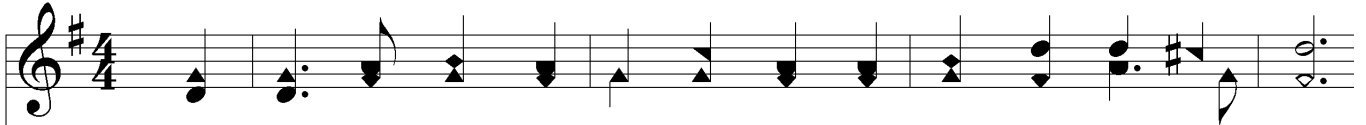
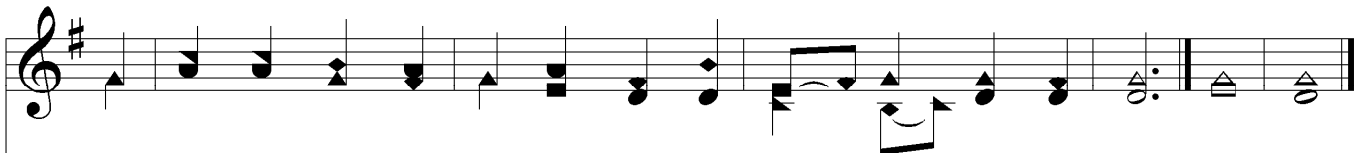
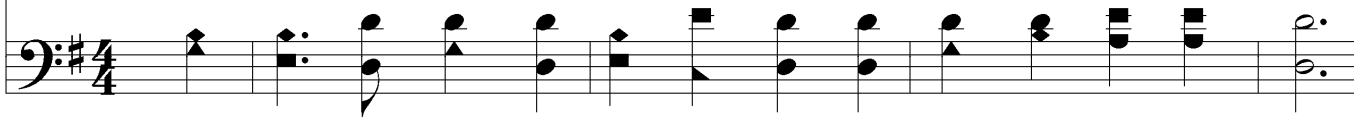


# God Moves In A Mysterious Way

FARRANT C.M.



1. God moves in a mys - te - rious way His won - ders to per - form;  
2. Deep in un - fath - om - a - ble minds Of nev - er - fail - ing skill,  
3. Ye fear - ful saints, fresh cour - age take; The clouds ye so much dread  
4. Judge not the Lord by fee - ble sense, But trust Him for His grace;  
5. His pur - pos - es will rip - en fast, Un - fold - ing ev - 'ry hour;  
6. Blind un - be - lief is sure to err, And scan His work in vain;



He plants His foot - steps in the sea, And rides up - on the storm.  
He treas - ures up His bright de - signs, And works His sov - 'reign will.  
Are big with mer - cy, and shall break In bless - ings on your head.  
Be - hind a frown - ing prov - i - dence He hides a smil - ing face.  
The bud may have a bit - ter taste, But sweet will be the flow'r.  
God is His own in - ter - pret - er, And He will make it plain. A - men.

