

PSALM 77 L. M.

YOAKLEY

William Yoakley

1 { O God, most ho - ly are Thy ways, And who like Thee deserves my praise? }
 { Thou on - ly do - est won - drous things, The whole wide world Thy glory sings; }

Thy outstretched arm Thy peo - ple saved, Though sore dis - tressed and long en - slaved.

[Stanzas 6-8]

2 O God, from Thee the waters fled,
 The depths were moved with mighty
 dread,
 The swelling clouds their torrents poured,
 And o'er the earth the tempest roared;
 'Mid lightning's flash and thunder's sound
 Great trembling shook the solid ground.

3 Thy way was in the sea, O God,
 Through mighty waters, deep and
 broad;
 None understood but God alone,
 To man Thy footsteps were unknown;
 But safe Thy people Thou didst keep,
 Almighty Shepherd of Thy sheep.