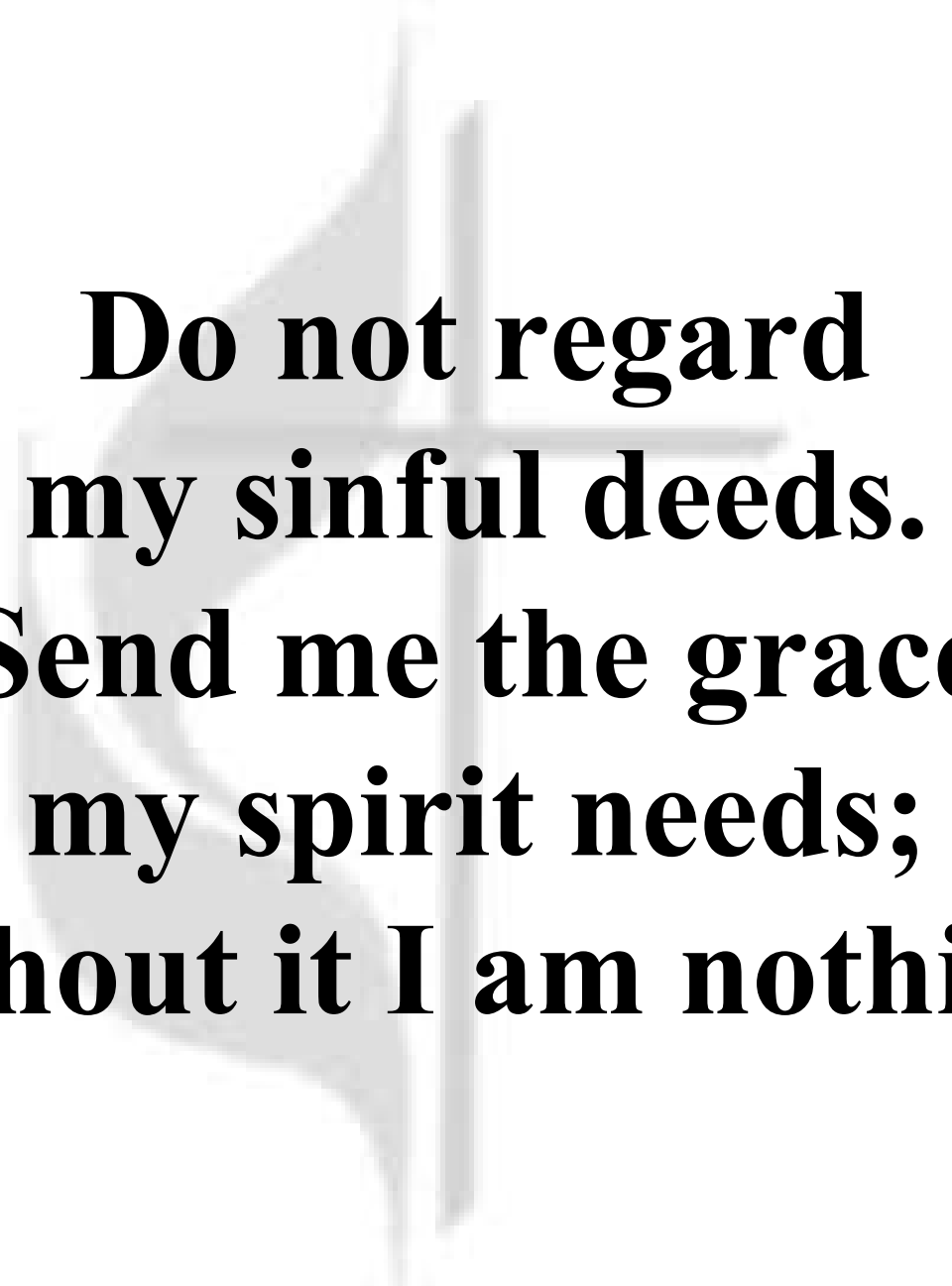


Out of the Depths I Cry to You

WORDS: Martin Luther, 1524; trans. by Gracia Grindal (Ps. 130; 120:1-2)

**1. Out of the depths
I cry to you;
O Lord, now hear me calling.
Incline your ear to my distress
in spite of my rebelling.**



**Do not regard
my sinful deeds.
Send me the grace
my spirit needs;
without it I am nothing.**

**2. All things you send
are full of grace;
you crown our lives with favor.
All our good works
are done in vain
without our Lord and Savior.**

**We praise the God
who gives us faith
and saves us from
the grip of death;
our lives are
in God's keeping.**

**3. It is in God that
we shall hope,
and not in our own merit;
we rest our fears
in God's good Word
and trust the Holy Spirit,**

**whose promise keeps
us strong and sure;
we trust the
holy signature
inscribed upon
our temples.**

**4. My soul is waiting
for the Lord
as one who longs for morning;
no watcher waits
with greater hope
than I for Christ's returning.**

**I hope as Israel
in the Lord,
who sends redemption
through the Word.
Praise God for
endless mercy.**