

## Out of the Depths

(Psalm 130)

1 Out of the depths I cry to you; O Lord God, hear me  
 2 All things you send are full of grace; you crown our lives with  
 3 In you a - lone, O God, we hope, and not in our own  
 4 My soul is wait - ing for you, Lord, as one who longs for

call - ing. In - cline your ear to my dis - tress in spite of  
 fa - vor. All our good works are done in vain with - out our  
 mer - it. We rest our fears in your good word; up - hold our  
 morn - ing; no watch - er waits with great - er hope than I for

my re - bel - ling. Do not re - gard my sin - ful deeds. Send me the  
 Lord and Sav - ior. We praise you for the gift of faith; you save us  
 faint - ing spir - it. Your prom - ised mer - cy is my fort, my com - fort,  
 your re - turn - ing. I hope as Is - rael in the Lord, who sends re -

grace my spir - it needs; with - out it I am noth - ing.  
 from the grip of death; our lives are in your keep - ing.  
 and my strong sup - port; I wait for it with pa - tience.  
 demp - tion through the Word. Praise God for grace and mer - cy!