

From Depths of Woe I Raise to Thee

1. From depths of woe I raise to Thee, the voice of lam - en - ta - tion;  
 Lord, turn a gra - cious ear to me and hear my sup - pli - ca - tion;  
 if thou in - iq - ui - ties dost mark, our se - cret sins and mis - deeds dark,  
 O who shall stand be - fore thee, O who shall  
 stand be - fore thee?  
 who shall stand be - fore thee?

2. 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, *(echo)*  
 and live alone by mercy. *(echo)*
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)*