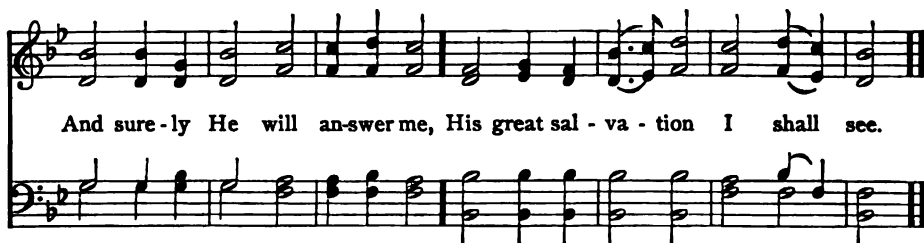


PSALM 77 L. M.

SESSIONS

Luther O. Emerson



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| <p>2 In long-continued grief I stand
And seek the Lord with outstretched
hand;
I find no comfort for my soul,
The clouds of darkness o'er me roll.</p> <p>3 I think of God and call to mind
His goodness, yet no peace I find;
I still pour out my sad complaints,
My burdened spirit almost faints.</p> <p>4 With sleepless eyes and speechless
grief
I search the past to find relief,
The former years when days were
bright
And songs of gladness cheered my
night.</p> <p>5 My constant meditations bring
My heart to anxious questioning:
Has God cast off, and will He be
No longer merciful to me?</p> <p>6 Has God forgotten to be kind?
Shall I His promise faithless find?
For me shall wrath henceforth replace
His tender mercies and His grace?</p> | <p>7 In weakness I was pressed with fear,
But better hopes my spirit cheer;
Past mercies lead me to rely
Upon the help of God Most High.</p> <p>8 Thy deeds, O Lord, will I relate
And on Thy wonders meditate;
Thy way, O God, is just and right,
And none is like to Thee in might.</p> <p>9 Among the nations Thou hast shown
Thy wondrous power and made it
known;
Thou art the God that mightily
Redeemed and set Thy people free.</p> <p>10 At sight of Thee the waters fled,
The quaking clouds their torrents
shed,
The lightnings flashed, the thunder
pealed,
The trembling earth her fear revealed.</p> <p>11 Thy way, O God, was in the sea,
But, though Thy paths mysterious
be,
Thy people Thou didst safely keep
As shepherds lead their helpless sheep.</p> |
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