God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He never failing skill;
He clouds are much dread.
He trust is for His grace;
His fold is ev'ry hour;
His scan is God's work in vain;
God's plant is up his bright designs, and
His treasure is up his bright designs, and
God's hind is a frowning prov'idence. He
His bud may have a bitter taste, but
His is His own in tender pretter, and
God's rides up on the storm.
Works His sov'reign will.
Blessings on your head.
Hides a smiling face.
Sweet will be the flow'r.
He will make it plain.

God Moves In A Mysterious Way
William Cowper
Scottish Psalter

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