

## 'Tis seldom we can trace the way.

1. 'Tis seldom we can trace the way  
Where Thou, our gracious Lord, dost move;  
But we can always surely say,  
That God is love.

2. When fear its gloomy cloud will fling  
O'er earth—our souls to heav'n above,  
As to their sanctuary, spring,  
For God is love.

3. When doubt hangs o'er our darken'd path,  
We'll check our dread, each doubt reprove;  
For here Thy church sweet comfort hath,  
That God is love.

4. Yes Thou art love—a truth like this  
Can ev'ry gloomy thought remove,  
And turn our tears and woes to bliss;  
Our God is love.