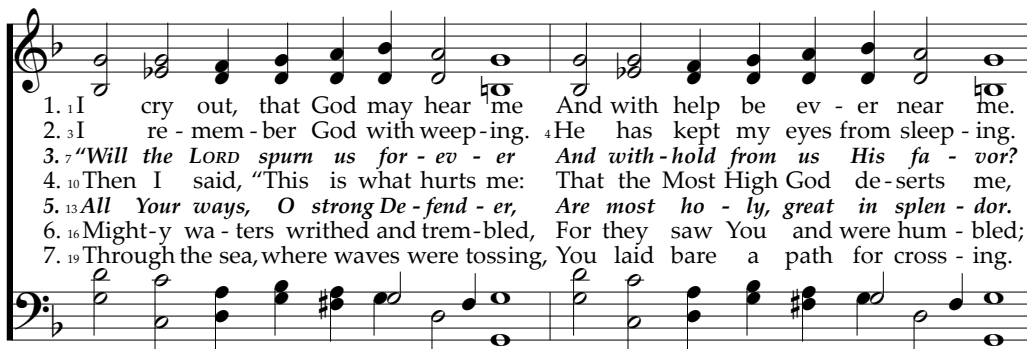
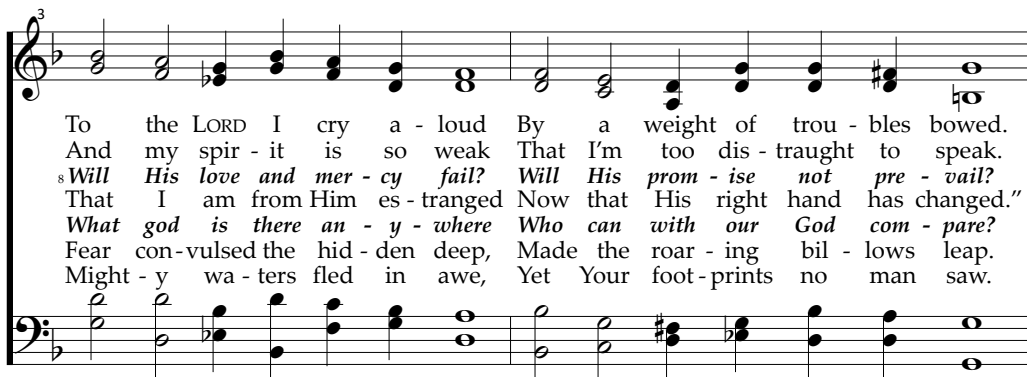


# I Cry Out, That God May Hear Me

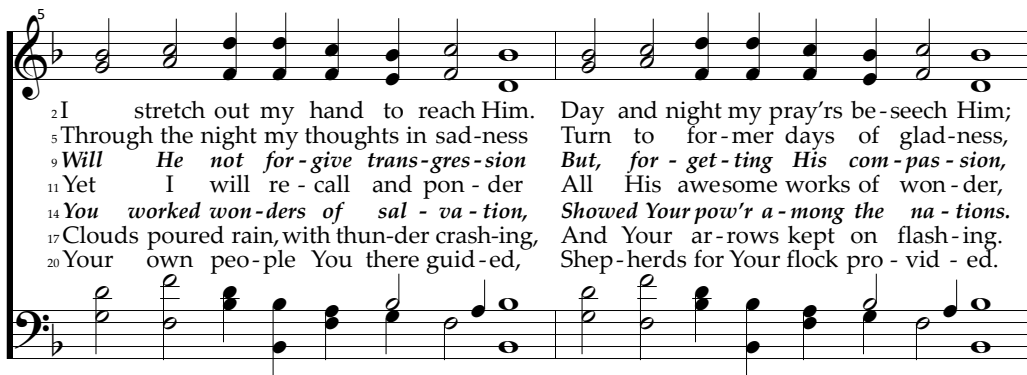
From Psalm 77



1. <sup>1</sup>I cry out, that God may hear me And with help be ev - er near me.  
 2. <sup>3</sup>I re - mem - ber God with weep - ing. <sup>4</sup>He has kept my eyes from sleep - ing.  
 3. <sup>7</sup>*"Will the LORD spurn us for - ev - er And with - hold from us His fa - vor?"*  
 4. <sup>10</sup>Then I said, "This is what hurts me: That the Most High God de - serts me,  
 5. <sup>13</sup>*All Your ways, O strong De - fend - er, Are most ho - ly, great in splen - dor.*  
 6. <sup>16</sup>Might - y wa - ters writhed and trem - bled, For they saw You and were hum - bled;  
 7. <sup>19</sup>Through the sea, where waves were tossing, You laid bare a path for cross - ing.



To the LORD I cry a - loud By a weight of trou - bles bowed.  
 And my spir - it is so weak That I'm too dis - traught to speak.  
 8 *Will His love and mer - cy fail? Will His prom - ise not pre - vail?*  
 That I am from Him es - tranged Now that His right hand has changed."  
*What god is there an - y - where Who can with our God com - pare?*  
 Fear con - vulsed the hid - den deep, Made the roar - ing bil - lows leap.  
 Might - y wa - ters fled in awe, Yet Your foot - prints no man saw.



<sup>2</sup>I stretch out my hand to reach Him. Day and night my pray'rs be - seech Him;  
<sup>5</sup>Through the night my thoughts in sad - ness Turn to for - mer days of glad - ness,  
<sup>9</sup>*Will He not for - give trans - gres - sion But, for - get - ting His com - pas - sion,*  
<sup>11</sup>Yet I will re - call and pon - der All His awesome works of won - der,  
<sup>14</sup>*You worked won - ders of sal - va - tion, Showed Your pow'r a - mong the na - tions.*  
<sup>17</sup>Clouds poured rain, with thun - der crash - ing, And Your ar - rows kept on flash - ing.  
<sup>20</sup>Your own peo - ple You there guid - ed, Shep - herds for Your flock pro - vid - ed.



To my God my grief I told; I re - fuse to be con - soled.  
<sup>6</sup>To my songs of years gone by, And I in my sor - row sigh:  
*Let His burn - ing wrath re - place His un - fail - ing love and grace?"*  
<sup>12</sup>Med - i - tat - ing with de - light On His deeds so great in might.  
<sup>15</sup>*Your strong arm re - deemed and freed Ja - cob's sons and Jo - seph's seed.*  
<sup>18</sup>With the light - ning bolts You hurled, You lit up and shook the world.  
 Mo - ses, Aa - ron, by their hand Led them to the pro - mised land.

Music: *Genevan Psalter*, 1543; harm. Claude LeJeune, 1601  
 Text: Walter van der Kamp, 1972; rev. ©

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