

Psalm 77

TUNE: *I Sing the Mighty Power of God*

TEXT: Isaac Watts,
(with some input from King David)
MUSIC: Wurttemberg

1. To God I cried with mourn-ful voice, I sought His gra-cious ear,
2. I called Thy mer-cies to my mind Which I en-joyed be-fore;
3. I'll think a-gain of all Thy ways, And talk Thy won-ders o'er;

In the sad day when trou-bles rose, And filled the night with fear.
And will the Lord no more be kind? His face ap-pear no more?
Thy won-ders of re-cov-'ring grace, When flesh could hope no more.

Sad were my days, and dark my nights, My soul re-fused re-lief;
But I for-bid this hope-less thought; This dark, de-spair-ing frame,
Grace dwells with jus-tice on the throne; And men that love Thy Word

I thought on God the just and wise, But thoughts in-creased my grief.
Re-mem-b'ring what Thy hand hath wrought; Thy hand is still the same.
Have in Thy sanc-tu-ar-y known The coun-sels of the Lord.