

Hymn Lyrics

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Joy is a fruit that will not grow

Joy is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil;
All we can boast, till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.

A bleeding Savior seen by faith,
A sense of pard'ning love;
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above.

These are the joys which satisfy,
And purify the mind;
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

No more, believers, mourn your lot,
O, thou who art the Lord's;
Resign to those who know Him not,
Such joy as earth affords.