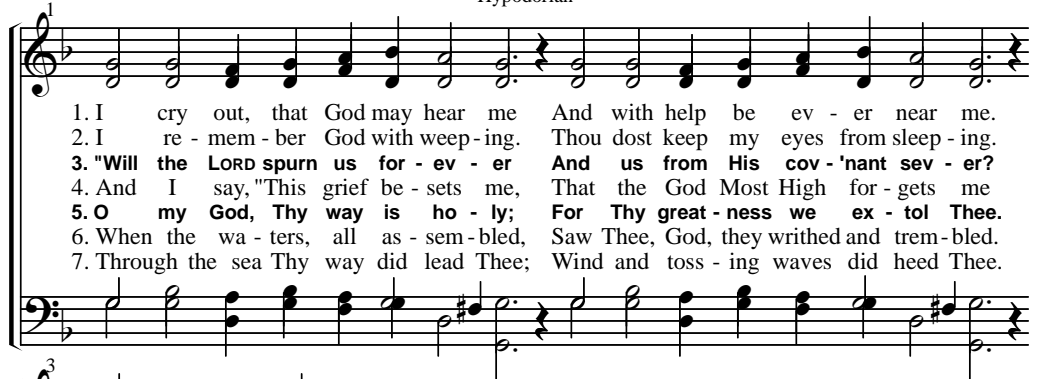


Psalm 77

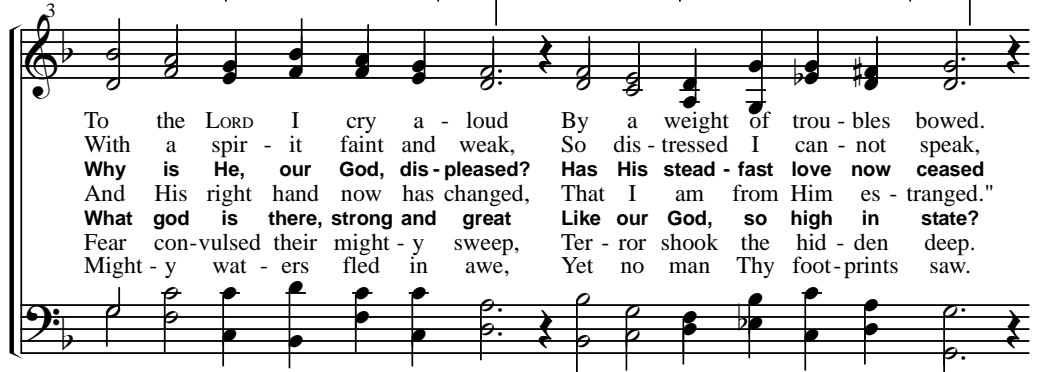
vers. W. van der Kamp, 1972; rev.

8 8 . 7 7 . 8 8 . 7 7
Hypodorian

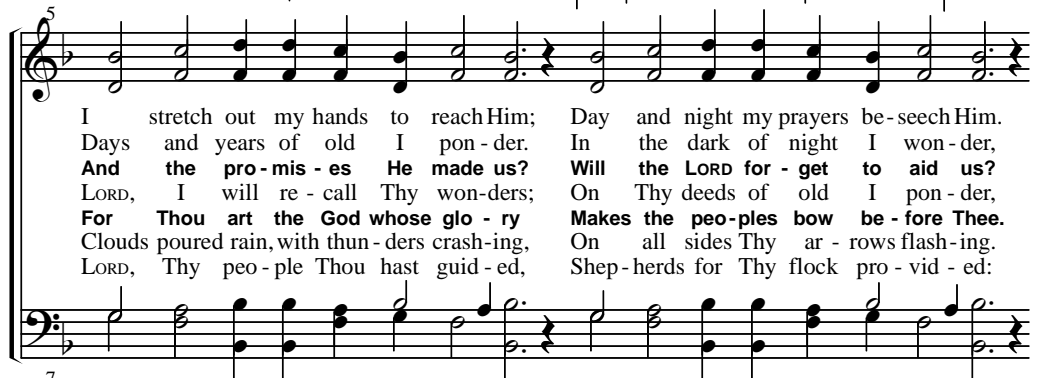
Genevan Psalter, 1543
harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564



1. I cry out, that God may hear me And with help be ev - er near me.
2. I re - mem - ber God with weep - ing. Thou dost keep my eyes from sleep - ing.
3. **Will the LORD spurn us for - ev - er And us from His cov - 'nant sev - er?**
4. And I say, "This grief be - sets me, That the God Most High for - gets me
5. **O my God, Thy way is ho - ly; For Thy great - ness we ex - tol Thee.**
6. When the wa - ters, all as - sem - bled, Saw Thee, God, they writhed and trem - bled.
7. Through the sea Thy way did lead Thee; Wind and toss - ing waves did heed Thee.



To the LORD I cry a - loud By a weight of trou - bles bowed.
With a spir - it faint and weak, So dis - tressed I can - not speak,
Why is He, our God, dis - pleased? Has His stead - fast love now ceased.
And His right hand now has changed, That I am from Him es - tranged."
What god is there, strong and great Like our God, so high in state?
Fear con - vulsed their might - y sweep, Ter - ror shook the hid - den deep.
Might - y wa - ters fled in awe, Yet no man Thy foot - prints saw.



I stretch out my hands to reach Him; Day and night my prayers be - seech Him.
Days and years of old I pon - der. In the dark of night I won - der,
And the pro - mis - es He made us? Will the LORD for - get to aid us?
LORD, I will re - call Thy won - ders; On Thy deeds of old I pon - der,
For Thou art the God whose glo - ry Makes the peo - ples bow be - fore Thee.
Clouds poured rain, with thun - ders crash - ing, On all sides Thy ar - rows flash - ing.
LORD, Thy peo - ple Thou hast guid - ed, Shep - herds for Thy flock pro - vid - ed:



To my God my grief I told; I re - fuse to be con - soled.
And my spir - it finds no rest: "Where is God, who once us blessed?"
Does He in His wrath with - hold All His mer - cies from of old?"
On Thy works I med - i - tate, Mus - ing on Thy deeds so great.
Thy strong arm re - deemed and freed Ja - cob's sons and Jo - seph's seed.
When Thy hand its light - nings hurled, Thou didst rock and shake the world.
Mo - ses, Aa - ron, by their hand Led them to the pro - mised land.

same tune: 86