

Joy Upon The Lord

Hb

Frost has fallen again
Non-stop endless rain
Darts of coal black ice
Loads too heavy to bear
They press me hard to the ground
I have no strength to rise

Fire took all my fortune
So humbled by my falling down
Fire came, making me
A sinner of a man

I know that joy upon the lord
Is where our strength will rise
Even the low, the weak one
Finds the lord gives help, advise
There's one who helps the weakest child
Jesus the mighty God
So fix your trust upon our saviour

Safe in your warmth again
Non-stop endless rain
A sweet scent of blessings
Loads have vanished away
All of my gratefulness
I lay in Jesus' hands

Fire brought all God's fortune
Lifted me higher than my reach
Fire came, took away
The sinner of a man

Fire takes and fire brings
Unto the mercy seat of God
Fire makes, fire takes
The sinner of a man