

Out of the Depths of Sadness

Psalm 130

DU FONS DE MA PENSEE (7 6. 7 6. 7 6. 7 6)

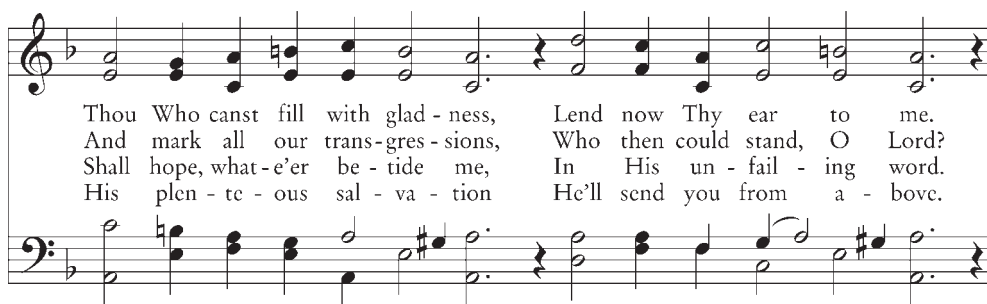
Strasbourg, 1539

harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564; alt.

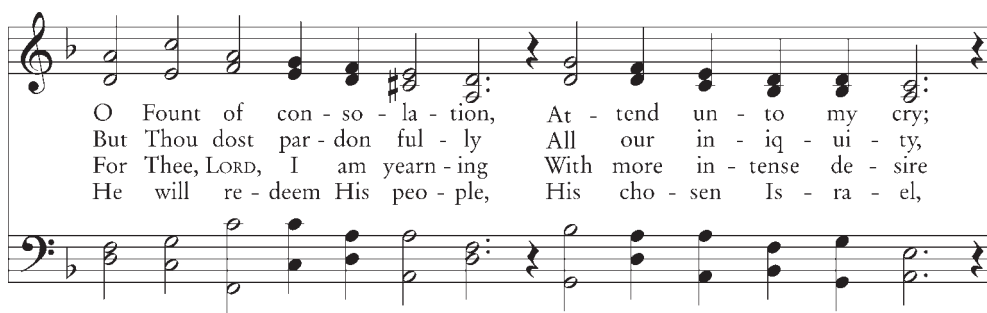
Dewey Westra, 1931; rev.



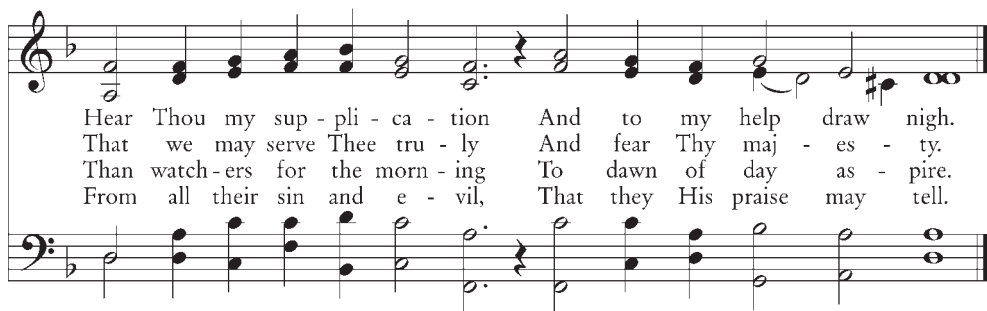
1. Out of the depths of sad-ness, O LORD, I cried to Thee;
2. If, show-ing no com-pas-sion, Thou shouldst our sins re-cord
3. I wait for God to hide me; My soul, with long-ing stirred,
4. Hope in the LORD, O na-tion! With Him is stead-fast love;



Thou Who canst fill with glad-ness, Lend now Thy ear to me.
And mark all our trans-gres-sions, Who then could stand, O Lord?
Shall hope, what-e'er be-tide me, In His un-fail-ing word.
His plen-ti-cous sal-va-tion He'll send you from a-bove.



O Fount of con-so-la-tion, At-tend un-to my cry;
But Thou dost par-don ful-ly All our in-iq-ui-ty,
For Thee, LORD, I am yearn-ing With more in-tense de-sire
He will re-deem His peo-ple, His cho-sen Is-ra-el,



Hear Thou my sup-pli-ca-tion And to my help draw nigh.
That we may serve Thee tru-ly And fear Thy maj-es-ty.
Than watch-ers for the morn-ing To dawn of day as-pire.
From all their sin and e-vil, That they His praise may tell.