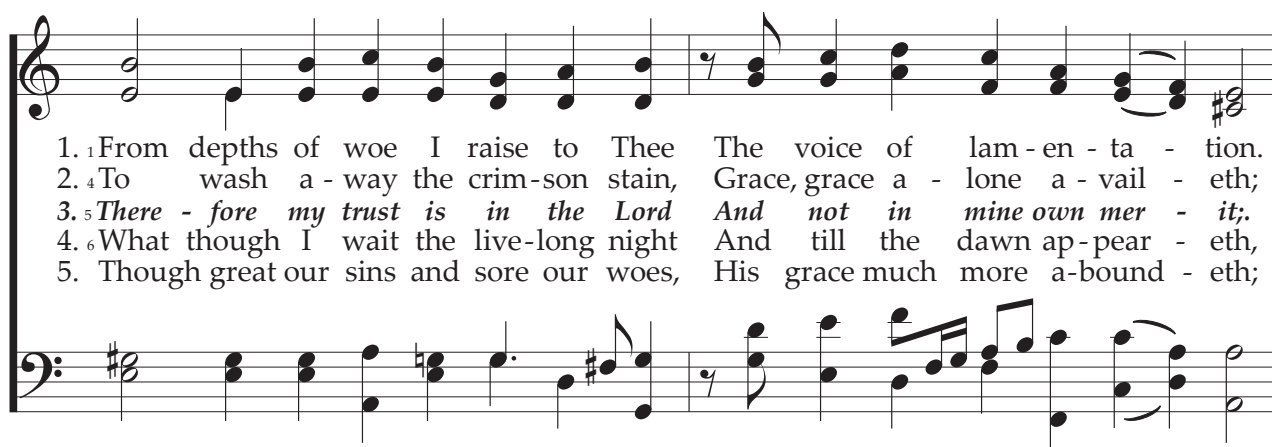


From Depths of Woe I Raise to Thee

From Psalm 130



1. ¹From depths of woe I raise to Thee The voice of lam-en-ta-tion.
 2. ⁴To wash a-way the crim-son stain, Grace, grace a-lone a-vail-eth;
 3. ⁵*There-fore my trust is in the Lord And not in mine own mer-it.*
 4. ⁶What though I wait the live-long night And till the dawn ap-pear-eth,
 5. Though great our sins and sore our woes, His grace much more a-bound-eth;



²Lord, 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 help-ing love no lim-it knows, Our ut-most need it sound-eth.



³If Thou in-iq-ui-ties dost mark, Our se-cret sins
 No man can glo-ry in Thy sight, All must a-like
His prom-ised mer-cy is my fort, My com-fort, and
⁷Do thus, O ye of Is-rael's seed, Ye of the Spir-
⁸Our Shep-herd good and true is He, Who will at last



and mis-deeds dark, Oh, who shall stand be-fore Thee?
 con-fess Thy might And live a-lone by mer-cy.
my sweet sup-port; I wait for it with pa-tience.
 it born in-deed, And wait till God ap-pear-eth.
 His Is-rael free From all his sin and sor-row.