

# PSALM 88 vs 1

KJV-lite™ VERSES

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That choice band of singers: the sons of Korah; they were spared by sovereign grace, when their father and all his company, and all the children of his associates were swallowed up alive (Numbers 27); preserved, we know not why, by the favor of God. It may be surmised that afterward, they were so filled with gratitude that they were driven to sacred music, in order that their lives might be consecrated to the glory of God – Charles Spurgeon.



Division: compared to the previous Psalm 87, written by a juvenile, or someone who had no depth to them, suddenly this song writer is wide awake; and every previous comment has been cancelled. Charles Spurgeon wrote: This sad complaint reads very little like a song. This Psalm is fragmented, and the only division of any service to us would be that suggested by Albert Barnes – a description of a sick man's suffering (1-7), and major complaint (8-10) a prayer for mercy and deliverance (11-18).

**A Psalm of the sons of Korah,**

**For the Choir Director;**

**according to Mahalath Leannoth.**

**A Maskil of Heman the Ezrahite.**

**<sup>1</sup> O LORD God of my **salvation**, I cried out day and night before You:**

**<sup>2</sup> Let my prayer come before You: extend Your ear to my cry;**

**<sup>3</sup> For my soul is full of troubles: and my life draws near the grave.**

**<sup>4</sup> I am counted with those who descend to the pit: I am like a warrior with no strength:**

**<sup>5</sup> among the dead, adrift, like the slain who lie in the grave, whom You remember no more: those cut off from Your hand.**

**<sup>6</sup> You put me in the lowest pit; in the darkest depths.**

**<sup>7</sup> Your wrath weighs heavily on me, and with all Your waves afflicted me.**

**Selah**, pause and think about it. This is a hopeful title by which to address the Lord. **Salvation** = **Yeshua**, the name for **Jesus**; it is the only ray of light which shines throughout the Psalm. The writer has **salvation**; he is sure of that, and God is the author of it. While this one can see God as Savior, he says "my soul is full of troubles"; I am filled up, nauseated with them. Like a cup filled with vinegar. If he must die, indeed he thought himself half dead already. Are good men permitted to suffer? Indeed they are; let no one imagine a strange thing happened, but see the footprints of those who trod this desert before. Wrath is heavy in itself; God's wrath is crushing beyond belief; when it weighs upon the conscience.

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God's wrath breaking over him, **like waves of the sea which swell, and rage**, and dash with fury upon the shore. How could his frail boat hope to survive those breakers?, above the breakers the swimmer lifts his head and looks about him, gasping for breath for a moment, until the next wave comes. – Charles Spurgeon.

**<sup>8</sup> You removed My friends far from me; You made me disgusting to them: I am restrained, and cannot exit.**

**<sup>9</sup> My eye fails due to misery: O LORD, I call daily on You, I stretch out empty hands to You.**

**<sup>10</sup> For the dead, will You work wonders? will the dead arise and praise You?**

**Selah**, pause and think about it. Perhaps this one's disease was contagious and separating from those friends; perhaps their fears kept them away from this plagued house, or his good name had become so injured that they avoided him. Most friends require only a small excuse to turn their backs on the afflicted. They turned from him as though he had become contaminating, and this because of something which the Lord had done to him. Earth's poisons are more deadly than her medicines are healing. The mass of men who gather around a man and flatter him are like tame leopards; when they lick his hand it is well for him to remember that with equal gusto they would drink his blood. "cursed is he who trusts in man" – Charles Spurgeon.

**<sup>11</sup> Is Your **mercy** declared in the grave? is Your faithfulness in destruction?**

**<sup>12</sup> Are Your wonders known in the dark? is Your rightness in the land of oblivion?**

**<sup>13</sup> But to You O LORD, I cried; and in the morning my prayer comes before You.**

**<sup>14</sup> O LORD, why do You reject my soul? why do You hide Your face from me?**

**<sup>15</sup> Poor I am, ready to die from my youth up: I bear Your terrors, I am perplexed.**

**<sup>16</sup> Over me has passed Your fierce anger; Your terrors destroy me;**

**<sup>17</sup> surrounding me daily like water; they overwhelmed me completely.**

**<sup>18</sup> You distanced from me a loved one, and my friends are in the dark.**

/ think about it. His affliction had now lasted so long that he could hardly remember when it started; it seems he had been at death's door since a child. "Your fierce anger passed over me" and it is a man of God who feels it! Do we seek an explanation? It seemed so to him, but "things are not what they seem." No punitive anger falls on the saved; Jesus shields him from it all; but a Father's anger may fall upon his dearest child, because he loves him. Some say God's wrath broke over him as waves over a wreck -- everywhere and drowning all. Grief hemmed him in. He was like the deer in the hunt, when the dogs are at his throat. Poor soul! Yet he was a man greatly beloved in heaven! They made me a marked man, like a leper separated from the great assembly, and they cause others to look upon me as no better than dead.

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Blessed be God this is the sufferer's idea and not the very truth, for the Lord will not reject His people, but will visit them to refresh them. The Lord knew the meaning of this Psalm, in all its wormwood and gall when in His passion. In dreadful loneliness He trod the wine-press alone, His garments stained red with His blood; when He said, "an hour now is come when you will leave Me alone, [yet I am not alone; My Father is with Me.](#)"

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[This is My Father's World](#)

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O Come Let Us Adore Him

[I Could Sing of Your Love Forever](#)

[We Came From Where?](#) | [The Spirit and the Bride Say Come](#)

I'll Dance Like David

[The Sheep Hear His Voice And They Follow Him](#)

You Can Depend On Jesus

I Can Only Imagine

[10 Giant Waves Caught On Camera](#)