

Aus tiefer Not

1. Out of the depths I cry to Thee, Lord, hear me, I implore Thee!
4. And though it tar-ry till the night, And round till morn-ing wak-en,
5. Though great our sins and sore our woes. His grace much more a-bound-eth;

6

Bend down Thy gracious ear to me, Let my prayer come be-fore Thee!
My heart shall ne'er mis-trust His might, Nor count it-self for-sak-en.
His help-ing love no-lim-it knows, Our ut-most need it sound-eth;

11

If Thou re-memb'rst each mis-deed, If each should have its
Do thus, O ye of Is-rael's seed, Ye of the Spir-it
Our kind and faith-ful Shep-herd, He Who shall at last set

15

right-ful meed, Who may a-bide Thy pres-sence?
born in-deed, Wait for our God's ap-pear-ing.
Is-rael free From all their sin and sor-row.

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M. Luther's paraphrase of Psalm 130
Trans. Catherine Winkworth 1863

Heinrich Schütz
Becker Psalter, op. 5, Freiberg, 1628

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