

From Depths Of Woe [Lyrics]

[DSC] by Martin Luther

Verse 1

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,
Who shall stand before Thee?
Who shall stand before Thee?

Verse 2

To wash away the crimson stain,
'Tis 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.
And live alone by mercy.

Verse 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.
I wait for it with patience.

Verse 4

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