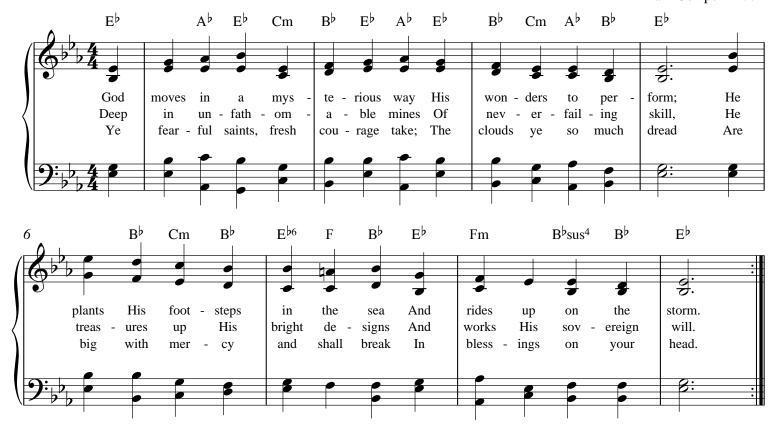
God Moves In Mysterious Ways

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William Cowper - 1772



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.

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