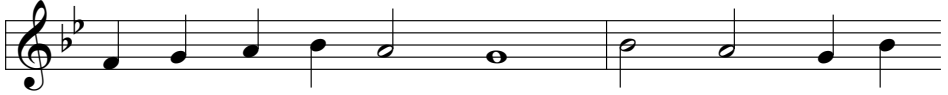


Hear My Cry, O God, and Save Me! 781

(Psalm 77)



1 Hear my cry, O God, and save me! Trou - bles
 2 You, O God, once walked be - side me. In the
 3 All cre - a - tion bows be - fore you; saints in



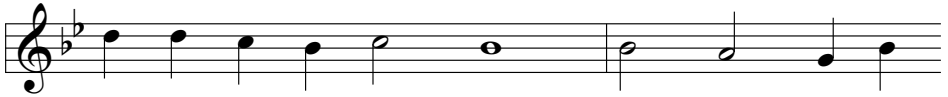
and dis - tress en - slave me. Day and night I
 night your songs re - vived me. Were your prom - is -
 earth and heaven a - dore you. Thun - der roars and



seek your face, yearn - ing for your light and grace.
 es in vain? Will you smile on me a - gain?
 tor - rents fall at your word, O God of all!



But these eyes: they can - not see you; out - stretched
 Long a - go you brought re - demp - tion; your right
 In our grief, you stand be - side us, there to



arms: they can - not feel you. My heart breaks in
 hand won our sal - va - tion. I re - mem - ber
 lift us, and to guide us, un - seen sav - ior



deep de - spair; my soul longs to hold you here.
 deeds of old: now, re - mem - ber me, O Lord!
 of our days, heir to end - less songs of praise!

The growing confidence in this paraphrase of Psalm 77 is signaled by the movement from “me” to “us”; recalling the shared history of God’s people is a source of comfort and hope. Such remembering is also evident in the musical setting that uses the Genevan tune for this psalm.