

Out of the Deep I Cry to Thee CONFESSION/ABSOLUTION

(also known as From Depths of Woe I Cry to Thee)

*Words: Martin Luther, 1524. Translated by Arthur Tozer Russell (1806-1874).
 Music: 'Aus Tiefer Not (Luther)' or 'Af Dybsens Nød' Martin Luther from Erfurt Enchiridion, 1524.
 Setting: Johann Sebastian Bach, 1725.
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♩ = 110

1. Out of the deep I cry to Thee; O Lord God, hear my cry - - ing;
 2. But love and grace with Thee pre - vail, O God, our sins for - giv - - ing;
 3. For this, my hope in God shall rest, Naught build - ing on my mer - - it;
 4. And though I wait the live - long night And till the morn re - turn - - eth,
 5. What though our sins are man - i - fold? Su - preme His mer - cy reign - - eth;

In - cline Thy gra - cious ear to me, With prayer to Thee ap - ply - - ing.
 The ho - liest deeds can naught a - vail Of all be - fore Thee liv - - ing.
 My heart con - fides, of Him pos - sest, His good - ness stays my spi - - rit.
 My heart un - doubt - ing trusts His might Nor in im - pa - tience mourn - - eth.
 No lim - it can His hand with - hold, Where ev - il most ob - tain - - eth.

For if Thou fix Thy search - ing eye On all sin and
 Be - - fore Thee none can boast him clear; There - - fore must each
 His prec - ious word as - - sur - - eth me; My sol - ace, my
 Born of His Spi - rit, Is - - ra - - el In the right Way
 He the good Shep - herd is a - - lone, Who Is - rael will

in - - iq - - ui - - ty, Who, Lord, can stand be - fore Thee?
 Thy judg - ment fear, And live on Thy com - pas - - sion.
 sure Rock is he, Where - on my soul a - bid - - eth.
 thus far - eth well, And on his God re - pos - - eth
 re - deem and own, For - giv - ing all trans - gres - - sion.