

PSALM 77 C. M.

SAXONY

William J. Kirkpatrick

1 I thought up - on the days of old, The years de - part - ed long,
I held com - mun - ion with my heart, By night re - called my song.

[Selected Stanzas]

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- 2 My heart inquired with anxious care,
Will God forever spurn?
Shall we no more His favor see?
Will mercy ne'er return?
- 4 These doubts are my infirmity,
My thoughts at once reply;
I call back years of God's right hand,
The years of God Most High.
- 3 Forever shall His promise fail?
Has God forgotten grace?
Has He withdrawn His tender love,
In anger hid His face?
- 5 I will commemorate, O Lord,
Thy wondrous deeds of old,
And meditate upon Thy works
Of power and grace untold.
- 6 O God, most holy is Thy way,
Most perfect, good, and right;
Thou art the only living God,
The God of wondrous might.

SECOND TUNE

AULD LANG SYNE

Scotch Melody

1 I thought up - on the days of old, The years de - part - ed long,
I held com - mun - ion with my heart, By night re - called my song.
My heart in - quired with anx - ious care, Will God for - ev - er spurn?
Shall we no more His fa - vor see? Will mer - cy ne'er re - turn?