

Out of the depths I cry to thee (De Profundis) *Singing the Faith* 433

MALLING 86 86 88 7

Org.

1. Out of the depths I cry to thee, Lord God! O hear my
 2. Wherefore my hope is in the Lord, my works I count but
 3. And though it linger through the night, and round a gain till
 4. Though great our sins, and sore our wounds, and deep and dark our

prayer! in - cline a gra - cious ear to me, and
 dust; I build not there, but on his word, and
 morn, my heart shall ne'er mis - trust thy might, nor
 fall, his help - ing mer - cy hath no bounds, his

bid me not des - pair: if thou re - mem - b' rest each mis - deed, if
 in his good - ness trust. Up to his care my - self I yield, he
 count it - self for - lorn. Do thus, O ye of Is - rael's seed, ye
 love sur - pas - eth all: our trus - ty lov - ing Shep - herd, he who

rit.

each should have its right - ful meed, Lord, who shall stand be - fore thee?
 is my tower, my rock, my shield, and for his help I tar - ry.
 of the Spi - rit born in - deed, wait for your God's ap - pear - ing.
 shall at last set Is - rael free from all their sin and sor - row.

Music: from the chorale by Otto Malling (1848-1915), Organist of Copenhagen Cathedral 1900-1915, from the 5th movement of his Organ Suite *Seven Last Words on the Cross* [Frelserens syv Ord paa Korset], published in *Stemmingsbilleder for Orgel*, Op.81, 1904, and auditorally transcribed here by CGG in 2021 from the 1996 CD recorded by Mogens Dahl, on the Marco Polo label.

Words: Martin Luther (1483-1546), translated by Catherine Winkworth (1827-1878).