

To God Will I Direct My Prayer

From Psalm 77.

Jeremiah Ingalls(1764-1828)

To God will I direct my prayer,
And He will make my needs His care;
I trust Him still, though in my grief
No answer yet has brought relief;
With hands outstretched through all the night,
Uncomforted I sought for light.

The thought of God brought me no peace,
But rather made my fears increase;
With sleepless eyes and speechless pain
My fainting spirit grieved in vain;
The blessedness of long ago
Made deeper still my present woe.

Recalling days when faith was bright,
When songs of gladness filled my night,
I pondered o'er my grievous woes
And searching questioning arose;
Will God cast off, and nevermore
His favor to my soul restore?

I asked in fear and bitterness:
Will God forsake me in distress?
Shall I His promise faithless find?
Has God forgotten to be kind?
Has He in anger hopelessly
Removed His love and grace from me?

These doubts and fears that troubled me
Were born of my infirmity;
Though I am weak, God is most high,
And on His goodness I rely;
Of all His wonders, I will tell,
And on His deeds my thoughts shall dwell.