Out of the Deep I Cry to Thee

(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 (Strassburg)' or 'Strassburg' from Köpfel's Gesangbuch, Strassburg, 1525.
Setting: Karl August Haupt, 1869.
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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.

Ps 130, Eph 2:8-9, Rom 5:20-21, 1Tim 1:14

8 7 8 7 8 8 7