

From Depths of Woe I Cry to Thee

Aus tiefer Not schrei ich zu dir | Psalm 51

Geistliche Kirchen-Melodien (1649), no. 26

Martin Luther, tr. Catherine Winkworth, alt. (TLH 329)

Johann Crüger (1598–1662)

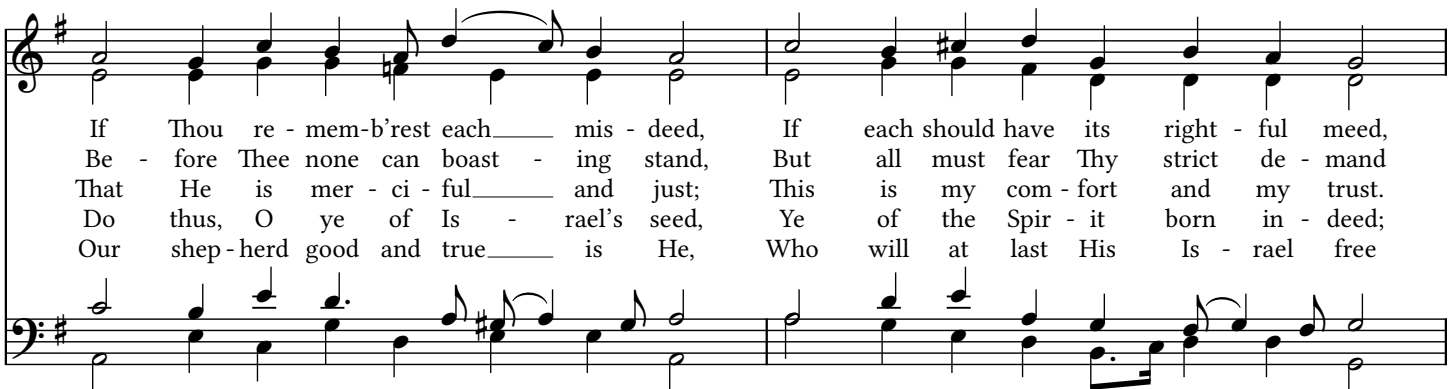
ed. Jonathan Wessler



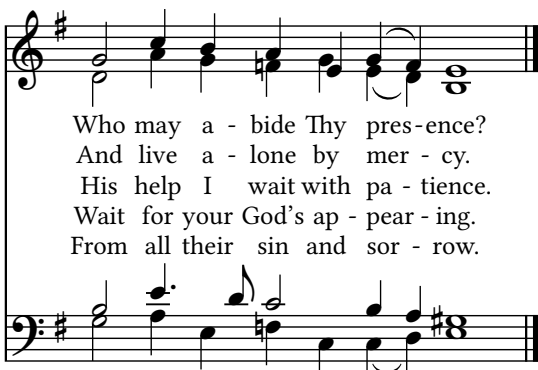
1 From depths of woe I cry to Thee, Lord, hear me, I im - plore — Thee.
2 Thy love and grace a - lone a - vail To blot out my trans - gres - sion;
3 There - fore my hope is in the Lord And not in mine own mer - it;
4 And though it tar - ry till the night And till the morn - ing wak - en,
5 Though great our sins and sore our woes, His grace much more a - bound - eth;



Bend down Thy gra - cious ear to me, My prayer let come be - fore — Thee.
The best and ho - liest deeds must fail To break sin's dread op - pres - sion.
It rests up - on His faith - ful Word To them of con - trite spir - it
My heart shall nev - er doubt His might Nor count it - self for - sak - en.
His help - ing love no lim - it knows, Our ut - most need it sound - eth.



If Thou re - mem - b'rest each — mis - deed, If each should have its right - ful meed,
Be - fore Thee none can boast - ing stand, But all must fear Thy strict de - mand
That He is mer - ci - ful — and just; This is my com - fort and my trust.
Do thus, O ye of Is - rael's seed, Ye of the Spir - it born in - deed;
Our shep - herd good and true — is He, Who will at last His Is - rael free



Who may a - bide Thy pres - ence?
And live a - lone by mer - cy.
His help I wait with pa - tience.
Wait for your God's ap - pear - ing.
From all their sin and sor - row.