1 God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform;
2 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take; the clouds you so much dread
3 His purposes will ripen fast, unfolding every hour;
4 Blind unbelief is sure to err and scan his work in vain:

he plants his footsteps in the sea and rides upon the storm.
are big with mercy, and shall break in blessings on your head.
the bud may have a bitter taste, but sweet will be the flower.
God is his own interpreter, and he will make it plain

Text: William Cowper (1731-1800), alt.
Tune: Scottish Psalter, 1615; harm. Thomas Ravenscroft (1592-1635), alt.

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