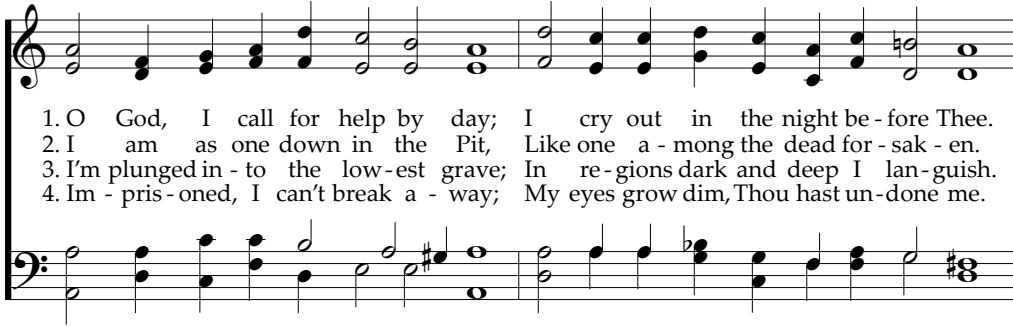


O God, I Call for Help by Day

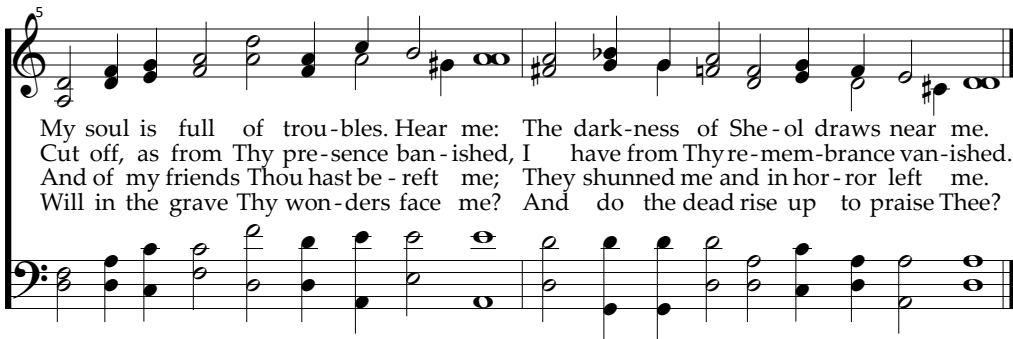
Based on Psalm 88:1-10



1. O God, I call for help by day; I cry out in the night be-fore Thee.
2. I am as one down in the Pit, Like one a-mong the dead for-sak-en.
3. I'm plunged in-to the low-est grave; In re-gions dark and deep I lan-guish.
4. Im-pris-oned, I can't break a-way; My eyes grow dim, Thou hast un-done me.



LORD, let my pray'r then come be-fore Thee, In-cline Thy ear, do not de-lay.
My strength and com-fort Thou hast tak-en; LORD, hear my pray'r and an-swer it.
Thy wrath weighs on me in my an-guish; I'm o-ver-whelmed by all Thy waves.
All day I call, O LORD, up-on Thee, Spread out my hands to Thee and pray.



My soul is full of trou-bles. Hear me: The dark-ness of She-ol draws near me.
Cut off, as from Thy pre-sence ban-ished, I have from Thy re-mem-brance van-ished.
And of my friends Thou hast be-reft me; They shunned me and in hor-ror left me.
Will in the grave Thy won-ders face me? And do the dead rise up to praise Thee?

Music: *Genevan Psalter*, 1562; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564 O DIEU ETERNAL, MON SAUVEUR [GENEVAN 88]

Text: Walter van der Kamp, 1972 ©

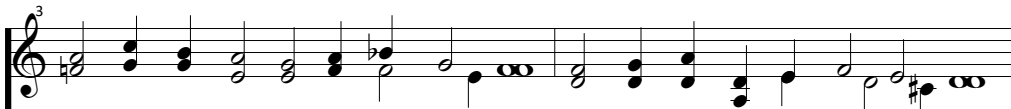
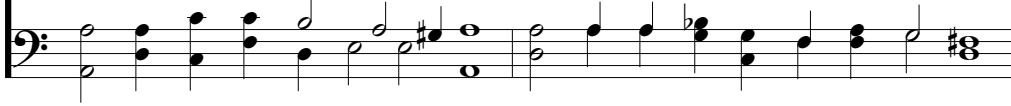
8 9 9 . 8 9 9 .

O God, I Call for Help by Day

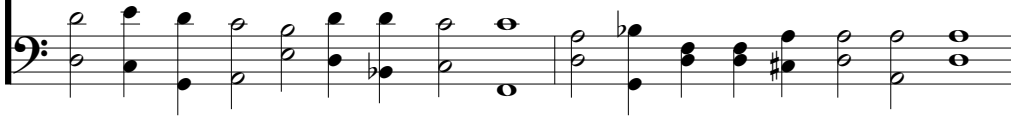
Cont'd, Psalm 88:11-18



5. Shall death Thy stead-fast grace pro-fess? And does A-bad-don sing Thy glo-ry?
6. But as for me, I cry to Thee; My pray'r I of-fer in the morn-ing.
7. I am af-flict-ed, close to death, And by Thy an-ger o-ver-ta-ken.
8. Thy ter-rors hunt me all day long, And like a flood Thy threats sur-round me.



Shall for Thy faith-ful-ness a-dore Thee The dim land of for-get-ful-ness?
O LORD my God, why art Thou scorn-ing My an-guish and my fer-vent plea?
I'm help-less and by ter-rors sha-ken; My life is but a fee-ble breath.
They all close in on me and hound me; I'm crushed by ha-ters fierce and strong.



Are there Thy won-ders known and greet-ed? Is there Thy sav-ing help en-treat-ed?
Why dost Thou cast me off and leave me? Why dost Thou hide Thy face to grieve me?
Thy fu-ry has swept down up-on me; Thy dread as-saults have o-ver-run me.
Of friend and kin Thou hast be-reft me, And on-ly dark-ness Thou hast left me.

