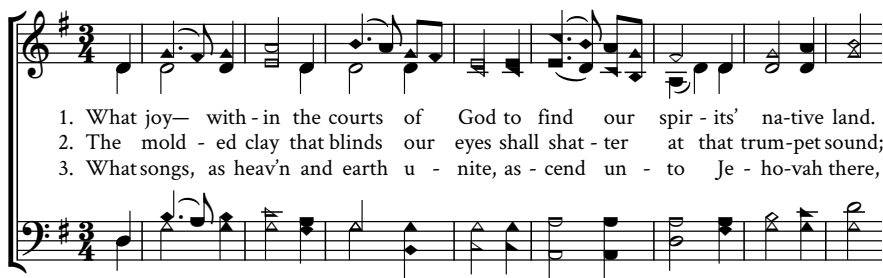
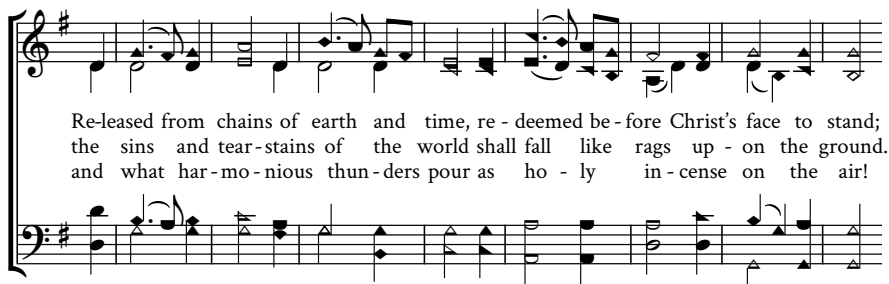


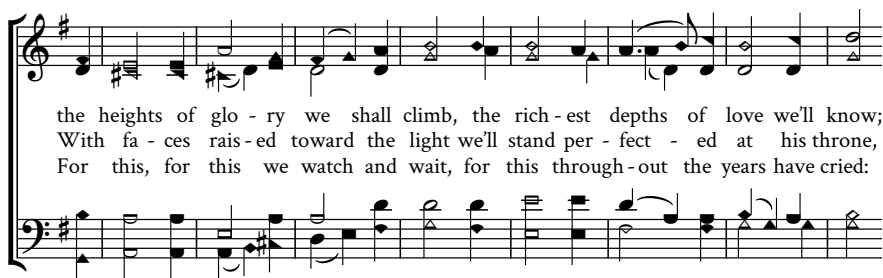
What Joy—Within the Courts of God



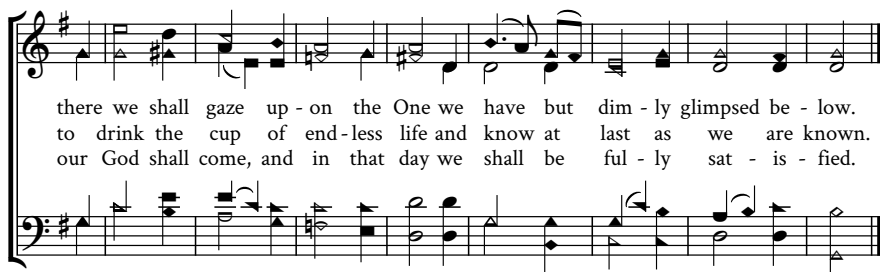
1. What joy— with - in the courts of God to find our spir - its' na-tive land.
2. The mold - ed clay that blinds our eyes shall shat - ter at that trum-pet sound;
3. What songs, as heav'n and earth u - nite, as - cend un - to Je - ho-vah there,



Re-leased from chains of earth and time, re - deemed be - fore Christ's face to stand;
the sins and tear-stains of the world shall fall like rags up - on the ground,
and what har-mo-nious thun-ders pour as ho - ly in - cense on the air!



the heights of glo - ry we shall climb, the rich - est depths of love we'll know;
With fa - ces rais-ed toward the light we'll stand per - fect - ed at his throne,
For this, for this we watch and wait, for this through-out the years have cried:



there we shall gaze up - on the One we have but dim - ly glimpsed be - low.
to drink the cup of end-less life and know at last as we are known.
our God shall come, and in that day we shall be ful - ly sat - is - fied.

TEXT: Claudia Esh, 2011

MUSIC: Lyle Stutzman, 2012

RIVERTON

LMD

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