1 God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to ponder; for form; he plants his footsteps
   Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take; the clouds you so much dread are big with mercy,
   His purposes will ripen fast, unfolding every hour; the bud may have a vain: God is his own in 
2 Blind unbelief is sure to err and scan his work in vain:
   in the sea and rides up on the storm.
   and shall break in blessings on your head.
   bitter taste, but sweet will be the flower.
   foreteller, and he will make it plain
   Head, and shall break in blessings on your head.