

PSALM 130 (FROM DEPTHS OF WOE)

Words by Martin Luther
Music by Christopher Miner

1. From depths of woe I raise to Thee, The voice of lam - en - ta - tion; Lord,
2. To wash a - way the crim - son stain, Grace, grace a - lone a - vail - eth; Our

6 turn a gra - cious ear to me And hear my sup - pli - ca - tion; If
works, a - las! Are all in vain; In much the best life fail - eth; No

10 thou in - i - qui - ties dost mark, Our se - cret sins and mis - deeds dark, **Men:** O
man can glo - ry in thy sight, All must a - like con - fess thy might, And

14 who shall stand be - fore thee? O
Women: O who shall stand be - fore
live a - lone by mer - cy a - lone by And mer -
And live a - lone by

18 who shall stand be - fore thee?
thee? Who shall stand be - fore thee?
live a - lone by mer - cy
cy Live a - lone by mer - cy

3. Therefore my trust
is in the Lord,
And not in mine own merit;
On Him my soul shall rest, His word
Upholds my fainting spirit;
His promised mercy is my fort,
My comfort and my sweet support;
I wait for it with patience (echo)
I wait for it with patience (echo)

4. What though I wait
the live-long night,
And till the dawn appeareth,
My heart still trusteth in his might;
It doubteth not nor feareth;
Do thus, O ye of Israel's seed,
Ye of the Spirit born indeed;
And wait till God appeareth. (echo)
And wait till God appeareth (echo)

5. Though great our sins
and sore our woes
His grace much more aboundeth;
His helping love no limit knows,
Our upmost need it soundeth.
Our Shepherd good and true is He,
Who will at last His Israel free
From all their sin and sorrow (echo)
From all their sin and sorrow (echo)