

Out of the Depths of Sadness

From Psalm 130

1. ¹Out of the depths of sad - ness, O LORD, I cried to Thee;
 2. ³If, show - ing no com - pas - sion, Thou shouldst our sins re - cord
 3. ⁵I wait for God to hide me; My soul, with long - ing stirred,
 4. ⁷Hope in the LORD, O na - tion! With Him is stead - fast love;

³Thou who canst fill with glad - ness, Lend now Thine 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 - te - ous sal - va - tion He'll send you from a - bove.

⁵O Fount of con - so - la - tion, At - tend un - to my cry;
 4But Thou dost par - don ful - ly All our in - iq - ui - ty,
 6For Thee, LORD, I am yearn - ing With more in - tense de - sire
 8He will re - deem His peo - ple, His chos - en Is - ra - el,

⁷Hear Thou my sup - pli - ca - tion And to my help draw nigh.
 That we may serve Thee tru - ly And fear Thy ma - jes - 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.

Music: *Genevan Psalter*, 1539; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564

Text: Dewey Westra, 1931; rev. ©

DU FONS DE MA PENSÉE [GENEVAN 130]

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