev-er-liv-ing God, Were all the na-tions dead.  
 To thee there's noth-ing old ap-pears; To thee there's noth-ing new.  
 While thine e-ter-nal thought moves on Thine un-dis-turbed af-fairs.  
 Let the whole race of crea-tures bow, And pay their praise to thee. A - MEN.

St. 3, line 4, alt.