

Out of the Depths of Sadness

Psalm 130

DU FONS DE MA PENSEE (7 6. 7 6. 7 6. 7 6)

Dewey Westra, 1931; rev.

Strasbourg, 1539

harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564; alt.

1. Out of the depths of sad - ness, O LORD, I cried to Thee;
2. If, show - ing no com - pas - sion, Thou shouldst our sins re - cord
3. I wait for God to hide me; My soul, with long - ing stirred,
4. Hope in the LORD, O na - tion! With Him is stead - fast love;

Thou Who canst fill with glad - ness, Lend now Thy ear to me.
And mark all our trans - ges - sions, Who then could stand, O Lord?
Shall hope, what - e'er be - tide me, In His un - fail - ing word.
His plen - te - ous sal - va - tion He'll send you from a - bove.

O Fount of con - so - la - tion, At - tend un - to my cry;
But Thou dost par - don ful - ly All our in - iq - ui - ty,
For Thee, LORD, I am yearn - ing With more in - tense de - sire
He will re - deem His peo - ple, His cho - sen Is - ra - el,

Hear Thou my sup - pli - ca - tion And to my help draw nigh.
That we may serve Thee tru - ly And fear Thy maj - es - ty.
Than watch - ers for the morn - ing To dawn of day as - pire.
From all their sin and e - vil, That they His praise may tell.