God Moves in a Mysterious Way

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: YORK

| d - | m - s - f - l - | m - s - r - r - |
God moves in a mys- terious way, His

| m - s - s - fe - | s - - - - - d - |
wonders to per- form; He

| m - s - f - l - | m - s - r - s - |
plants his footsteps in the sea, And

| f - m - r - r - | d - - - - - |
rides upon the storm.

The other verses

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never failing skill
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flow'r.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

Tune YORK (Scottish Psalter); words by William Cowper (1731–1800). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.