From Depths of Woe I Raise to Thee

1. From depths of woe I raise to Thee, The voice of lam - 
2. To wash a-way the crim-son stain, Grace, grace a-lone
3. There-fore my trust is in the Lord, And not in mine
4. What though I wait the live-long night, And till the dawn
5. Though great our sins and sore our woes, His grace much more en-ta-tion; Lord, turn a gra-cious ear to me
a-vail-eth; Our works, a-las! are all in vain;
a-own mer-it; On Him my soul shall rest, His Word
ap-pear-eth, My heart still trust-eth in His might;
a-bound-eth; His help-ing love no lim-it knows,

And hear my sup-pli-ca-tion; If Thou in -iq-
In much the best life fail-eth: No man can glo-
up-holds my faint-ing spir-it; His prom-ised mer -
It doubt-eth not nor fear-eth: Do thus, O ye
Our ut-most need it sound-eth. Our Shep-herd good
SUPPLICATION

ui - ties dost mark, Our se - cret sins and mis - deeds dark,
ry in Thy sight, All must a - like con - fess Thy might,
my fort, My com - fort, and my sweet sup - port;
of Is - rael's seed, Ye of the Spir - it born in - deed;
and true is He, Who will at last His Is - rael free

O who shall stand be - fore Thee?
And live a - lone by mer - cy.
I wait for it with pa - tience.
And wait till God ap - pear - eth.
From all their sin and sor - row.