

## Psalm 88

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