

# From Depths of Woe I Cry to Thee

AUS TIEFER NOT

Psalm 130, Martin Luther, 1523

Martin Luther, 1524



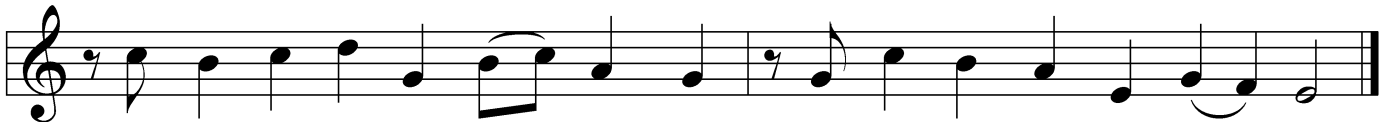
1. From depths of woe I cry to thee, the voice of lam - en - ta - tion;  
2. *To wash a - way the crim - son stain,* grace, grace a - lone a - veil - eth;  
3. There - fore my trust is in the Lord, and not in mine own mer - it;  
4. *What though I wait the live - long night,* and till the dawn ap - pear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



Lord, 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.



if thou in - iq - ui - ties dost mark,  
*no man can glo - ry in thy sight,*  
his prom - ised mer - cy is my fort,  
*do thus, O ye of Is - rael's seed,*  
Our Shep - herd good and true is he,



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