


Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord. Psalm 130:1

ALLEIN GOTT IN DER HÖH' 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.


Geistliche Lieder, Leipzig, 1539

Arr. Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, 1809-1847


Martin Luther, 1523; tr., cento




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



ta - tion; Lord, turn a gra - cious ear to me And
 vail - eth; Our works, a - las! are all in vain; In
 mer - it; On him my soul shall rest, his Word Up -
 pear - eth; My heart still trust - eth in his might; It
 bound - eth; His help - ing love no lim - it knows, Our



hear my sup - pli - ca - tion: If thou in - iq - ui - ties dost mark, Our
 much the best life fail - eth: No man can glo - ry in thy sight, All
 holds my faint - ing spir - it: His prom - ised mer - cy is my fort, My
 doubt - eth not nor fear - eth: Do thus, O ye of Is - rael's seed, Ye
 ut - most need it sound - eth. Our Shep - herd good and true is he, Who



se - cret sins and mis - deeds dark, O who shall stand be - fore thee?
 must a - like con - fess thy might, And live a - lone by mer - cy.
 com - fort and my sweet sup - port; I wait for it with pa - tience.
 of the Spir - it born in - deed; And wait till God ap - pear - eth.
 will at last his Is - rael free From all their sin and sor - row. A - MEN.