

HYMN

211 God moves in a mysterious way

Capo 1: D G D A D G D A Bm G A D

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

A Bm A D E A D Em A D

he plants his foot - steps in the sea and rides up - on the storm.
 he trea - sures 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.

4 His purposes will ripen fast,
 unfolding every hour;
 the bud may have a bitter taste,
 but sweet will be the flower.

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