

Psalm 77

*To the maestro
Tune: Jeduthan
A song of Asaph
to sing and strum*

I cry aloud and raise my voice to God:
I raise my voice: may God give heed to me!
For when I was distressed I sought the LORD,
At night my hands were stretched out to my God!

My soul refused then to be comforted.
When I remember God, I groan within:
I sigh, my spirit then grows faint: Selah!
As I recall the days of long ago.

Then I recall the songs I sang at night,
And with my heart I meditate and muse:
My spirit ponders my condition now:
I ask myself some questions about life!

Will God the Lord for ever cast me off?
And will He never favour me again?

And will His Lord be turned from me now?

A

The mighty hands of my God have saved me!

LORD,

T

A

And meditate on call to the LORD!

LORD?

W

That make the nations know Your name!

For You redeemed Your people with Your arm:
The sons of Jacob and Joseph - Selah!
The waters saw You, God, they looked on You:
They writhed and trembled at the sight of You!

The clouds poured out their waters on the earth:
The heavens shouted out their thunder-claps:
Your flaming arrows went out near and far:
Your voice of thunder was heard in the storm!

Flashes of lightning lightened up the world:
The earth was shaking, and it trembled too:
Your way was in the waters of the sea:
Your footsteps are unknown to humankind!

You led Your people like a flock of sheep,
Guiding the hand of Moses and Aaron.
These were Your mighty works in days of old
On which I meditate by day and night!

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