Mysterious Are the Ways of God

Doh is Eb · 4/4 Tune: MELCOMBE

| s - | s - f - m - r - | d - l - s - s - |
Mys- terious are the ways of God, And

| d' - t - l - s - | s - fe - s - m - |
fear and blindness oft repine; We

| m - f - s - m - | r - m - f - f - |
murmur 'neath his chastening rod, Be-

| m - r - s - f - | m - r - d - |
cause we read not his design.

The other verses

2 Impending clouds his love has spread
O'er this low vale where mortals dwell;
And oft we mourn his spirit fled,
When adverse tempests round us swell.

3 But in those storms that sometimes roll,
Our mortal dwellings dark above,
Whose threatening shades dismay the soul,
Dwells the bright presence of his love.

4 We cannot see him — not a ray
Of all his glory there appears,
And oft we thread our darkened way,
Trembling with anxious doubts and fears.

5 Yet faith still looks beyond the gloom,
While hope's bright star illumes our night;
Pilgrims of earth! though dark the tomb,
It leads to scenes of bliss and light.

Tune MELCOMBE by Samuel Webbe (1740–1816); words by John Bowring (1792–1872). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.