

# 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 salva- tion!

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 salva- tion!