Lord, We Adore Thy Vast Designs

Doh is C · 4/4 Tune: WINCHESTER NEW

| s - | d' - s - l - l - | s - f - m - m - |
Lord, we adore thy vast designs, Th'ob-

| f - m - r - s - | s - fe - s - s - |
scure abyss of providence, Too

| d' - r' - m' - d' - | f' - m' - r' - m' - |
deep to sound with mortal lines Too

| d' - l - s - d' - | d' - t - d' - |
dark to view with feeble sense.

The other verses

2 Now thou array'st thine awful face
In angry frowns, without a smile;
We thro' the cloud believe thy grace,
Secure of thy compassion still.

3 Thro' seas and storms of deep distress
We sail by faith and not by sight;
Faith guides us in the wilderness
Through all the briers and the night.

4 Dear Father, if thy lifted rod
Resolve to scourge us here below,
Still we must lean upon our God,
Thine arm shall bear us safely thro'.

Melody from the Open Hymnal Project (public domain), edited by Brian J. Dumont; tune WINCHESTER NEW (From "Musikalisches Handbuch", Hamburg, 1690); words by Isaac Watts (1674–1748). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.