Pastor Matt Morrell Sunday, April 5, 2020 Fourth Baptist Church

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Consolation in our Crisis: The Works of God

Psalm 77

What do we do when we can't see through the fog? How we comfort ourselves when we are living in the dark?			
I. The		_/	for help (1-6)
II. The		_/	of faith (7-10a)
III. The		_/	of will (10b-12)
IV. The		_/_	in God (13-20)

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

Deep in unfathomable mines Of never-failing skill, He treasures up his bright designs, And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take! The clouds ye so much dread; Are big with mercy, and shall break 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.

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