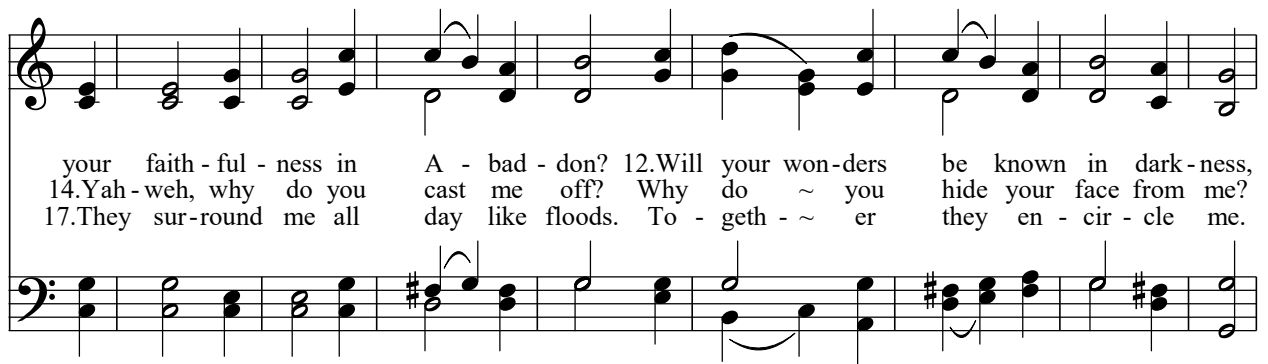


Psalm 88:11-18

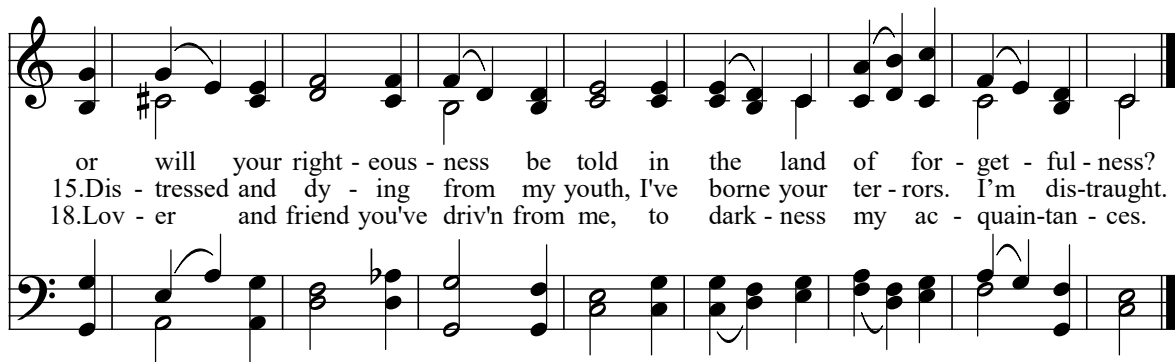
*A song, a psalm of the sons of Korah, to the chief musician
set to Mahalath Leannoth, a contemplation of Heman the Ezrahite*



11. And will your lov - ing - kind - ness - es be pro - mul - ga - ted in the grave,
13. But, Yah - weh, un - to you I cry. At mor - ning will my prayer a - rise.
16. Your fierce wrath has swept o - ver me. Your ter - rors have now cut me off.



your faith - ful - ness in A - bad - don? 12. Will your won - ders be known in dark - ness,
14. Yah - weh, why do you cast me off? Why do ~ you hide your face from me?
17. They sur - round me all day like floods. To - geth - ~ er they en - cir - cle me.



or will your right - eous - ness be told in the land of for - get - ful - ness?
15. Dis - tressed and dy - ing from my youth, I've borne your ter - rors. I'm dis - traught.
18. Lov - er and friend you've driv'n from me, to dark - ness my ac - quain - tan - ces.