Lord From Sorrows Deep I Call

Matt Boswell

Lord, from sorrows deep I call
When my hope is shaken
Torn and ruined from the fall
Hear my desperation
For so long I’ve pled and prayed
God, come to my rescue
Even so the thorn remains
Still my heart will praise You

Storms within my troubled soul
Questions without answers
On my faith these billows roll
God, be now my shelter
Why are you cast down my soul?
Hope in Him who saves you
When the fires have all grown cold
Cause this heart to praise You!

Should my life be torn from me
Every worldly pleasure
When all I possess is grief
God, be then my treasure.
Be my vision in the night,
Be my hope and refuge
Till my faith is turned to sight
Lord, my heart will praise You!

And, oh, my soul, put your hope in God
My help, my Rock, I will praise Him
Sing, oh, sing through the raging storm
You’re still my God, my salvation!