

FROM sorrow's depths I cry, O Lord, to Thee:
Lord, hear my call;
I love Thee, Lord, for Thou dost heed my plea,
Forgiving all;
If Thou shouldst mark our sins, who then could stand?
But grace and mercy dwell at Thy right hand.

2 I wait for God, the Lord, and on His Word
My hope relies;
My soul still waits, and looks unto the Lord,
Till light arise;
I look for Him to drive away my night,
Yea, more than watchmen look for morning light.

3 Hope in the Lord, as praying saints, and He
Will well provide;
For mercy and redemption full and free
With Him abide;
From sin and evil, mighty though they seem,
His arm almighty will His saints redeem.