

OUT of the depths I cry to Thee,
Lord, hear my voice of pleading;
Bend down Thy gracious ear, I pray,
Thy humble servant heeding.
If Thou remember each misdeed,
And of each thought and word take heed,
Who shall abide Thy presence?

- 2 Thy pardon is a gift of love,
Thy grace alone must save us,
Our works will not our guilt remove,
The strictest life would fail us.
Let none in their own merits boast,
But let us own the Holy Ghost
Alone can make us righteous.
- 3 Though great our sins and sore our woes
His grace much more aboundeth;
His helping love no limit knows,
Our utmost need it soundeth.
Our kind and faithful Shepherd He,
Who shall set all His people free
From all their sin and sorrow.

*Martin Luther, 1483-1546,
tr Catherine Winkworth, 1827-78‡*