

God Moves In A Mysterious Way [Lyrics]

William Cowper

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea
And rides upon the storm.
Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face. He hides a smiling face.

Deep in His dark and hidden mines
With never-failing skill
He fashions all His bright designs
And works His sovereign will
O fearful saints, new courage take;
The clouds that you now dread
Are big with mercy and will break
In blessings on your head. In blessings on your head.

God's purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
Blind unbelief is sure to err
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain. And He will make it plain.