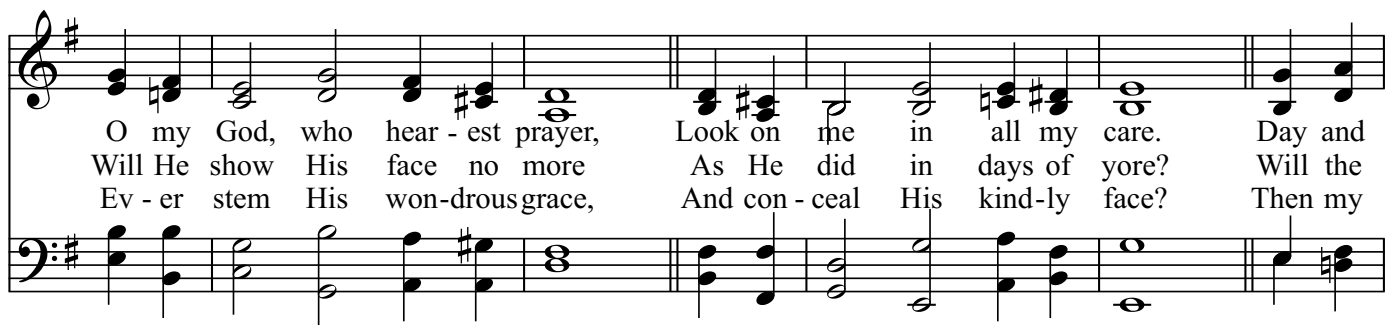


440. In My Grievous Tribulation



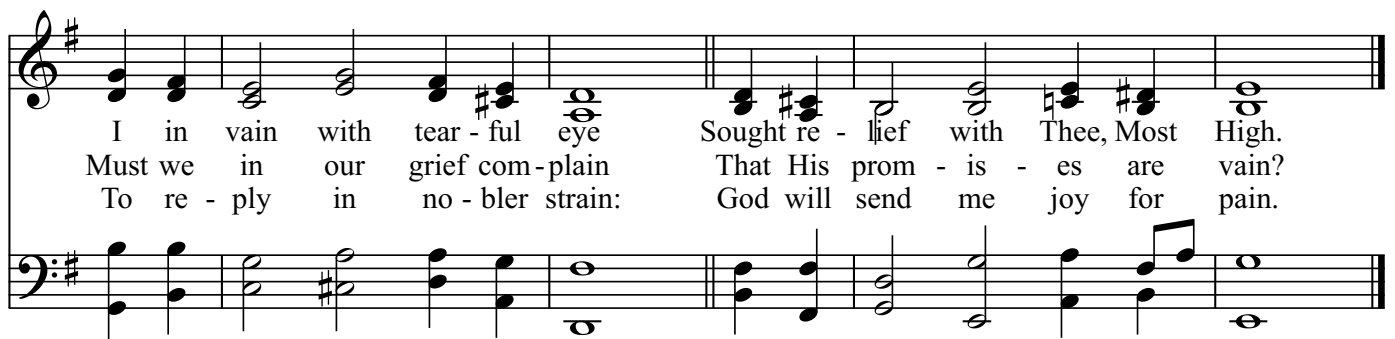
1. In my grievous trib-u - la - tion, Hear my cry and sup - pli - ca - tion;
2. Will the Lord cast off for - ev - er, Ties of cov - enant friend-ship sev - er?
3. Shall His wrath, my way at - tend - ing, So I asked in sor - row bend - ing,



O my God, who hear - est prayer, Look on me in all my care. Day and
Will He show His face no more As He did in days of yore? Will the
Ev - er stem His won-drous grace, And con - ceal His kind-ly face? Then my



night in my com - plian - ing, Ne'er my mourn - ful voice re - strain - ing,
word, to Is - rael spo - ken By our fa - thers' God be bro - ken?
faith, by sor-row chas - tened, Cast out fear and doubt, and hast - ened



I in vain with tear - ful eye Sought re - lief with Thee, Most High.
Must we in our grief com-plain That His prom - is - es are vain?
To re - ply in no - bler strain: God will send me joy for pain.

4.I'll remember, O my Savior,
How the years of joy and favor,
Like the dew on arid land,
Came to me from Thy right hand.
I'll recall, Thy wonders of Thy blessing;
With my mouth will I proclaim;
Great and glorious is Thy Name.

5.Holy in Thy habitation
Are Thy ways, Lord of creation.
There's no god, O God, like Thee,
Clothed with strength and majesty.
Thou eternal art and glorious,
All Thy wondrous works victorious:
Let the nations, spread abroad,
Know that Thou alone art God.