

Jesus, my sorrow lies too deep.

1. J esus, m y sorrow lies too deep
For human ministry;
It knows not how to tell itself
To any but to Thee.

2. Thou dost remember still, amid
The glories of God's throne,
The sorrows of mortality,
For they were once Thine own.

3. Yes, for as if Thou would'st be God,
E'en in Thy misery,
There's been no sorrow but Thine own
Untouch'd by sympathy.

4. Jesus, my fainting spirit brings
It's Tearfulness to Thee,
Thine eye at least can penetrate
The clouded mystery.

5. And is it not enough, enough,
This holy sympathy ?
There is no sorrow e'er so deep
But I may bring to Thee.