

Psalm 88

4. ¹⁰Wilt thou show wonders to the dead?
Shall dead men rise to praise thy name?
¹¹Shall in the grave thy love be spread?
With faithfulness may death well frame?
¹²Thy wondrous works for to repeat,
Shall they in darkness deep be known?
Or shall thy righteousness so great,
In a forgetful land be shown?
5. ¹³To thee, O Lord, long cried I have,
And early shall I come to pray.
¹⁴Why doest thou stay my soul to save,
And turn thy face from me away?
¹⁵I am afflicted to the death,
Always in dread of life in doubt:
¹⁶Thy wrath I feel at every breath:
Thy fear almost hath worn me out.
6. ¹⁷Like water they me closed round,
Because I should not from them slide,
¹⁸My lovers' hearts thou hast up bound,
And mine acquaintance did them hide.