

## Zao "Ps.77"

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Cry out to God for help.  
I cried out to God to hear me.  
When I was distressed, I sought the Lord.  
I stretched out my hand,  
But found no comfort.  
I remembered you God and I groaned;  
My spirit, it grew faint.  
You kept my eyes from closing.  
When I was to troubled to speak.  
I thought about the former days.  
I remember my songs in the night.  
My heart mused my spirit inquired..  
Will the Lord reflect forever?  
Will He never show His favor again?  
Has this unfailing love vanished forever.  
Has His (promise?, or will since?) failed for all time.  
Has God forgotten to be merciful.  
Has His anger withheld His compassion.  
Then I thought,  
"To this I will (appeal? or appear?)-the years of the right  
hand of the Most High.  
I will remember the deeds of (the? or my?) Lord.  
If, and, ago.  
I will meditate on all Your works.  
And consider all Your deeds.  
Your ways God are holy.  
What God is great like our God.

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