“The Joy of the Lord”

1. The joy of the Lord is my strength,

The joy of the Lord is my strength,

The joy of the Lord is my strength,

The joy of the Lord is my strength.

2. If you want joy you must praise for it,

If you want joy you must praise for it,

If you want joy you must praise for it,

The joy of the Lord is my strength.

3. He giveth living water and I thirst no more,

He giveth living water and I thirst no more,

He giveth living water and I thirst no more,

The joy of the Lord is my strength.

4. He heals the broken hearted and they cry no more,

He heals the broken hearted and they cry no more,

He heals the broken hearted and they cry no more,

The joy of the Lord is my strength.

“Take My Life and Let It Be Consecrated”

1. Take my life and let it be

Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;

Take my hands and let them move

At the impulse of Thy love,

At the impulse of Thy love.

2. Take my feet and let them be

Swift and beautiful for Thee;

Take my voice and let me sing

Always, only for my King,

Always, only for my King.

3. Take my lips and let them be

Filled with messages for Thee;

Take my silver and my gold,

Not a mite would I withhold,

Not a mite would I withhold.

4. Take my love, my God, I pour

At Thy feet its treasure store;

Take myself and I will be

Ever, only, all for Thee,

Ever, only, all for Thee.

“I Love to Tell the Story”

1. I love to tell the story  
of unseen things above,  
of Jesus and his glory,  
of Jesus and his love.  
I love to tell the story,  
because I know 'tis true;  
it satisfies my longings  
as nothing else can do.

Refrain:  
I love to tell the story,  
'twill be my theme in glory,  
to tell the old, old story  
of Jesus and his love.  
  
2. I love to tell the story;  
more wonderful it seems  
than all the golden fancies  
of all our golden dreams.  
I love to tell the story,  
it did so much for me;  
and that is just the reason  
I tell it now to thee.  
(Refrain)

4. I love to tell the story,  
for those who know it best  
seem hungering and thirsting  
to hear it like the rest.  
And when, in scenes of glory,  
I sing the new, new song,  
'twill be the old, old story  
that I have loved so long.  
(Refrain)