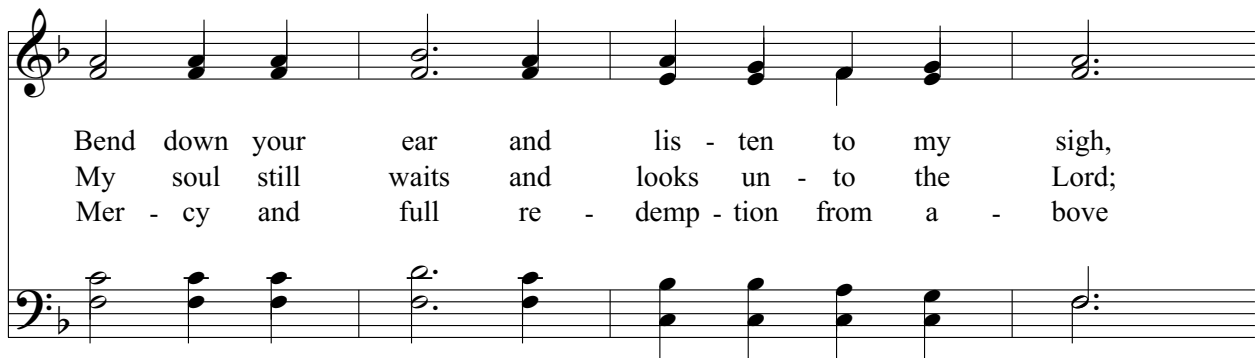


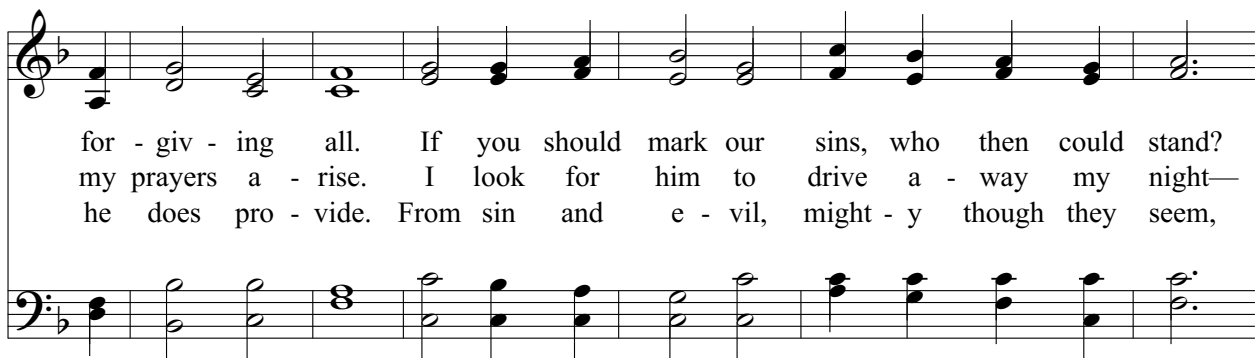
Out of the Depths I Cry



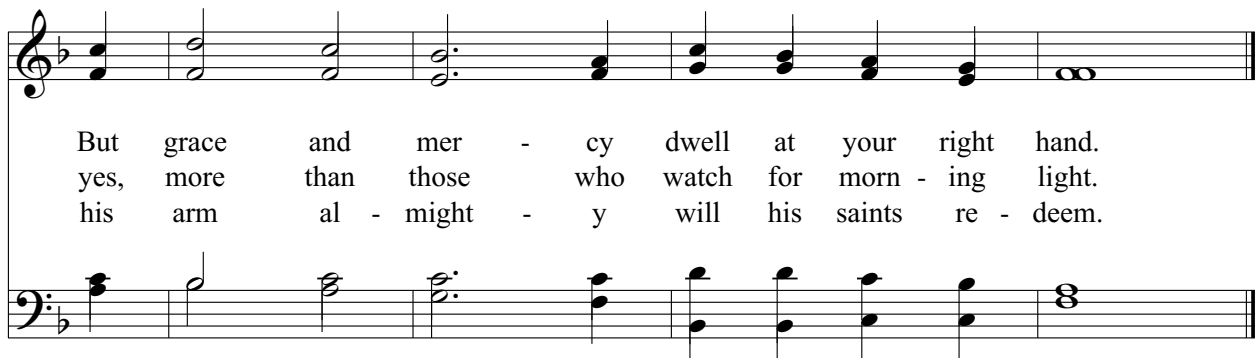
1 Out of the depths I cry to you on high; Lord, hear my call.
2 I wait for God, I trust his ho - ly word; he hears my sighs.
3 Hope in the Lord: un - fail - ing is his love; in him con - fide.



Bend down your ear and lis - ten to my sigh,
My soul still waits and looks un - to the Lord;
Mer - cy and full re - demp - tion from a - bove



for - giv - ing all. If you should mark our sins, who then could stand?
my prayers a - rise. I look for him to drive a - way my night—
he does pro - vide. From sin and e - vil, might - y though they seem,



But grace and mer - cy dwell at your right hand.
yes, more than those who watch for morn - ing light.
his arm al - mighty - y will his saints re - deem.

Text: Psalm 130; vers. *Psalter*, 1912, alt.
Tune: Charles H. Purday, 1860



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SANDON
www.hymnary.org/text/out_of_the_depths_i_cry_to_you_on_high