

211 The Wonderful Deeds of God

PSALM 77 L. M.

YOAKLEY

William Yoakley

1 O God, most ho - ly are Thy ways, And who like Thee deserves my praise? }
 { Thou on - ly do - est won - drous things, The whole wide world Thy glory sings; }

Thy outstretched arm Thy peo - ple saved, Though sore dis - tressed and long en - slaved.

[Stanzas 6-8]

- 2 O God, from Thee the waters fled,
 The depths were moved with mighty dread,
 The swelling clouds their torrents poured,
 And o'er the earth the tempest roared;
 'Mid lightning's flash and thunder's sound
 Great trembling shook the solid ground.
- 3 Thy way was in the sea, O God,
 Through mighty waters, deep and broad;
 None understood but God alone,
 To man Thy footsteps were unknown;
 But safe Thy people Thou didst keep,
 Almighty Shepherd of Thy sheep.

212 Hallowed Memories

PSALM 77 C. M.

SAXONY

William J. Kirkpatrick

1 I thought up - on the days of old, The years de - part - ed long,

I held com - mun - ion with my heart, By night re - called my song.

[Selected Stanzas]

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Hallowed Memories

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 My heart inquired with anxious care,
 Will God forever spurn?
 Shall we no more His favor see?
 Will mercy ne'er return?</p> | <p>4 These doubts are my infirmity,
 My thoughts at once reply;
 I call back years of God's right hand,
 The years of God Most High.</p> |
| <p>3 Forever shall His promise fail?
 Has God forgotten grace?
 Has He withdrawn His tender love,
 In anger hid His face?</p> | <p>5 I will commemorate, O Lord,
 Thy wondrous deeds of old,
 And meditate upon Thy works
 Of power and grace untold.</p> |
- 6 O God, most holy is Thy way,
 Most perfect, good, and right;
 Thou art the only living God,
 The God of wondrous might.

SECOND TUNE

AULD LANG SYNE

Scotch Melody

The musical score is written in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It consists of four systems, each with a treble staff and a bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

1 I thought up - on the days of old, The years de - part - ed long,

I - held com - mun - ion with my heart, By night re - called my song.

My heart in - quired with anx - ious care, Will God for - ev - er spurn?

Shall we no more His fa - vor see? Will mer - cy ne'er re - turn?