



Hear My Cry

When my soul is worn and weary,
and my eyes are filled with grief.
When my hands in desperation
reach to heaven for relief.

Chorus:

*Hear my cry, Heavenly Father.
You have known my every pain.
You have seen all my sorrow.
Hear my cry once again.*

Would I find the words there waiting
if I had the strength to start?
Could a mortal tongue interpret
all the sorrow of the heart?

Chorus

Spirit, search me in my weakness,
and discern this growing gray.
Intercede in understanding,
hear the things I cannot say.

Chorus