

OUT OF THE DEPTHS TO YOU I RAISE

Martin Luther, 1523
tr. Michael R. Totten, 2017

Aus Tiefer Not I, M. Luther, 1524; arr. J. S. Bach, 1740
after R. Massie, 1854, and C. Winkworth, 1863



1 Out of the depths to You I raise the voice of my
2 Your grace a - lone is what will count when our sins need
3 There - fore my trust is in the Lord and not in my
4 Though help should tar - ry through the night, be - yond the dawn's



con - tri - tion! Your gra - cious ear, An - cient of Days, in -
for - giv - ing. Our works to noth - ing could a - mount, were
own mer - it. It rests up - on His faith - ful Word, which
ap - pear - ing, my heart keeps trust - ing in His might, ab -



cline to my pe - ti - tion! Were it Your will to as - cer - tain each
they the best of liv - ing. Be - fore You none can right - ly boast. We
lifts my faint - ing spir - it. His pro - mised fav - or is my fort, my
sent de - spair and fear - ing. A - rise, all you of Is - rael's seed, you



wrong and ev' - ry sin - ful stain, then who could stay be - side You?
are but guests; You are the Host! In fear we grasp Your mer - cy.
con - fi - dence, my firm sup - port, His hope my ex - pec - ta - tion.
of the Spir - it born in - deed! The morn - ing star is ris - ing!