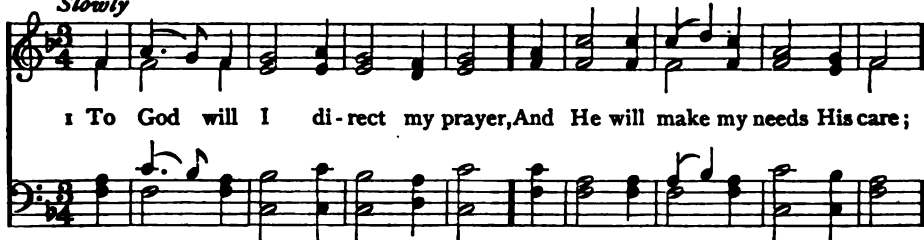


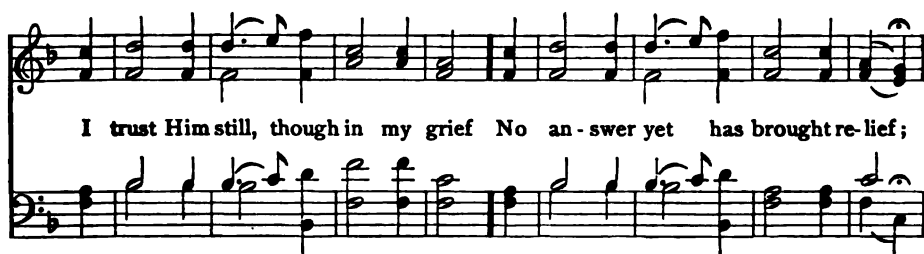
PSALM 77 L. M.

FILLMORE

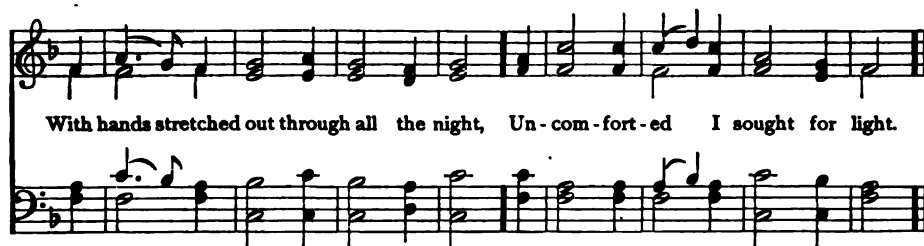
Jeremiah Ingalls

Slowly


To God will I di-rect my prayer, And He will make my needs His care;



I trust Him still, though in my grief No an-swer yet has brought re-lief;



With hands stretched out through all the night, Un-com-fort-ed I sought for light.

- 2 The thought of God brought me no peace,
But rather made my fears increase;
With sleepless eyes and speechless pain
My fainting spirit grieved in vain;
The blessedness of long ago
Made deeper still my present woe.
- 3 Recalling days when faith was bright,
When songs of gladness filled my night,
I pondered o'er my grievous woes
And searching questioning arose:
Will God cast off, and nevermore
His favor to my soul restore?
- 4 I asked in fear and bitterness,
Will God forsake me in distress?
Shall I His promise faithless find?
Has God forgotten to be kind?
Has He in anger hopelessly
Removed His love and grace from me?
- 5 These doubts and fears that troubled me
Were born of my infirmity;
Though I am weak, God is most high,
And on His goodness I rely;
Of all His wonders I will tell,
And on His deeds my thoughts shall dwell.