

Ps. 77

Zao

I cried out to God for help. I cried out to God to hear me. When I was distressed, I sought the Lord. At night I stretched out my hand, but saw no comfort. I remembered you God and I groaned; I mused and my spirit grew faint. You kept my eyes from closing. I was too troubled to speak. I thought about the former days the years long ago. I remember my songs in the night. My heart mused and my spirit inquired.. Will the Lord reflect forever?. Will He never show his favor again. Has this unfailing love vanished forever. Has his promise failed for all time. Has God forgotten to be merciful. Has the anger withheld his compassion. Then I thought, "To this I will appeal-the years of the right hand of the Most High. I will remember the deeds of the Lord. Yes I remember Your deeds of long ago. I will meditate on all Your works, and consider all Your mighty deeds. Your ways oh God are holy. What God is so great as our God!"