

O LORD, You Are the God Who Saves

From Psalm 88:1-8



1. ¹O LORD, You are the God who saves; I cry to You by night and day.
2. ³My soul is full of anx-ious cares. My life draws near-er to the grave.
3. ⁵I am set free a-mong the dead Like slain who lie down in the grave.
4. ⁶You put me in the low-est pit, In dark-est re-gions of the deep.
5. ⁸Friends watch in hor-ror from a-far; You made me o-di-ous to them.



2 Let my pe-ti-tion rise to You; In-cline Your ear to me, I pray.
4 I have no strength. I'm count-ed with Those who go down in-to the pit.
You will re-mem-ber them no more, For they are cut off by Your hand.
7 Your an-ger press-es heav-i-ly, You o-ver-whelm me with Your waves.
I am shut up with-out es-cape Though dai-ly, LORD, I call to You.



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Cont'd, Psalm 88:9–18

6.⁹ My eye grows dim be - cause of grief, My hands ex - ten - ded up to You.
 7.¹¹ Is Your great love told in the grave—Your faith - ful - ness in the a - byss?
 8.¹³ *But I cry out to You, O LORD; My pray'r con - fronts You with the dawn.*
 9.¹⁵ I am af - flict - ed, close to death; I've borne Your ter - rors since my youth.
 10.¹⁷ All day Your ter - rors round me surge, And like a flood close in on me.

10 Will You work won - ders for the dead? Do spir - its rise and give You praise?
 12 Are Your great works known in the dark? Your righteousness where mem - 'ries fade?
 14 *Why do You cast my soul a - way? Why do You hide Your face from me?*
 16 Your an - ger pass - es o - ver me; Your dread as - saults have cut me off.
 18 You e - ven make my loved one flee; The dark - ness is my on - ly friend.

Music: John Ambrose Lloyd (1815–1874)

Text: Jordan Doolittle, 2016 ©

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