

PSALM 88

A song. A psalm of the Sons of Korah. For the director of music.
According to mahalath leannoth. A maskil of Heman the Ezrahite.

Geneva, 1562



1. O LORD, the God who res-cues me,
I day and night cry out be-fore You.
O turn to me as I im-plore You
to be at-ten-tive to my plea.
My soul is trou-ble-filled and wea-ry;
the dark-ness of the grave draws near me.

2. Like *those descending* to the pit,
I am among the dead forsaken.
My strength and vigour You have taken;
with misery I am beset.
Cut off, as from Your presence banished,
I have from Your remembrance vanished.
3. You plunged me deep into the grave,
and in the darkest pit I languish.
Your fury burdens me with anguish,
and You engulf me with Your waves.
Of my close friends You have bereft me;
they shunned me and in horror left me.

Psalm 88



4. As in a pris-on put a-way,
I have no pros-pect of es-cap-ing.
My eyes grow dim with grief and weep-ing.
Yet, LORD, to You I turn each day
and spread my hands in sup-pli-ca-tion
as I cry out for con-so-la-tion.

5. Do *You work wonders* for the dead?
Do *they with praise rise up* before You
and for *Your steadfast love adore* You?
How *can Your goodness* make them glad?
Is *not Abaddon, dark and sombre,*
the *land where none Your deeds remember?*
6. But *I cry out to You, O LORD;*
my prayer I offer every morning.
O LORD, why do You keep on scorning
my fervent pleas, as if unheard?
Why do You cast me off and leave me?
Why do You hide Your face to grieve me?

7. From *childhood I've been* close to death,
forlorn, *afflicted, badly* shaken,
and *by Your* terrors overtaken;
my *life is but a feeble* breath.
I *am engulfed* by *Your great* fury;
Your *onslaughts* leave me *weak and* weary.

8. Your *terrors like a* mighty flood
have *overwhelmed and almost* drowned me,
and *all day* long they *surge* around me.
You *bring me bitter* solitude.
I'm *shunned by* those I *loved so* dearly;
my *closest* friend is *darkness dreary*.