

OUT OF THE DEPTHS TO YOU I RAISE

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

Aus Tiefer Not II, Wolfgang Dachstein, 1525
after R. Massie, 1854, and C. Winkworth, 1863



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



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



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



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