PS 77

Zao

Cry out to God for help
I cried out to God to hear me
When I was distressed and I sought the Lord
I stretched out my hand but found no comfortI remembered you God and I groaned
My spirit, it grew faint, You kept my eyes from closing
When I was too troubled to speak
I thought about the former daysI remember my songs in the night
My heart mused, my spirit inquired
Will the Lord reflect forever?
Will He never show His favor again?Has this unfailing love vanished forever
Has His will since failed for all time
Has God forgotten to be merciful
Has His anger withheld His compassionThen I thought to this I will appeal
The years of the right hand of the Most High
I will remember the deeds of my LordIf, and, agoI will meditate on all Your works
And consider all Your deeds
Your ways God are holy
What God is great like our God

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