

Psalm 77

G D Em

1. My — days are spent in noth - ing - ness, my
2. Oh, I talked to God with trou - bled lips. —

C D G

nights in — won - d'ring why. The sore - ness of my
Where is that song of old, I sang in nights of

Em C D

con - science brings tears to a wake - ful eye.
won - der at mer - cy and grace un - told.

Em

3. Will the Lord cast off for - ev - - - er, in
4. O — list to voic - es prais - - - ing Him,
5. O for - give me, Oh, my Fa - ther, for the

A m D G

an - ger re - main a - bove? No! Sure - ly He — is
the thun - der, rain, and wind. They know — I know — my
fault that — lies in me. — Cleanse me with the rod of

Em 3,4 C A m D

gra - cious. How can I for - get His love.
Fa - ther gives mer - cy to those who've sinned.
Mo - ses, —

5 A m D7 G

still shall I fol - low Thee.