

Joseph Irons

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1. O won drous wheel of prov - i - dence, Held in Je - ho - vah's hand;
2. Each of time's chang-es, like a spoke, Pro-ceeds from God, its source;
3. Its cir - cle reach-es earth's wide bound, Its ax - is is God's will;
4. Let a - theists vain - ly talk of chance, I would this wheel a - dore,
5. Thro' seas, o'er hills it makes its way, Tho' earth and hell op - pose;



Mys - te - rious to the sons of sense, Moved by di - vine com - mand!
 Each fills its sta - tion, none are broke, All aid its won - drous course.
 On His de - crees it must go round Till He shall say, "Be still."
 Which rules and guides each cir - cum - stance Which an - gels can't ex - plore.
 'Tis hast'n-ing on the last great day, Its wonders to dis - close.

