**Psalm 88**

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1 O Lord my God I call for | help by | day:

and by | night I | cry to | thee.

2 O let my prayer enter | into thy | **pres**ence:

incline thine | ear | unto • my | **call**ing.

3 For my soul is | full of | **trou**ble:

and my life | draweth | nigh • to the | grave.

4 I am counted among them that go down | into the | pit:

and I am even as a | man that | hath no | strength.

5 I am become like unto the dead \*

and unto the slain that | lie • in the | grave:

whom thou rememberest no more, \*

for they are | cut off | from thy | help.

6 Thou hast laid me in the | lowest | pit:

in a place of | darkness and | in the | depths.

7 Thine indignation lieth | hard up- | **on** me:

and thou hast over-| whelmed me • with | all thy | waves.

8 Thou hast put my friends far from me, \*

and made me to be ab-| horred | **of** them:

I am so fast in prison that I | cannot | get | forth.

A drawing of a building

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9 My sight faileth for | very | **tro**uble:

Lord I have called upon thee all the day long, \*

I have stretched | forth my | hands un-to | thee.

10 Dost thou work wonders | for the | dead:

or shall the dead rise | up a-| gain and | **praise** thee?

11 Shall thy loving-kindness be | told • in the | grave:

or thy faithfulness | in the | pit • of de-| **struc**tion?

12 Shall thy wondrous works be | known • in the | dark:

and thy righteousness in the land where | all things | are for-| gotten?

13 Unto thee I | cry O | Lord:

and early doth my | prayer | come be-| **fore** thee.

14 Lord why dost thou | cast me | off:

why hidest | thou thy | face | from me?

15 From my youth up I have been in misery \*

and at the | point to | die:

the dread of thee have I suffered | with a | troubled | mind.

16 Thy wrathful displeasure | hath gone | **ov**er me:

and thy | terrors | have un-| **done** me.

17 They came round about me like water | all the • day | long:

and compassed me a-| bout on | every | side.

18 Lovers and friends hast thou | put a-| **way** from me:

and withheld my com-| panions | from my | sight.

Glory be to the Father,\* and | to the | Son,

and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost.

As it was in the beginning,\* is now and | ever | **shall** be:

World without | end.\* | A | - | men.