

# From Depths of Woe I Raise to Thee

Citation, lyrics and music are copied from The Cyber Hymnal and are public domain. Midi file is modified by Anvil Studio 2011 and is piano only. Lyrics may be modified for doctrinal accuracy. This version is not copyrighted. If you find it a blessing, please feel free to use it. – *In Christ, Paul W. Davis*

Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O LORD. Lord, hear my voice: let thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplications. If thou, LORD, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand? But *there is* forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared.

I wait for the LORD, my soul doth wait, and in his word do I hope. My soul *waiteth* for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning: *I say, more than* they that watch for the morning. Let Israel hope in the LORD: for with the LORD *there is* mercy, and with him *is* plenteous redemption. And he shall redeem Israel from all his iniquities. (*Psalms 130*)

**Words:** Martin Luther, 1523 (Aus tiefer Noth schrei ich zu dir); composite translation.

**Music:** "Aus Tiefer Not," , melody by Martin Luther, 1524, arranged in Gesangbüchlein, by Johann Walter, 1524. (midi, mp3)

Listen to the hymn melody

From depths of woe I raise to Thee  
The voice of lamentation;  
Lord, turn a gracious ear to me  
And hear my supplication;  
If Thou iniquities dost mark,  
Our secret sins and misdeeds dark,  
O who shall stand before Thee?  
To wash away the crimson stain,  
Grace, grace alone availeth;

Our works, alas! are all in vain;  
In much the best life faileth:  
No man can glory in Thy sight,  
All must alike confess Thy might,  
And live alone by mercy.

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.

What though I wait the livelong 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.

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