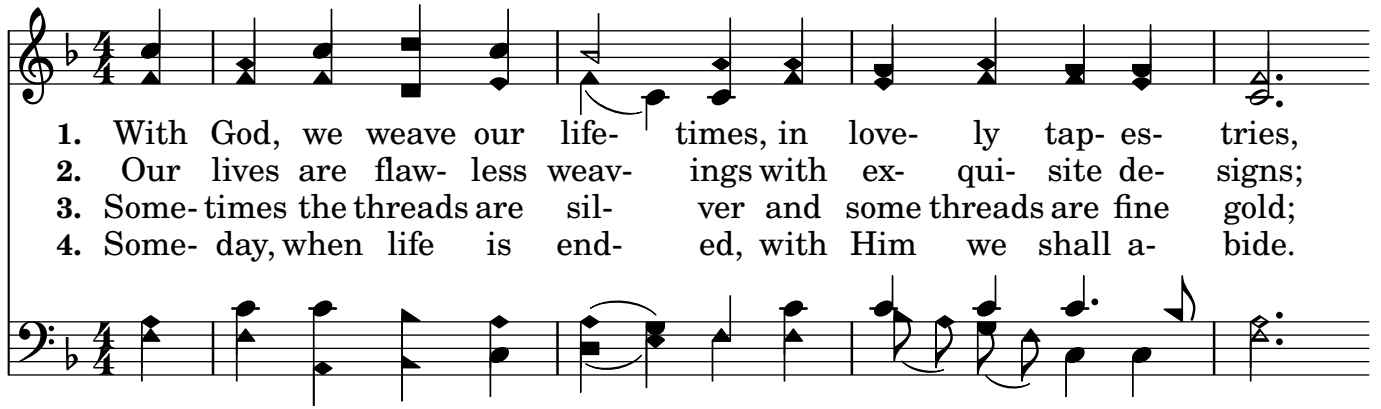


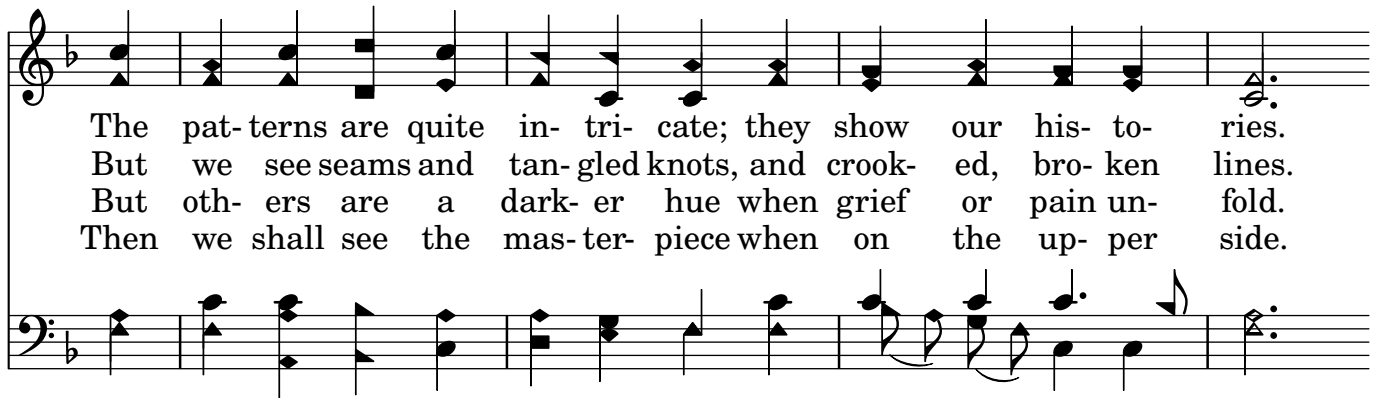
# The Weaver's Hand

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

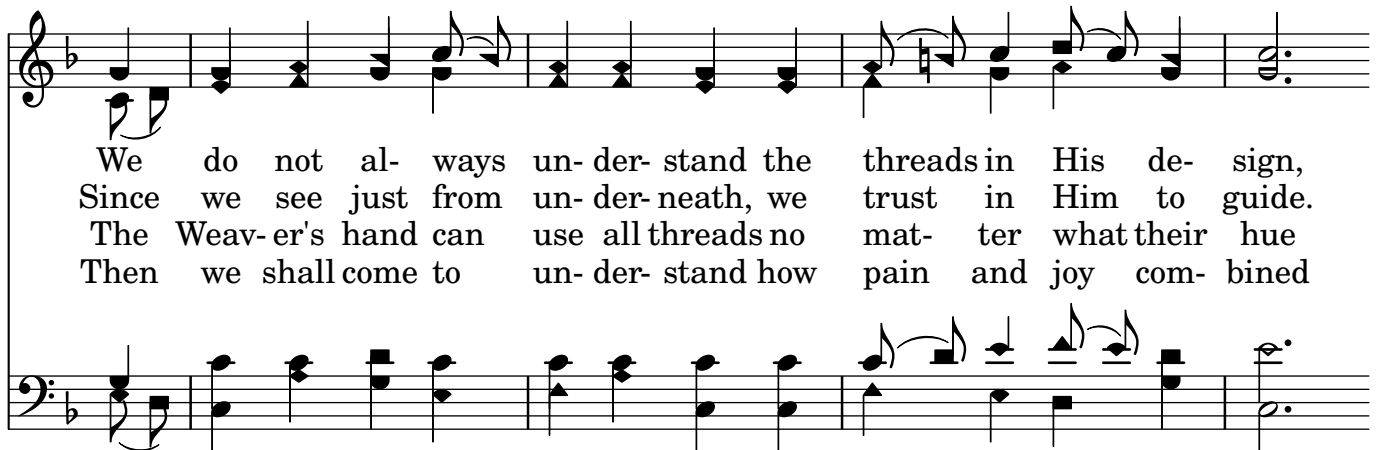
*(Psalm 8:3)*



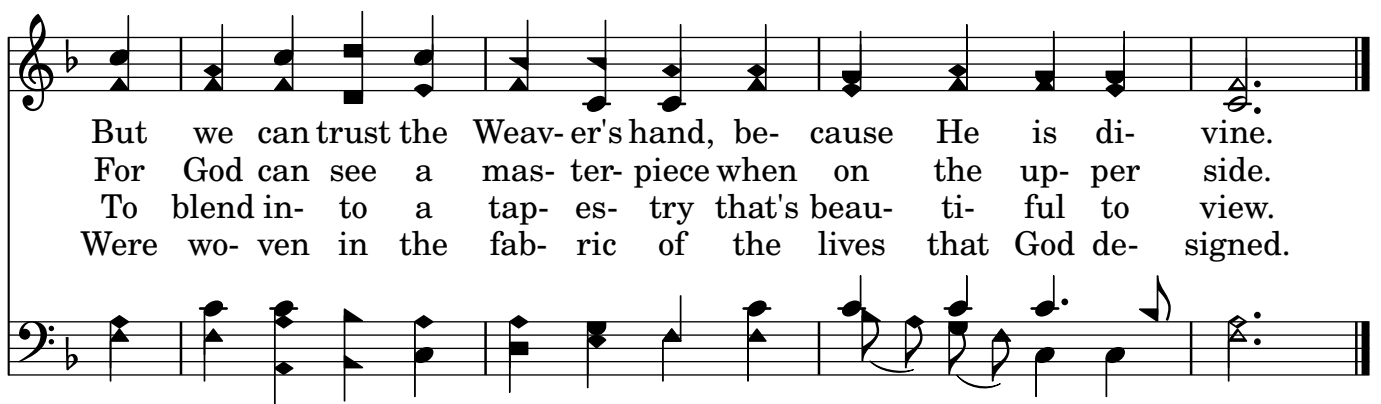
1. With God, we weave our life- times, in love- ly tap- es- tries,  
2. Our lives are flaw- less weav- ings with ex- qui- site de- signs;  
3. Some- times the threads are sil- ver and some threads are fine gold;  
4. Some- day, when life is end- ed, with Him we shall a- bide.



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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