

Peerless Poems of David, the King

November 25, 2016

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### PSALM 130

Out of the depths of sore distress,  
To Thee, O Lord, I cried;  
When with my voice I Thee address,  
Turn not from me aside.

If Thou shouldst mark iniquity  
Who, unconsumed, could stand?  
But pardon may be sought of Thee,  
And favor from Thy hand.

In patience wait I for the Lord  
For Him my soul doth wait;  
My hope and trust are in His Word,  
E'en when He tarries late.

My soul, with longing, looks to see  
The coming of my King;  
For Him I watch more eagerly  
Than aught this world can bring.

More than the weary watcher's eye  
Looks for the light of morn,  
Watches and waits, for God Most High,  
My spirit tossed and torn.

In God, the Lord, let Israel  
Hope evermore and trust;  
The Lord is merciful, and well  
Rewards the good and just.

In Him is full redemption found  
For all who to Him flee;  
Each captive soul, by satan bound,  
God's power divine sets free.