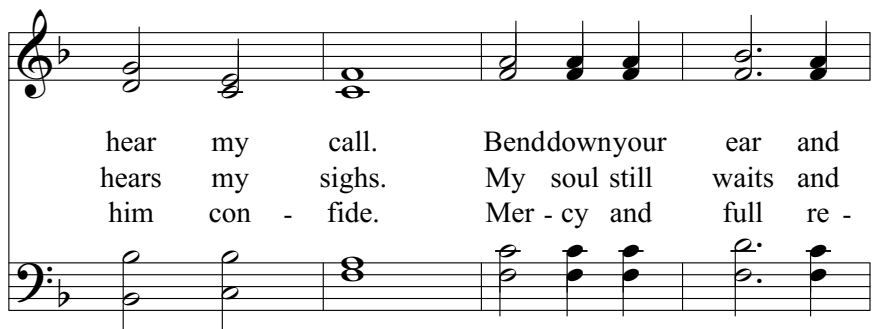


# Out of the Depths I Cry



1 Out of the depths I cry to you on high; Lord,  
2 I wait for God, I trust his ho - ly word; he  
3 Hope in the Lord: un - fail - ing is his love; in



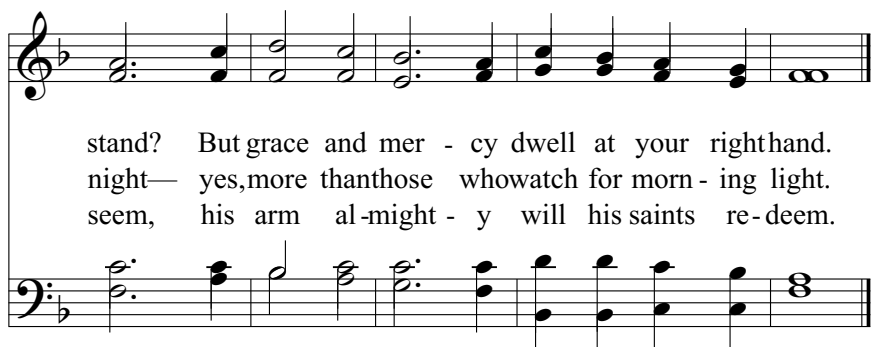
hear my call. Bend down your ear and  
hears my sighs. My soul still waits and  
him con - fide. Mer - cy and full re -



lis - ten to my sigh, for - giv - ing all.  
looks un - to the Lord; my prayers a - rise.  
demp-tion from a - bove he does pro - vide.



If you should mark our sins, who then could  
I look for him to drive a - way my  
From sin and e - vil, might - y though they



stand? But grace and mer - cy dwell at your righthand.  
night— yes, more than those who watch for morn - ing light.  
seem, his arm al-might - y will his saints re-deem.