

2026-03-14 Meditation for Saturday in the Third Week of Lent is now available at: <https://pgimf.org/meditations/>

[The opening theme song with a poetic paraphrase begins:]

*Ich bete an die Macht der Liebe,*  
O Pow'r of love, all else transcending,  
*Die sich in Jesu offenbart;*  
In Jesus present evermore,  
*Ich geb' mich hin dem freien Triebe,*  
I worship thee, in homage bending,

## **Psalm 88**

Lyrics: Translated by Myles Coverdale (1488-1569)

Music: Matthew Comidge (1758-1844)

Artists: The Choir of Norwich Cathedral, Neil Taylor (organ), Michael Nicholas (dir.)  
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=x2khtfZxsD0>

[The psalmist's invocation and initial plea]

O LORD God of my salvation, I have cried day and night before thee: \* O let my prayer enter into thy presence, incline thine ear unto my calling;  
2 For my soul is full of trouble, \* and my life draweth nigh unto hell [the grave].

[The psalmist describes his personal affliction]

3 I am counted as one of them that go down into the pit, \* and I have been even as a man that hath no strength;

4 Free among the dead, like unto them that are wounded, and lie in the grave, \* who are out of remembrance, and are cut away from thy hand.

5 Thou hast laid me in the lowest pit, \* in a place of darkness, and in the deep.

6 Thine indignation lieth hard upon me, \* and thou hast vexed me with all thy storms.

7 Thou hast put away mine acquaintance far from me, \* and made me to be abhorred of them.

8 I am so fast in prison \* that I cannot get forth.

9 My sight faileth for very trouble; \* LORD, I have called daily upon thee, I have stretched forth my hands unto thee.

10 Dost thou show wonders among the dead? \* or shall the dead rise up again, and praise thee?

11 Shall thy loving-kindness be showed in the grave? \* or thy faithfulness in destruction?

12 Shall thy wondrous works be known in the dark? \* and thy righteousness in the land where all things are forgotten?

[The psalmist's final plea as he sinks into despair.]

13 Unto thee have I cried, O LORD; \* and early shall my prayer come before thee.

14 LORD, why abhorrest thou my soul, \* and hidest thou thy face from me?

15 I am in misery, and like unto him that is at the point to die; \* even from my youth up, thy terrors have I suffered with a troubled mind.

16 Thy wrathful displeasure goeth over me, \* and the fear of thee hath undone me.

17 They came round about me daily like water, \* and compassed me together on every side.

18 My lovers and friends hast thou put away from me, \* and hid mine acquaintance out of my sight.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost  
as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be,  
world without end. Amen

[Closing words to our theme song:]

*O! dass diess jeder Sünder wüsste,*

O! that every sinner would know this,

*Sein Herz wohl bald dich lieben müsste.*

His heart must soon surely love You.

Evan

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