

I Will Joy In You, My God

Stacy Whitfield



Though the fig tree blossoms not nor fruit be on the vine. Though the

Refrain:



fields produce no food and though the flock be lost, I will joy.



I will joy, I will joy in you, my God. I will joy



in your salvation!



You set my feet upon high places.

Verse:



You make me run like a hind.



Oh Lord, be swift to answer. I will



wait, I will abide,

Coda:



I will joy, I will joy, I will joy in you, my God,



I will joy in your salvation!