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!