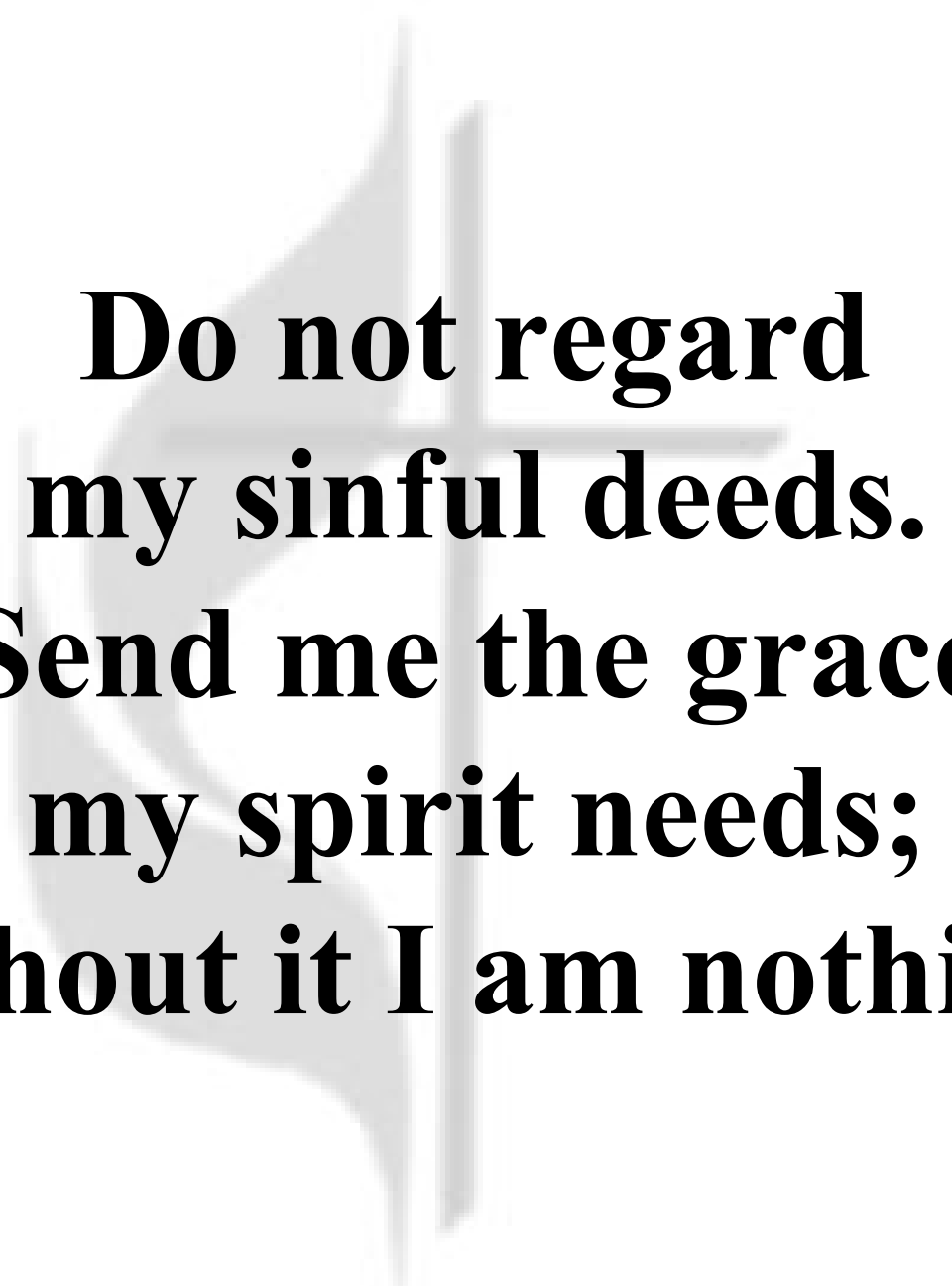


# Out of the Depths I Cry to You

WORDS: Martin Luther, 1524; trans. by Gracia Grindal (Ps. 130; 120:1-2)

**1. Out of the depths  
I cry to you;  
O Lord, now hear me calling.  
Incline your ear to my distress  
in spite of my rebelling.**




**Do not regard  
my sinful deeds.  
Send me the grace  
my spirit needs;  
without it I am nothing.**

**2. All things you send  
are full of grace;  
you crown our lives with favor.  
All our good works  
are done in vain  
without our Lord and Savior.**

**We praise the God  
who gives us faith  
and saves us from  
the grip of death;  
our lives are  
in God's keeping.**

**3. It is in God that  
we shall hope,  
and not in our own merit;  
we rest our fears  
in God's good Word  
and trust the Holy Spirit,**



**whose promise keeps  
us strong and sure;  
we trust the  
holy signature  
inscribed upon  
our temples.**

**4. My soul is waiting  
for the Lord  
as one who longs for morning;  
no watcher waits  
with greater hope  
than I for Christ's returning.**

**I hope as Israel  
in the Lord,  
who sends redemption  
through the Word.  
Praise God for  
endless mercy.**