

1911

# Hear My Cry

*The Spirit Himself intercedes for us, with groanings too deep for words... Romans 8:26*

G♭ - 4 - SOL↓

1. When my soul is worn and wea - ry and my eyes are filled with grief,  
 2. Would I find the words there wait - ing if I had the strength to start?  
 3. Spir - it, search me in my weak - ness, and dis - cern this grow - ing gray.

When my hands in des - per - a - tion reach to heav - en for re - lief,  
 Could a mor - tal tongue in - ter - pret all the sor - row of a heart?  
 In - ter - cede in un - der - stand - ing, hear the things I cannot say.

## Chorus

Hear my cry, heav'n - ly Fa - ther, You have known my ev - ry pain.  
 Hear my cry now, heav'n - ly Fa - ther, You have

You have seen all my sor - row, Hear my cry once a - gain.  
 You have seen all of my sor - row, Hear my

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