

# Lord From Sorrows Deep I Call

## (Psalm 42)

Words and Music by  
Matt Papa and Matt Boswell

Flowing ♩ = 72

G/B C D Em<sup>7</sup> G/B C<sup>ma7</sup> C/E D<sup>sus</sup> D

1. Lord, from sor - rows deep I call when my hope is sha - ken;  
2. Storms with - in my trou - bled soul, quest - ions with - out an - swers;  
3. Should my life be torn from me, ev - ery world - ly plea - sure;

G/B C D Em<sup>7</sup> C Am<sup>7</sup> D<sup>sus</sup> D G

torn and ru - ined from the fall, hear my des - pa - ra - tion.  
on my faith these bil - lows roll - God be now my shel - ter.  
when all I po - sess is grief, God be then my trea - sure.

D G/B C Am<sup>7</sup> G/B C<sup>ma7</sup> D<sup>sus</sup> D

For so long I've pled and prayed, "God, come to my res - cue!"  
Why are you cast down my soul? Hope in Him who saves you.  
Be my vi - sion in the night; be my hope and re - fuge.

G/B C D Em<sup>7</sup> C Am<sup>7</sup> D<sup>sus</sup> C<sup>sus2</sup>

Ev - en so, the thorn re - mains; still my heart will praise You.  
When the fires have all grown cold, cause this heart to praise You.  
'Til my faith is turned to sight, Lord my heart will praise

3. **Refrain**

You. Oh, my soul, put your hope in God, my help, my rock, I will praise Him.

1.

Sing, oh sing, through the ra - ging storm; You're still my God, my sal - va - tion.

2. **rit.**

ra - ging storm; You're still my God, my sal - va - tion.

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## (Psalm 42)

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Flowing ♩ = 72

F/A B♭ C Dm<sup>7</sup> F/A B♭ma<sup>7</sup> B♭/D C<sup>sus</sup> C

1. Lord, from sor - rows deep I call when my hope is sha - ken;  
2. Storms with - in my trou - bled soul, quest - ions with - out an - swers;  
3. Should my life be torn from me, ev - ery world - ly plea - sure;

F/A B♭ C Dm<sup>7</sup> B♭ Gm<sup>7</sup> C<sup>sus</sup> C F

torn and ru - ined from the fall, hear my des - pa - ra - tion.  
on my faith these bil - lows roll - God be now my shel - ter.  
when all I po - sess is grief, God be then my trea - sure.

C F/A B♭ Gm<sup>7</sup> F/A B♭ma<sup>7</sup> C<sup>sus</sup> C

For so long I've pled and prayed, "God, come to my res - cue!"  
Why are you cast down my soul? Hope in Him who saves you.  
Be my vi - sion in the night; be my hope and re - fuge.

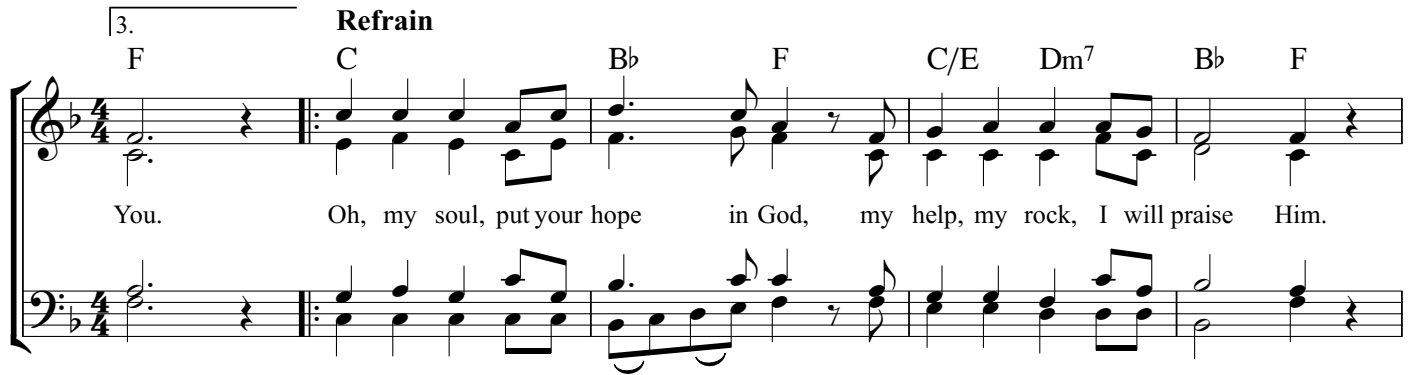
F/A B♭ C Dm<sup>7</sup> B♭ Gm<sup>7</sup> C<sup>sus</sup> B♭<sup>sus2</sup>

1. 2.

Ev - en so, the thorn re - mains; still my heart will praise You.  
When the fires have all grown cold, cause this heart to praise You.  
'Til my faith is turned to sight, Lord my heart will praise

3. **Refrain**

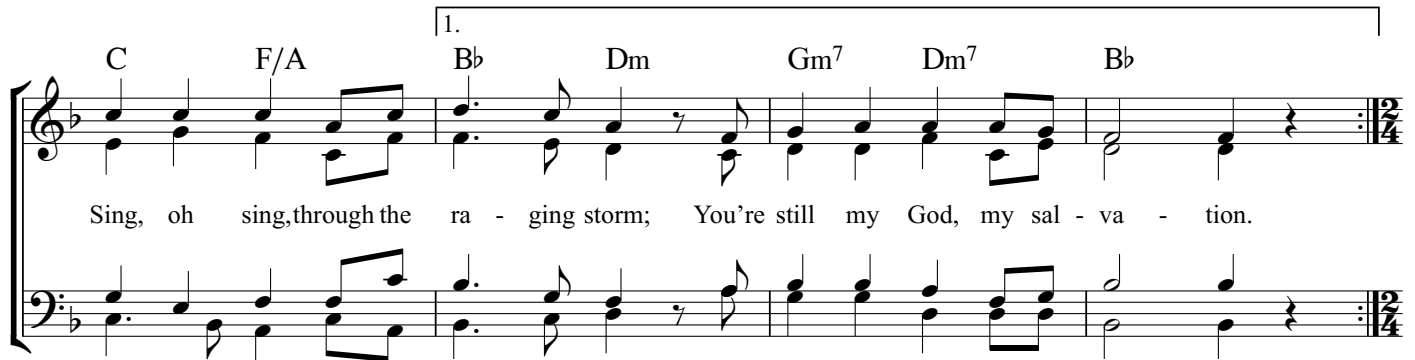
F C B $\flat$  F C/E Dm $^7$  B $\flat$  F



You. Oh, my soul, put your hope in God, my help, my rock, I will praise Him.

1.

C F/A B $\flat$  Dm Gm $^7$  Dm $^7$  B $\flat$



Sing, oh sing, through the raging storm; You're still my God, my salvation.

2. **rit.**

B $\flat$  C Dm Gm F/A B $\flat$  F



ra - ging storm; You're still my God, my sal - va - tion.

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## (Psalm 42)

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Flowing ♩ = 72

E/G# A B C#m7 E/G# Ama7 A/C# B<sup>sus</sup> B

1. Lord, from sor - rows deep I call when my hope is sha - ken;  
2. Storms with - in my trou - bled soul, quest - ions with - out an - swers;  
3. Should my life be torn from me, ev - ery world - ly plea - sure;

E/G# A B C#m7 A F#m7 B<sup>sus</sup> B E

torn and ru - ined from the fall, hear my des - pa - ra - tion.  
on my faith these bil - lows roll - God be now my shel - ter.  
when all I po - sess is grief, God be then my trea - sure.

B E/G# A F#m7 E/G# Ama7 B<sup>sus</sup> B

For so long I've pled and prayed, "God, come to my res - cue!"  
Why are you cast down my soul? Hope in Him who saves you.  
Be my vi - sion in the night; be my hope and re - fuge.

E/G# A B C#m7 A F#m7 B<sup>sus</sup> A<sup>sus2</sup>

Ev - en so, the thorn re - mains; still my heart will praise You.  
When the fires have all grown cold, cause this heart to praise You.  
'Til my faith is turned to sight, Lord my heart will praise

3. **Refrain**

E B A E B/D# C#m7 A E

You. Oh, my soul, put your hope in God, my help, my rock, I will praise Him.

1.

B E/G# A C#m F#m7 C#m7 A

Sing, oh sing, through the ra - ging storm; You're still my God, my sal - va - tion.

2. **rit.**

A B C#m F#m E/G# A E

ra - ging storm; You're still my God, my sal - va - tion.