

Lord, From Sorrows Deep I Call
(Psalm 42)

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.

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.

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