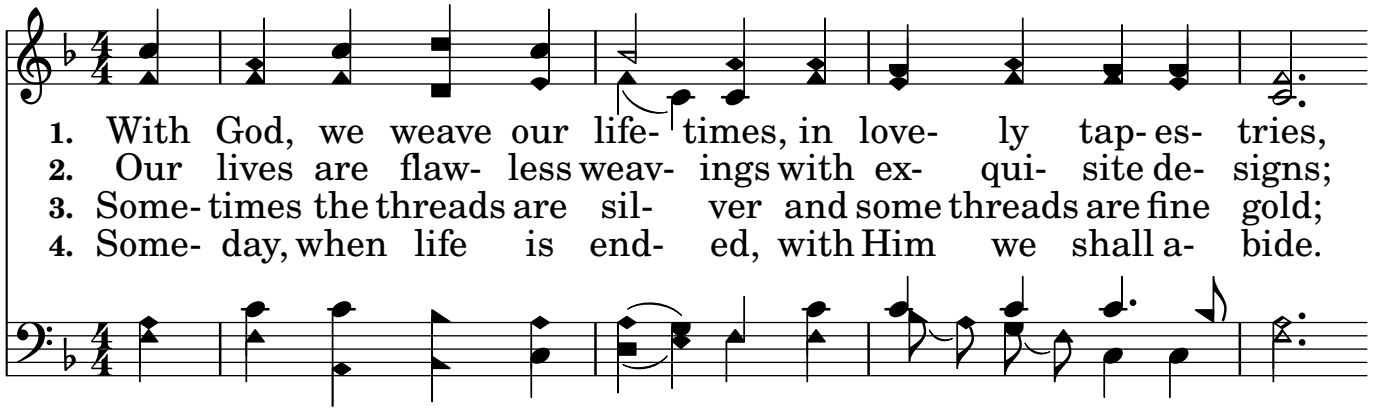


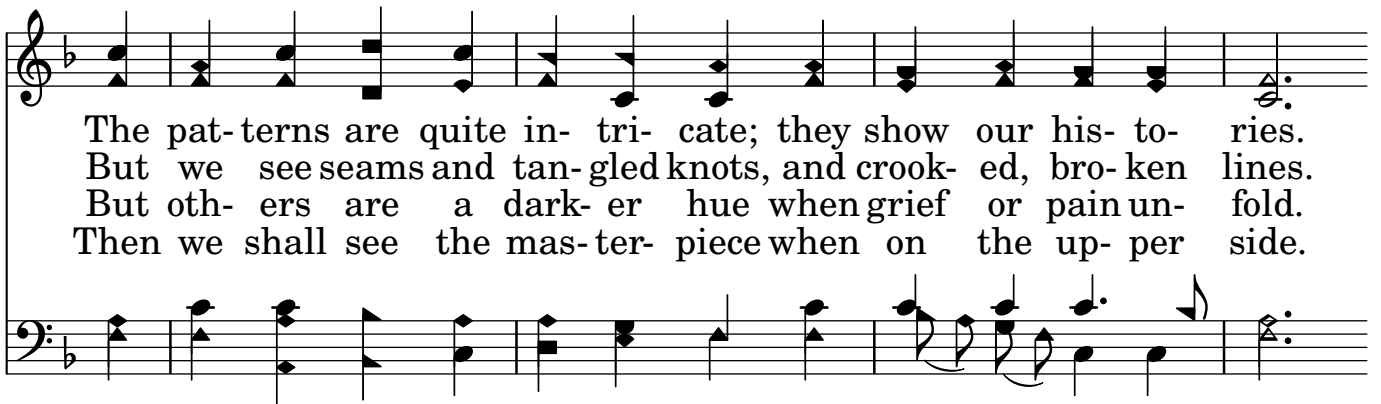
The Weaver's Hand

...consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars...

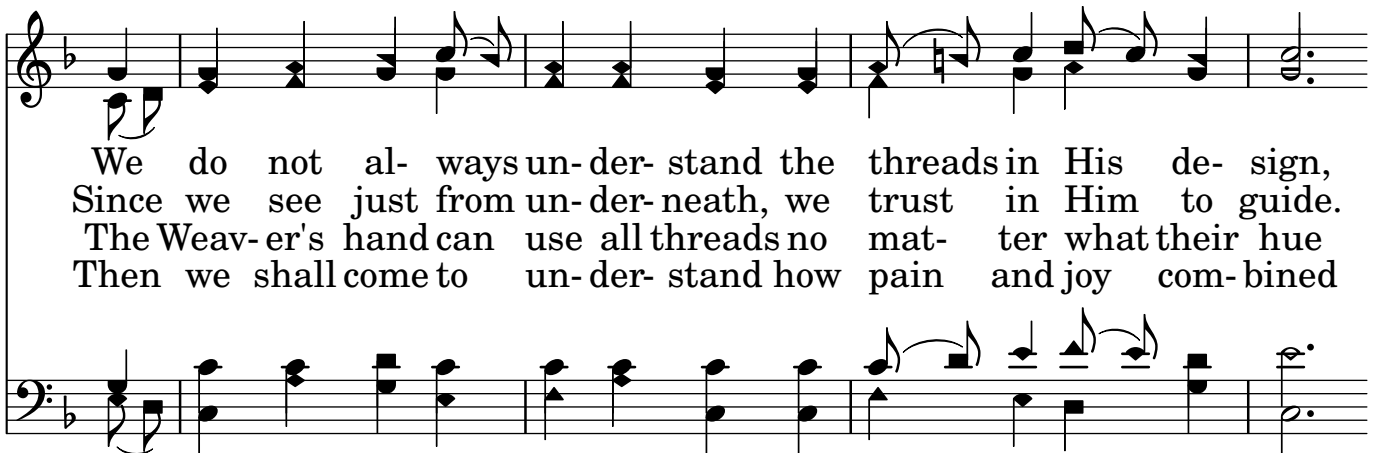
(Psalm 8:3)



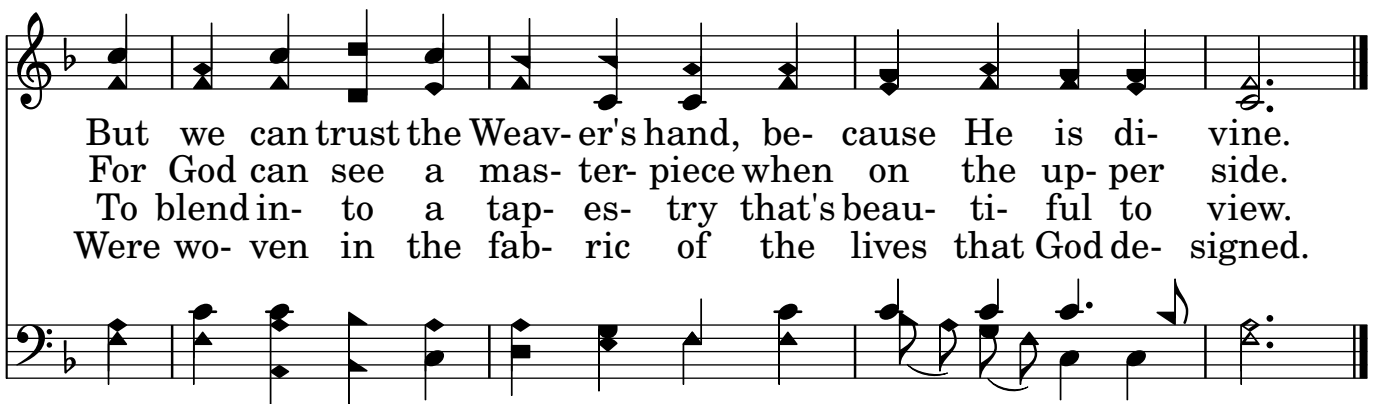
1. With God, we weave our life-times, in love-ly tap-es-tries,
2. Our lives are flaw-less weav-ings with ex-qui-site de-signs;
3. Some-times the threads are sil-ver and some threads are fine gold;
4. Some-day, when life is end-ed, with Him we shall a-bide.



The pat-terns are quite in-tri-cate; they show our his-to-ries.
But we see seams and tan-gled knots, and crook-ed, bro-ken lines.
But oth-ers are a dark-er hue when grief or pain un-fold.
Then we shall see the mas-ter-piece when on the up-per side.



We do not al-ways un-der-stand the threads in His de-sign,
Since we see just from un-der-neath, we trust in Him to guide.
The Weav-er's hand can use all threads no mat-ter what their hue
Then we shall come to un-der-stand how pain and joy com-bined



But we can trust the Weav-er's hand, be-cause He is di-vine.
For God can see a mas-ter-piece when on the up-per side.
To blend in- to a tap-es-try that's beau-ti-ful to view.
Were wo-ven in the fab-ric of the lives that God de-signed.

Words: Diana Nelson Haase, 2024; adapted from John Banister Tabb, late 1800s

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

Tune: COMMEMORATION (adaptation)

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