From Depths of Woe I Raise to Thee

From Psalm 130

1. From depths of woe I raise to Thee The voice of lam-en-ta - tion.
2. To wash a - way the crim-son stain, Grace, grace a - lone a - vail - eth;
3. *There - fore my trust is in the Lord And not in mine own mer - it;.*
4. What though I wait the live-long night And till the dawn ap-pear - eth,
5. Though great our sins and sore our woes, His grace much more a-bound - eth;

Lord, turn a gra-cious ear to me And hear my sup-pli-ca - tion.
Our works, a - las! are all in vain; In much the best life fail - eth.
On Him my soul shall rest; His Word Up - holds my faint-ing spir - it.
My heart still trust - eth in His might; It doubt-eth not nor fear - eth.
His help - ing love no lim-it knows, Our ut-most need it sound - eth.

If Thou in - iq - ui - ties dost mark, Our se - cret sins
No man can glo - ry in Thy sight, All must a - like
His prom - ised mer - cy is my fort, My com - fort, and
Do thus, O ye of Is - rael's seed, Ye of the Spir -
Our Shep - herd good and true is He, Who will at last

and mis - deeds dark, Oh, who shall stand be - fore Thee?
con - fess Thy might And live a - lone by mer - cy.
my sweet sup - port; I wait for it with pa - tience.
it born in - deed, And wait till God ap - pear - eth.
His Is - rael free From all his sin and sor - row.

Music: Johann Walter, *Geistliche Gesang Buchlein*, 1524; harm. Joachim Decker, 1604

Text: Martin Luther, 1523; tr. composite

AUS TIEFER NOT

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