

PSALM 77

For the director of music. For Jeduthun.
Of Asaph. A psalm.

1543 / Geneva, 1551



1. I cry out, that God may hear me
and with help be ev-er near me.
To the Lord I cry a-loud,
by a weight of trou-bles bowed.
I stretch out my hand to reach Him;
day and night my prayers be-seech Him.
To my God my grief I told;
I re-fuse to be con-soled.

2. I remember God with weeping.
He has kept my eyes from sleeping,
and my spirit is so weak
that I'm too distraught to speak.
Through the night my thoughts in sadness
turn to former days of gladness,
to my songs of years gone by,
and I in my sorrow sigh:

3. “Will the *Lord spurn us forever*
and *withhold from us His favour?*
Will His *love and mercy fail?*
Will His *promise not prevail?*
Will He *not forgive transgression*
but, *forgetting His compassion,*
let His *burning wrath* replace
His *unfailing love and grace?*”

4. Then I *said, “This is what hurts me:*
that the *Most High God deserts me,*
that I *am from Him estranged*
now that *His right hand has changed.”*
Yet I *will recall and ponder*
all His *awesome works of wonder,*
meditating with delight
on His *deeds so great in might.*

5. All Your *ways, O strong Defender,*
are most *holy, great in splendour.*
What *god is there anywhere*
who can *with our God compare?*
You worked *wonders of salvation,*
showed Your *power among the nations.*
Your strong *arm redeemed and freed*
Jacob’s *sons and Joseph’s seed.*

6. Mighty *waters writhed and trembled,*
for they *saw You and were humbled;*
fear *convulsed the hidden deep,*
made the *roaring billows leap.*
Clouds *poured rain, with thunder crashing,*
and Your *arrows kept on flashing.*
With the *lightning bolts You hurled,*
You *lit up and shook the world.*

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7. Through the sea, where waves were toss-ing,
You laid bare a path for cross-ing.
Might-y wa-ters fled in awe,
yet Your foot-prints no man saw.
Your own peo-ple You there guid-ed,
shep-herds for Your flock pro-vid-ed.
Mo-ses, Aa-ron, by their hand
led them to the prom-ised land.