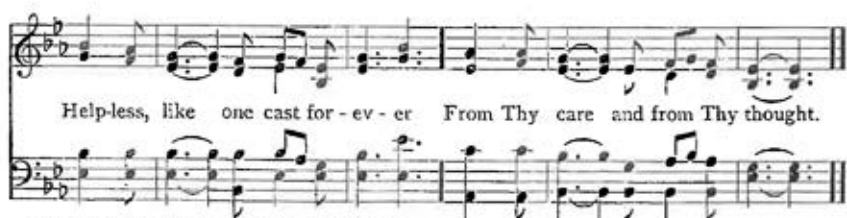
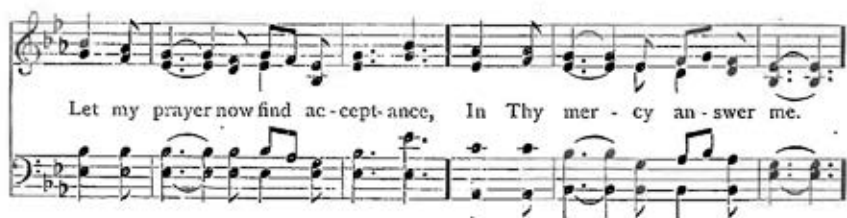


PSALM 88 8s and 7s

IRVING

W. Irving Hartshorn



Copyright owned by David C. Cook Pub. Co. Used by per.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Thou hast brought me down to dark-
ness,
'Neath Thy wrath I am oppressed;
All the billows of affliction
Overwhelm my soul distressed.
Thou hast made my friends despise me,
And companionless I go,
Bound, and helpless in my bondage,
Pining in my bitter woe.</p> | <p>3 Unto Thee with hands uplifted
Daily I direct my cry;
Hear, O Lord, my supplication,
Hear and save me e'er I die.
Wilt Thou wait to show Thy wonders
And Thy mercy to the dead?
Let me live to tell Thy praises,
By Thy loving-kindness led.</p> |
| <p>4 Still, O Lord, renewed each morning
Unto Thee my prayer shall be;
Cast me not away forever,
Let me now Thy favor see.
All my life is spent in sorrow,
Grief and terror always nigh,
Waves of wrath have surged about me;
Show Thy mercy e'er I die.</p> | <p>5 Friend and lover are departed,
Dark and lonely is my way;
Lord, be Thou my friend and helper,
Still to Thee, O Lord, I pray.
Lord, the God of my salvation,
Day and night I cry to Thee;
Let my prayer now find acceptance,
In Thy mercy answer me.</p> |