

The Joy of the Lord

Audrey Assad

Mountains ahead of me and valleys behind
The road may be narrow, but your mercy is wide
Sorrow may linger and last for the night but I am never alone

The joy of the Lord is my strength, my strength

I may be weak, but I will cling to the vine
I'm pressed but not crushed, for You are making new wine
Wounds may be opened and weakness revealed, but I will be healed in the fire

The joy of the Lord is my strength, my strength

Sorrow may linger and last for the night but I am never alone
Wounds may be opened and weakness revealed but I will be healed in the fire

I have a river of life flowing out of me
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