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.
When mystery clouds my darken'd path,
check my dread, my doubts reprove;
That God is love. In this my soul sweet comfort
That God is love. Yes, God is love, A word like

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G.H.M.Co.
this,
Can ev'ry gloom-y tho't 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.

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