

From Psalm 88 portions

1. O God of my sal - va - tion, hear My night - ly groan, my dai - ly pray'r,
melody

That still em - ploy my wast - ing breath; My soul, de - clin - ing

soul, de - clin - ing to the grave, Im - plores Thy sov' - reign

to the My soul, de - clin - ing to the grave, Im - plores Thy sov' - reign

grave, Im - plores Thy sov' - reign pow'r to save From dark de - spair and last - ing death.

2. Thy wrath lies heavy on my soul,
And waves of sorrow o'er me roll,
While dust and silence spread the gloom;
My friends belov'd in happier days,
The dear companions of my ways,
Descend around me to the tomb.

3. As, lost in lonely grief, I tread
The mournful mansions of the dead,
Or to some throned assembly go;
Through all alike I rove alone,
While, here forgot and there unknown,
The change renews my piercing woe.

4. And why will God neglect my call;
Or who shall profit by my fall?
When life departs and love expires,
Can dust and darkness praise the Lord,
Or wake, or brighten at His Word,
And tune the harp with Heav'nly choirs?

5. Yet though each melancholy day,
I've prayed to Thee, and still will pray,
Imploring still Thy kind return—
But, oh! my friends, my comforts, fled,
And all my kindred of the dead
Recall my wand'ring thoughts to mourn.