

Psalm 77

"I with my voice to God do cry"

Text by John Hopkins

Harmonised by
David Peebles

1. I with my voice to God do cry, with heart and
2. When I to think on God in - tend, my trou - ble
3. The days of old in mind I cast and oft did

heart - y cheer: My voice to God I lift on high and
then is more: I spake, but could not make an end, my
think up - on: The times and a - ges that are passed, full

he my suit doth hear. In time of grief I sought to
breath was stopped so sore. Thou held my eyes such wise from
man - y years by - gone. By night my songs I call to

God, by night no rest I took: But stretched.
rest, that I al - ways did wake: With fear
mind, once made, thy praise to show: And with

* my hands to him a - broad, my soul com - fort for - sook.
I was so sore op - pressed, my speech did me for - sake.
my heart much talk I find, my sp'rits do search to know.

* Manuscript prints an A instead.