

God Moves in a Mysterious Way

William Cowper

Thomas Ravenscroft, 1592-1635

Verse

E \flat

D \flat

A \flat

God moves in a mys - te - rious way
 Deep in un - fath - om - a - ble mines
 You fear - ful saints, fresh cou - rage take;
 Judge not the Lord by fee - ble sense,
 His pur - pos - es will rip - en fast,
 Blind un - be - lief is sure to err

E \flat

B \flat

B \flat sus4 B \flat 7

E \flat

Cm

F

B \flat

his won - ders to per - form; he plants his foot - steps in the sea,
 of nev - er - fail - ing skill he trea - sures up his bright de - signs,
 the clouds you so much dread are big with mer - cy and shall break
 But trust Him for His grace; Be - hind a frown - ing prov - i - dence
 Un - fold - ing ev - ery hour; The bud may have a bit - ter taste,
 and scan his work in vain: God is his own in - ter - pret - er,

10

E \flat

Fm

B \flat sus4

B \flat

E \flat

and rides up - on the storm.
 and works his sov - ereign will.
 in bless - ings on your head.
 He hides a smil - ing face.
 But sweet will be the flower.
 and he will make it plain.