

# Psalm 88

## Psalm 88

A Song *or* Psalm for the sons of Korah, to the chief Musician upon Mahalath Leannoth, Maschil of Heman the Ezrahite.

<sup>1</sup> **O** LORD God of my salvation, I have cried day *and* night before thee:

<sup>2</sup> Let my prayer come before thee: incline thine ear unto my cry;

<sup>3</sup> For my soul is full of troubles: and my life draweth nigh unto the grave.

<sup>4</sup> I am counted with them that go down into the pit: I am as a man *that hath* no strength:

<sup>5</sup> Free among the dead, like the slain that lie in the grave, whom thou rememberest no more: and they are cut off from thy hand.

<sup>6</sup> Thou hast laid me in the lowest pit, in darkness, in the deeps.

<sup>7</sup> Thy wrath lieth hard upon me, and thou hast afflicted *me* with all thy waves. Selah.

<sup>8</sup> Thou hast put away mine acquaintance far from me; thou hast made me an abomination unto them: *I am* shut up, and I cannot come forth.

<sup>9</sup> Mine eye mourneth by reason of affliction: LORD, I have

called daily upon thee, I have stretched out my hands unto thee.

<sup>10</sup> Wilt thou shew wonders to the dead? shall the dead arise *and* praise thee? Selah.

<sup>11</sup> Shall thy lovingkindness be declared in the grave? *or* thy faithfulness in destruction?

<sup>12</sup> Shall thy wonders be known in the dark? and thy righteousness in the land of forgetfulness?

<sup>13</sup> But unto thee have I cried, O LORD; and in the morning shall my prayer prevent thee.

<sup>14</sup> LORD, why castest thou off my soul? *why* hidest thou thy face from me?

<sup>15</sup> I *am* afflicted and ready to die from *my* youth up: *while* I suffer thy terrors I am distracted.

<sup>16</sup> Thy fierce wrath goeth over me; thy terrors have cut me off.

<sup>17</sup> They came round about me daily like water; they compassed me about together.

<sup>18</sup> Lover and friend hast thou put far from me, *and* mine acquaintance into darkness.