I cry aloud to God and he will hear me.

by night my hand is stretched out and does not tire;

my soul refuses comfort.

I ponder, and my spirit faints.

I am so troubled that I cannot speak.

I remember the years long past;

my spirit searches for understanding.

Will he no more show us his favour?

Has his promise come to an end for evermore?

Has he shut up his compassion in displeasure?

And I said, My grief is this: that the right hand of the Most High has lost its strength.
11 I will remember the works of the Lord and call to mind your wonders of old time.

12 I will meditate on all your works and ponder your mighty deeds.

13 Your way, O God, is holy; who is so great a god as our God?

14 You are the God who worked wonders and declared your power among the peoples.

15 With a mighty arm you redeemed your people, the children of Jacob and Joseph.

16 The waters saw you, O God; the waters saw you and were afraid; the depths also were troubled.

17 The clouds poured out water; the skies thundered; your arrows flashed on every side;

18 The voice of your thunder was in the whirlwind; your lightnings lit up the ground; the earth trembled and shook.

19 Your way was in the sea, and your paths in the great waters, but your footsteps were not known.

20 You led your people like sheep by the hand of Moses and Aaron.