

# O God, Why Have You Cast Us Off?

From Psalm 74

WARUM VERSTOSST [BECKER 74]  
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Music: Heinrich Schütz, 1661  
Text: *The Ailbe Psalter*, 2006; alt. ©

1. <sup>1</sup>O God, why have You cast us off? Why does Your an - ger ev - er burn?  
2. <sup>5</sup>The wick - ed wield their ax with - in <sup>6</sup>And des - e - crate our walls a - round;  
3. <sup>10</sup>*How long, O God, will they re - vile* And mock and spurn Your ho - ly name?  
4. <sup>15</sup>You o - pened springs, fresh wa - ter flowed; <sup>16</sup>To You be - long both day and night.  
5. <sup>20</sup>Your cov - e - nant re - call, re - new, For vi - 'lence spreads through out the earth;

3  
2 Re - mem - ber now the church You bought, And to us let Your grace re - turn.  
De - fil - ing Your a - bid - ing place, <sup>7</sup>They burn Your tem - ples to the ground.  
<sup>11</sup>Why *stay* Your hand? De - ploy it now And bring Your foes to last - ing shame!  
<sup>17</sup>You bound the sea - sons and the earth, And gave the sun its glo - rious light.  
<sup>21</sup>Oh, do not let th'op - pressed be shamed; Let poor and need - y sing Your worth!

5  
<sup>3</sup>Turn now Your steps to this sad ruin; Our foes have dam - aged all with - in.  
<sup>8</sup>With - in their hearts they plot and scheme: "Now let us fi - n'ly bring them down!"  
<sup>12</sup>Our God is King from long a - go, Who works de - liv - 'rance in our land;  
<sup>18</sup>Re - mem - ber this, O Lord our God: A fool - ish peo - ple spurns Your name;  
<sup>22</sup>A - rise, O God! Plead Your own cause! Re - mem - ber, fools re - proach Your name.

7  
<sup>4</sup>They shout through out Your meet - ing place And raise the ban - ner of their sin.  
<sup>9</sup>Our signs and proph - ets all are gone; They've burned our church es to the ground.  
<sup>13</sup>He *split the sea,* <sup>14</sup>He *crushed His foes;* A - gainst Him none can ev - er stand.  
<sup>19</sup>De - liv - er not Your dove to them, Nor leave Your need - y ones to shame.  
<sup>23</sup>Their voic - es quell, their up - roar still, Who Your ma - jes - tic grace de - fame.