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O LORD, You Are the God Who Saves

Cont'd, Psalm 88:9-18

6. ⁹My eye grows dim be - cause of grief, My hands ex - ten - ded up to You.
 7. ¹¹Is 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. ¹⁵I am af - flict - ed, close to death; I've borne Your ter - rors since my youth.
 10. ¹⁷All 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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