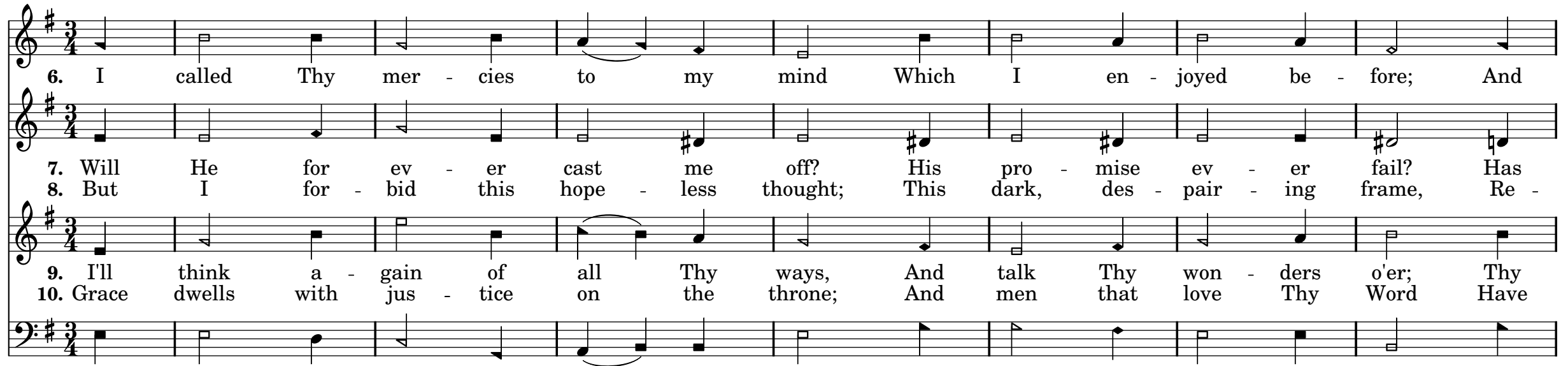


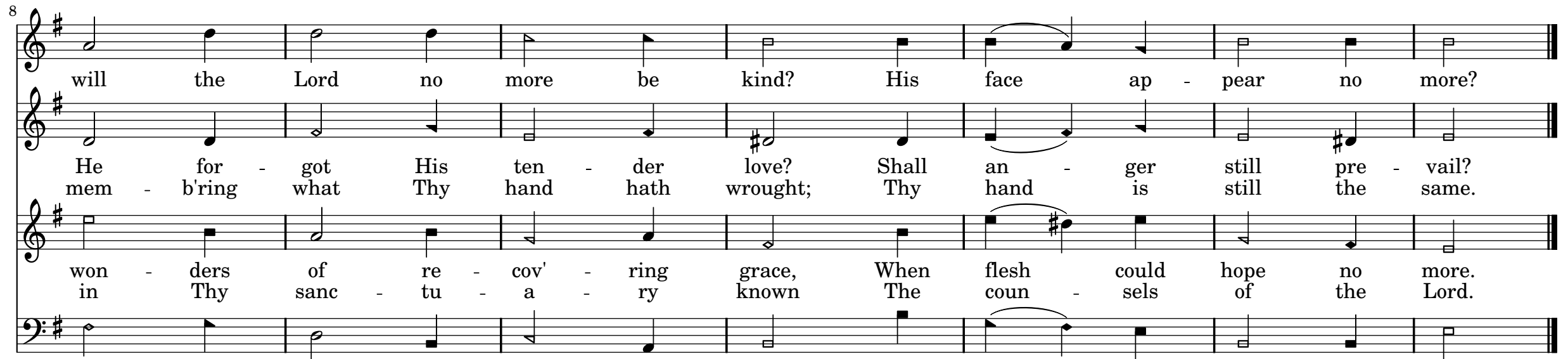
# Psalm 77 (St. Nicholas (Greene), C.M.)

Isaac Watts (1719); Music: Maurice Greene (1696-1755)



6. I called Thy mer - cies to my mind Which I en - joyed be - fore; And  
7. Will He for - ev - er cast me off? His pro - mise ev - er fail? Has  
8. But I for - bid this hope - less thought; This dark, des - pair - ing frame, Re -  
9. I'll think a - gain of all Thy ways, And talk Thy won - ders o'er; Thy  
10. Grace dwells with jus - tice on the throne; And men that love Thy Word Have

8



will the Lord no more be kind? His face ap - pear no more?  
He for - got what His ten - der love? Shall an - ger still pre - vail?  
mem - b'ring what Thy hand hath wrought; Thy hand is still the same.  
won - ders of re - cov' - ring grace, When flesh could hope of no more.  
in Thy sanc - tu - a - ry known The coun - sels of the Lord.