

1 From out the depths I cry, O Lord, to Thee; Lord, hear my call; I love Thee,

Lord, for Thou dost heed my plea, For-giv-ing all; If Thou shouldst mark our

sins, who then could stand? But grace and mer-cy 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, ye waiting 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.