

Psalm 77:1-12 I Might as Well be Dead

Verse

Up - on my bed a - lone, I think of God and moan.
My trou - bles won't a - bate as slum - ber I a - wait.
Nor com - fort, nei - ther sleep, ex - tends an arm to reach.
I've no e - ter - nal friend. Com - pass - ion's at its end.

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I me - di - tate and faint, re - hear - sing a com - plaint.
Will God for - ev - er spurn? What les - son must I learn?
I say, "This is my grief, the end of God's great deeds.
My heart and soul have fled. I might as well be dead.