

Em B7sus4/E Am D/E



From Depths of Woe

(Psalm 130)

Martin Luther (after Psalm 130)

E. Priest

Capo 3



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 me - rit;



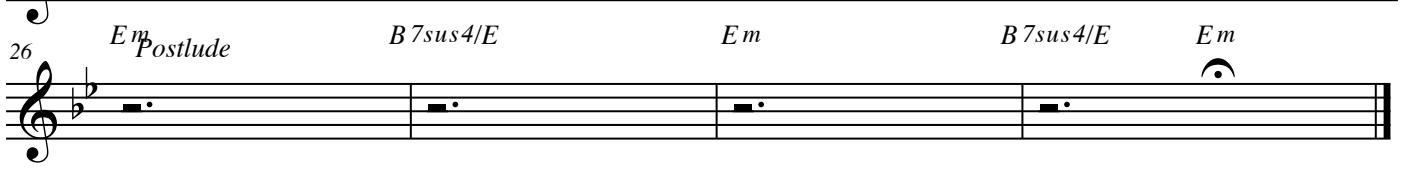
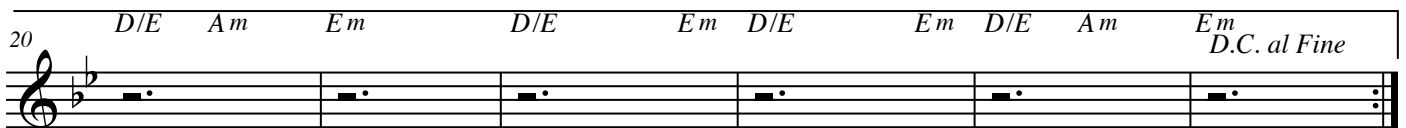
Lord, turn a gra - cious ear to me and hear my supp - li - ca - tion;
 Our works, a - las! are all in vain; In much the best life fail - eth:
 On Him my soul shall rest, His Word Up - holds my faint - ing spi - rit:



If thou in - i - qui - ties dost mark, Our se - cret sins and mis - deeds dark, O
 No man can glo - ry in Thy sight, All must a - like con - fess Thy might, And
 His pro - mised mer - cy is my fort, My com - fort, and my sweet sup - port; I



who shall stand be - fore - thee?
 live a - lone by mer - cy.
 wait for it with pat - ience.



4. What though I wait the livelong night,
 And till the dawn appeareth,
 My heart still trusteth in His might;
 It doubteth not nor feareth:
 Do thus, O ye of Israel's seed,
 Ye of the Spirit born indeed;
 And wait till God appeareth.

5. Though great our sins and sore our woes,
 His grace much more aboundeth;
 His helping love no limit knows,
 Our utmost need it soundeth.
 Our Shepherd good and true is He,
 Who will at last His Israel free.
 From all their sin and sorrow.

