

Trading My Sorrows

Cadet

I'm trading my sorrows
I'm trading my shame
I'm laying them down
For the joy of the Lord
I'm trading my sickness
I'm trading my pain
I'm laying them down
For the joy of the Lord
Yes, Lord
I'm pressed but not crushed
Persecuted not abandoned
Struck down but not destroyed
I am blessed beyond the curse
For his promise will endure
That his joy is going
To be my strength
Though my sorrows may last for the night
His joy comes with the morning