

The Master Weaver

...consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars... (Psalms 8:3)

1. Our lives are but fine weavings, that God and we pre-
2. For He can view the pattern, from on the upper
3. It's He who flies the shuttle, it's He who knows what's
4. The dark threads are as needed, in the Weaver's skillful

pare, each life becomes a fabric planned, and fashioned in His
side, while we must look from underneath, and trust in Him to
best, so we must weave in patience, and then leave to Him the
hand; the threads of gold and silver, in the pattern He has

care We may not always see, How the weavings inter-
guide. Sometimes a strand of sorrow, is added to His
rest Not till the loom is silent, the shuttles cease to
planned. We may not always see, How the weavings inter-

twine, but we must trust the Master's hand, and follow His design.
plan, and though it's difficult for us, we still must understand.
fly, shall God unroll the canvas, and explain the reason why.
twine, but we must trust the Master's hand, and follow His design.

Words: Anonymous

Music: Bartholomeus Gesius, 1605; arr. J.S. Bach

Arrangement: Diana Nelson