

Psalm 130

8.7.8.7.8.8.7

Music: Luke Dahn

1. From depths of woe I raise to Thee the voice of lam - en - ta - tion;
2. To wash a - way the crim - son stain, grace, grace a - lone a - veil - eth;
3. There - fore my trust is in the Lord, and not in mine own mer - it;
4. What though I wait the live - long night, and till the dawn ap - pear - eth,
5. Though great our sin and sore our woes, His grace much more a - bound - eth;

Lord, turn a gra - cious ear to me and hear my sup - pli - ca - tion:
our works, a - las! are all in vain; in much the best life fail - eth:
on Him, my soul shall rest, His Word up - holds my faint - ing spir - it:
my heart still trust - eth in his might; it doubt - eth not nor fear - eth:
His help - ing love no lim - it knows, our ut - most need it sound - eth.

if thou in - iq - ui - ties dost mark, our se - cret sins and
no man can glo - ry in thy sight, all must a - like con -
His prom - ised mer - cy is my fort, my com - fort, and my
do thus, O ye of Is - rael's seed, ye of the Spir - it
Our Shep - herd good and true is He, who will at last his

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mis - deeds dark, O who shall stand be - fore Thee?
fess Thy might, and who live a - lone by mer - cy.
sweet sup - port; I wait for it with pa - tience.
born in - deed; and wait till God ap - pear - eth.
Is - rael free from all their sin and sor - row.