

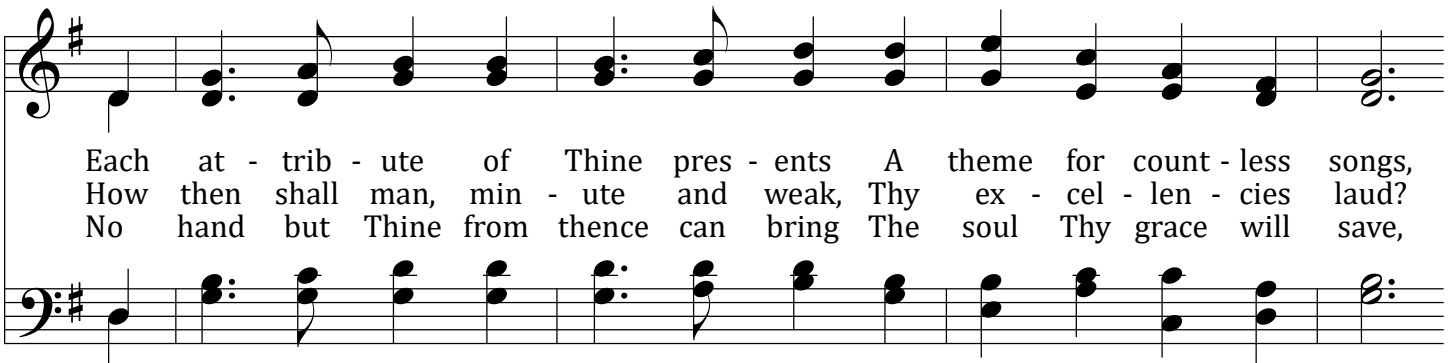
Divine Disposer Of Events!

G

Moderato



1. Di - vine Dis - pos - er of e - vents! To whom all praise be - longs;
2. In tim - id tones, if an - gels speak Of Thee, all - know - ing God,
3. No eye but Thine, e - ter - nal King, Can pen - e - trate the grave;



Each at - trib - ute of Thine pres - ents A theme for count - less songs,
How then shall man, min - ute and weak, Thy ex - cel - len - cies laud?
No hand but Thine from thence can bring The soul Thy grace will save,



Tho' mor - tal years were mul - ti - plied A thou - sand thou - sand - fold,
All heights and depths in na - ture's bound Are vis - i - ble to Thee,
Oh! let us then in vir - tue's scale Strive ev - er to as - cend,



Yet time would scarce - ly be sup - plied, Thy pow - ers to un - fold.
The loft - y heart, the mind pro - found, The moun - tain and the sea.
And find be - yond this tear - ful vale, An ev - er - last - ing Friend.