

God Moves In A Mysterious Way

Jeremy Riddle

God moves in a mysterious way, yes
His wonders to perform
He plants His footsteps in the sea
And rides upon the storm

Deep in unsearchable mines
Of never failing skill
He treasures up His bright designs
And works His sovereign will

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

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense
But trust Him for His grace
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face

His purposes will ripen fast
Unfolding every hour
The bud may have a bitter taste
But sweet will be the flower

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

On your head
On your head

Blind unbelief is sure to err
And scan His work in vain
For God is His own interpreter
And He will make it plain

In His own time
In His own way...
Yes
In His own time
In His own way...