

O God, Day and Night I Cry to You (Psalm 88)

Stephen Pearson

$\text{♩} = 85$

G Em Bm G

1. O God, day and night I cry to You. My soul is
 2. O God, in the morn I pray to You. My soul is

F#m Em Bm F#m G Em

trou-bled; my life draws near the grave. The low-est depth, dark-est pits are my sur-
 trou-bled; my life draws to its end. — All my friends, all my loved ones gone be-

Bm G F#m Em A

- round-ings. Woes ov-er - whelm me in wave af-ter wave! My eyes are
 - fore me. — Ut-ter dark-ness is now my on-ly friend. Why do You

D G Em A D Bm

dim with grief; I spread my hands be - fore You. Are Your won-ders on - ly shown un - to the
 turn a - way Your face from me, my Lord God? Must I bear a - lone this end - less mis-er-

A G Em Bm G

- dead? Is Your faith - ful - ness de - clared in de - struc - tion? Is Your
 - y? Hear my prayer, hear my cry of des - per - a - tion. Take this

1. F#m Em Bm 2. F#m Em G

love, Lord, de - clared but in the grave? (O) bur - den — Lord, on - ly You can

D

save.