

From Depths of Woe

Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord PS 130:1

Martin Luther, 1523
Blue Trinity #461

HMS, 2007
PHARES 8.7.8.7.8 8.7.

Gmin Dmin Eb F Gmin Cmin D7

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 tho I wait the live - long night, And till the dawn ap -
5. Tho great our sins and sore our woes His grace much more a -

Cmin Gmin Gmin Dmin Eb F Gmin Cmin D7

ta - tion; Lord, turn a gra - cious ear to me And hear my sup - pli -
vail - eth; Our works, a - las! are all in vain; In much the best life
mer - it; On Him my soul shall rest, His Word Up - holds my faint - ing
pear - eth, My heart still trust - eth in His might; It doubt - eth not nor
bound - eth; His help - ing love no lim - it knows, Our ut - most need it

Cmin Gmin Ab Eb Fmin Gmin Eb Fmin Gmin Cmin

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

D7 G Cmin D7 Cmin Gmin

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