

PSALM

# 77 I cry out that God may hear me

Capo 3: Em B (Em B Em) B<sup>7</sup> Em B (C Am Em) B Em

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; you have kept my eyes from sleep - ing.  
 3 So his won - ders I re - mem ber; years of his right hand I pon - der,

To the Lord I cry a - loud, by a weight of trou - ble bowed.  
 I re - call the days of light, days when songs came in the night.  
 think on his great deeds so bold - all his mir - a - cles of old.

I stretch out my hands to reach him; all the night my prayers be - seech him.  
 Will the Lord re - ject for - ev - er? Will he show his fa - vour nev - er?  
 For your ways, O God, are ho - ly; match - less - ly they show your glo - ry -

To my God my grief I told; I re - fused to be con - soled.  
 Will his prom - ise not pre - vail; mer - cy, in his an - ger, fail?  
 might - y mir - a - cles that save all your peo - ple from the grave.

Text: Berwyn Hoyt, 2004, © RCNZ Hymnal Committee, 2004

Tune: Genevan Psalter, 1551;

harm. Henry Bruinsma, 1954, © Faith Alive Christian Resources, 1976

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REMEMBRANCE

## I cry out that God may hear me

- 4 Waters lifted in convulsion for the Lord of all creation,  
rain poured from the clouds on high; flashing arrows fill the sky.  
Through the sea, by footprints, hidden, and by whirlwind, thunder-ridden,  
you led to the promised land your own flock by Moses' hand.