

# I Cry Out, That God May Hear Me

Based on Psalm 77

1. I cry out, that God may hear me And with help be ev - er near me.  
2. I re - mem - ber God with weep - ing. Thou dost keep my eyes from sleep - ing.  
3. "Will the LORD spurn us for - ev - er And us from His cov - 'nant sev - er?  
4. And I say, "This grief be - sets me, That the God Most High for - gets me  
5. O my God, Thy way is ho - ly; For Thy great - ness we ex - tol Thee.  
6. When the wa - ters, all as - sem - bled, Saw Thee, God, they writhed and trem - bled.  
7. Through the sea Thy way did lead Thee; Wind and toss - ing waves did heed Thee.

To the LORD I cry a - loud By a weight of trou - bles bowed.  
With a spir - it faint and weak, So dis - tressed I can - not speak,  
*Why is He, our God, dis - pleased? Has His stead - fast love now ceased*  
And His right hand now has changed, That I am from Him es - tranged."  
*What god is there, strong and great Like our God, so high in state?*  
Fear con - vulsed their might - y sweep, Ter - ror shook the hid - den deep.  
Might - y wat - ers fled in awe, Yet no man Thy foot - prints saw.

I stretch out my hands to reach Him; Day and night my pray'rs be - seech Him.  
Days and years of old I pon - der. In the dark of night I won - der,  
*And the pro - mis - es He made us? Will the LORD for - get to aid us?*  
LORD, I will re - call Thy won - ders; On Thy deeds of old I pon - der,  
*For Thou art the God whose glo - ry Makes the peo - ples bow be - fore Thee.*  
Clouds poured rain, with thunders crashing, On all sides Thy ar - rows flash - ing,  
LORD, Thy peo - ple Thou hast guid - ed, Shep - herds for Thy flock pro - vid - ed:

To my God my grief I told; I re - fuse to be con - soled.  
And my spir - it finds no rest: "Where is God, who once us blest?  
*Does He in His wrath with - hold All His mer - cies from of old?"*  
On Thy works I med - i - tate, Mus - ing on Thy deeds so great.  
*Thy strong arm re - deemed and freed Ja - cob's sons and Jo - seph's seed.*  
When Thy hand its light - nings hurled, Thou didst rock and shake the world.  
Mo - ses, Aa - ron, by their hand Led them to the pro - mised land.

Music: *Genevan Psalter*, 1543; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564  
Text: Walter van der Kamp, 1972; rev. ©

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