

Gold City Quartet "This Poor Man Cried"

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Chorus

This poor man cried unto the Lord
And He answered me
Lifted up my feet from the miry clay
Put them on the rock to stay
I'm so glad the Lord was listenin'
When this poor man cried

Verse

I sought the Lord and he heard me
And delivered me from all my fears

For His loving eyes were upon me
And His ears heard the fallin' of my tears

Verse

I'll bless the Lord now and forever
My lips will always speak forth His praise
I will join my voice with His people
And together His name will raise

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