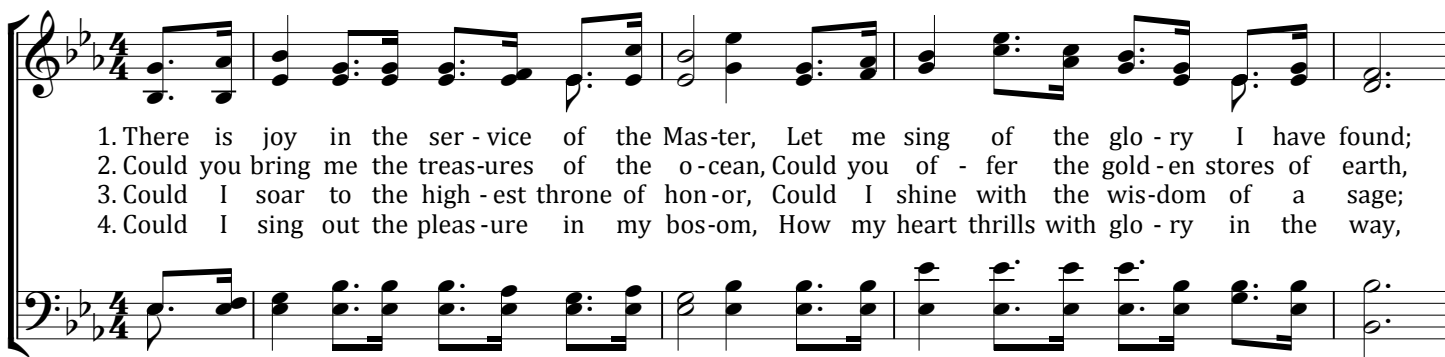
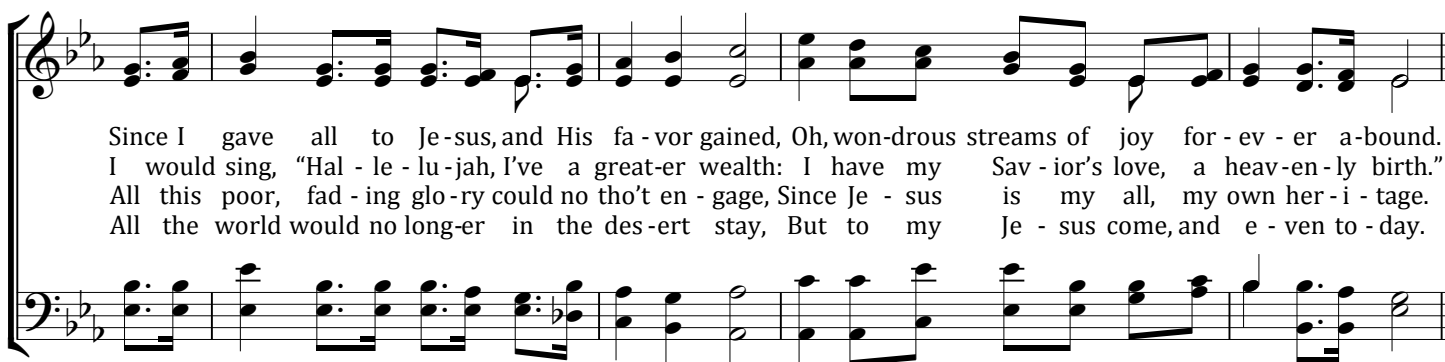


# Joy in the Service of the Master

*Break forth into joy, sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem: for the Lord hath comforted his people. Isa. 52:9  
These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full. Jn. 15:11*



1. There is joy in the ser-vice of the Mas-ter, Let me sing of the glo-ry I have found;  
2. Could you bring me the treas-ures of the o-cean, Could you of-fer the gold-en stores of earth,  
3. Could I soar to the high-est throne of hon-or, Could I shine with the wis-dom of a sage;  
4. Could I sing out the pleas-ure in my bos-om, How my heart thrills with glo-ry in the way,



Since I gave all to Je-sus, and His fa-vor gained, Oh, won-drous streams of joy for-ev-er a-bound.  
I would sing, "Hal-le-lu-jah, I've a great-er wealth: I have my Sav-ior's love, a heav-en-ly birth."  
All this poor, fad-ing glo-ry could no tho't en-gage, Since Je-sus is my all, my own her-i-tage.  
All the world would no long-er in the des-ert stay, But to my Je-sus come, and e-ven to-day.

*Refrain*



Je-sus, my life, and my joy ev-er-more, Je-sus for-ev-er my heart's deep store;



Glo-ry to God for re-deem-ing love, Oh, won-drous peace of God that flows from a-bove.