

SM2047 I Cannot Always Trace The Way

W. B. OLDS

Moderato.

I can-not al - ways trace the  
 way Where Thou, Al-might - y One, dost move; But I can  
 al - ways, al - ways say That God is love. But I can  
 al - ways, al - ways say That God is love.

1 2

When mys-try clouds my dark-end path, I'll

check my dread, my doubts re - prove; In this my soul sweet com - fort

1 - 2 - 3

hath, That God is love. In this my soul sweet com - fort

1 2

hath, — That God is love. Yes, God is love, A word like

this, Can ev-'ry gloom-y thot re - move; And turn all

tears, all woes to bliss, — For God is

love, And turn all tears, all woes to bliss, — For God is

love, God is love.

I CANNOT ALWAYS TRACE THE WAY.

I cannot always trace the way  
Where Thou, Almighty One, dost move;  
But I can always, always say  
That God is love.

When mystery clouds my darkened path,  
I'll check my dread, my doubts reprove;  
In this my soul sweet comfort hath,  
That God is love.

Yes, God is love, a word like this,  
Can ev'ry gloomy tho't remove;  
And turn all tears, all woes to bliss,  
For God is love.