God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He never failing skill;
He clouds ye so much dread are
He trust Him for His grace;
He fold ing ev 'ry hour;
He scan His work in vain;
God plants His footsteps in the sea and
and treasures up his bright designs, and
and big with mercy and shall break in
and hind a frowning prov i dence He
and bud may have a bitter taste, but
but is His own in ter pret er, and
and rides up on the storm.
and works His sov 'reign will.
bless ings on your head.
hides a smiling face.
sweet will be the flow'r.
He will make it plain.