From Depths of Woe I Raise to Thee

Based on Psalm 130

Em   C   Am7   G   C   Am7   G   D/F#

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. Al-though our sin is great in-deed, God's mer-cies far ex-ceed it;

Am   G/B   C   Em   Bm7   C

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 hand can give the help we need, How-ev-er much we need it:

Em   C   G   Em   C   D/F#   G   Bm

If Thou shouldst be ex-treme to mark Each se-cret sin and mis-deed dark,
No man can glo-ry in Thy sight, All must a-like con-fess Thy might,
His prom-ised mer-cy is my fort, My com-fort, and my sweet sup-port;
So let the Is-rael-ite in heart, Born of the Spir-it, do his part,
He is the Shep-herd of the sheep Who Is-ra-el doth guard and keep,

A/C#   Em   Bm7   Am

Oh, who could stand be-fore Thee? Oh, who could stand be-fore Thee?
And live a-lone by mer-cy, And live a-lone by mer-cy.
I wait for it with pa-tience, I wait for it with pa-tience.
And wait till God ap-pear-eth, And wait till God ap-pear-eth.
And shall from sin re-deem him, And shall from sin re-deem him.