



*I cried unto God with my voice,
even unto God with my voice;
and he gave ear unto me.
In the day of my trouble
I sought the Lord:
my sore ran in the night,
and ceased not:
my soul refused to be comforted.
I remembered God,
and was troubled:
I complained,
and my spirit was
overwhelmed.
Selah.
Thou holdest mine eyes waking:
I am so troubled that I cannot speak.
I have considered the days of old,
the years of ancient times.
I call to remembrance my
song in the night:
I commune with mine
own heart: and my spirit
made diligent search.
Will the Lord cast off for ever?
and will he be favourable no more?
Is his mercy clean gone for ever?
doth his promise fail for evermore?
Hath God forgotten to be gracious?
hath he in anger shut up
his tender mercies?
Selah*

Psalm 77

*And I said, This is my infirmity:
but I will remember the years
of the right hand of the most High.
I will remember the works of the Lord:
surely I will remember
thy wonders of old.
I will meditate also of all thy work,
and talk of thy doings.
Thy way, O God, is in the sanctuary:
who is so great a God as our God?
Thou art the God that doest
wonders: thou hast declared
thy strength among the people.
Thou hast with thine arm
redeemed thy people,
the sons of Jacob and Joseph.
Selah.
The waters saw thee, O God, the waters
saw thee; they were afraid:
the depths also were troubled.
The clouds poured out water:
the skies sent out a sound:
thy arrows also went abroad.
The voice of thy thunder
was in the heaven:
the lightnings lightened the world:
the earth trembled and shook.
Thy way is in the sea,
and thy path in the great waters,
and thy footsteps are not known.
Thou leddest thy people like a flock
by the hand of Moses and Aaron.*