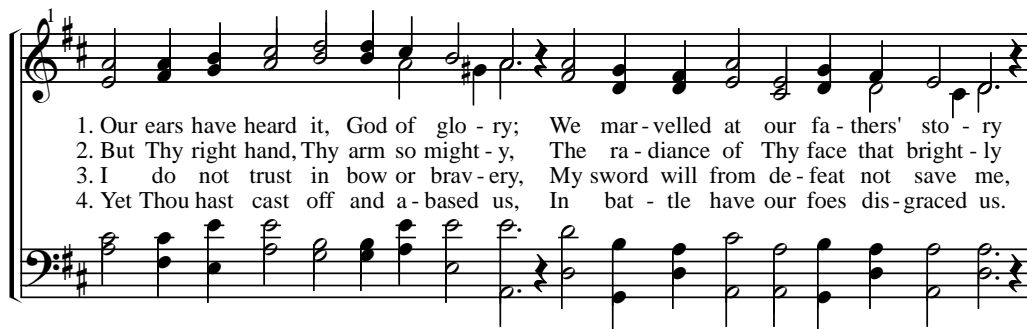


Psalm 44:1-11

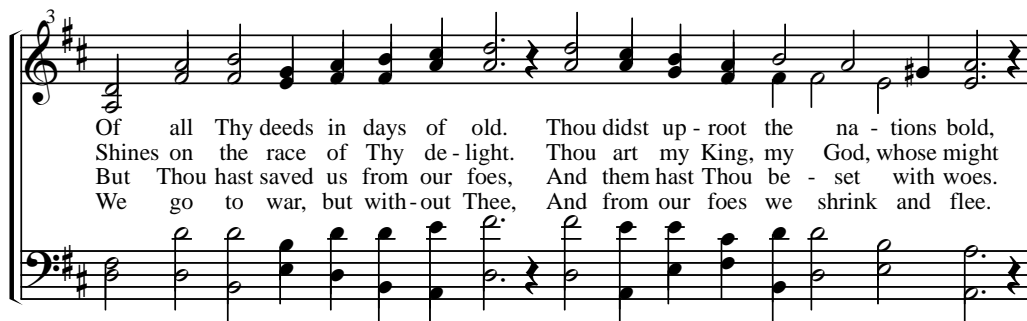
vers. W. van der Kamp, 1967

9 9. 8 8. 8 9. 8 9
Hypomixolydian

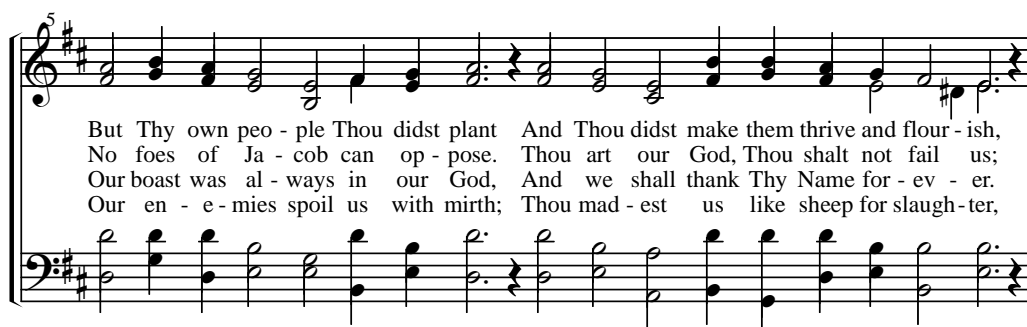
Genevan Psalter, 1551
harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564



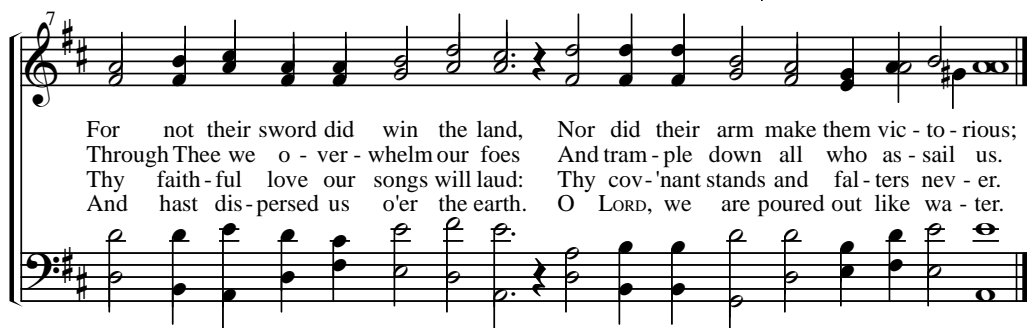
1. Our ears have heard it, God of glo - ry; We mar - velled at our fa - thers' sto - ry
2. But Thy right hand, Thy arm so might - y, The ra - diance of Thy face that bright - ly
3. I do not trust in bow or brav - ery, My sword will from de - feat not save me,
4. Yet Thou hast cast off and a - based us, In bat - tle have our foes dis - graced us.



Of all Thy deeds in days of old. Thou didst up - root the na - tions bold,
Shines on the race of Thy de - light. Thou art my King, my God, whose might
But Thou hast saved us from our foes, And them hast Thou be - set with woes.
We go to war, but with - out Thee, And from our foes we shrink and flee.



But Thy own peo - ple Thou didst plant And Thou didst make them thrive and flour - ish,
No foes of Ja - cob can op - pose. Thou art our God, Thou shalt not fail us;
Our boast was al - ways in our God, And we shall thank Thy Name for - ev - er.
Our en - e - mies spoil us with mirth; Thou mad - est us like sheep for slaugh - ter,



For not their sword did win the land, Nor did their arm make them vic - to - rious;
Through Thee we o - ver - whelm our foes And tram - ple down all who as - sail us.
Thy faith - ful love our songs will laud: Thy cov - 'nant stands and fal - ters nev - er.
And hast dis - persed us o'er the earth. O LORD, we are poured out like wa - ter.

Psalm 44:12-26

5. O LORD, Thou dost no more up-hold us, And for a tri - fle Thou hast sold us.
 6. O LORD, why are we thus for-sak-en? When shalt Thou to my help a-wak-en?
 7. **All this re - vil - ing, LORD, be - fell us, Though in Thy ser - vice we were zeal - ous.**
 8. Had we the Name of God neg - lec - ted And i - dols of strange gods e - rec - ted,
 9. Why dost Thou sleep and hear us nev - er? A - wake! Re - ject us not for - ev - er!

11
 Thou mad - est us our neigh - bors' taunt, Who us with scorn and mock - 'ry haunt.
 For all day long I know dis - grace, And shame has cov - ered, LORD, my face.
True to Thy cov - e - nant are we And we have not for - got - ten Thee.
 God would have seen it long a - go. There are no thoughts He does not know.
 LORD, rouse Thy - self, hide not Thy face. Hast Thou for - got - ten our dis - grace?

13
 O God, we are in this our fall A by - word now a - mong the na - tions,
 By day and night I have to hear The voice of taunt - er and of scof - fer;
Our heart turned not from Thy com - mand, Our steps did from Thy ways not wan - der.
 O LORD, for Thy sake we are slain; We are like sheep, pre - pared for slaugh - ter,
 Our soul is bowed down to the dust; We lie a - based; why dost Thou break us?

15
 The laugh - ing - stock of peo - ples all, A shame a - mong our gen - er - a - tions.
 My foe and my a - ven - ger sneer And scorn and in - sult do they of - fer.
But Thou hast crushed us by Thy hand And cov - ered us with gloom and slan - der.
 And all day long we call in vain; Thy ha - ters ra - vish Zi - on's daugh - ter!
 Rise up and help! In Thee we trust; Let not Thy stead - fast love for - sake us.