Joy Is a Fruit That Will Not Grow

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: WINCHESTER OLD

| d - | m - - m r - d - | f - f - m - r - |
Joy is a fruit that will not grow In

| m - s - s - fe - | s - - - - - m - |
nature's barren foil; All

| l - - s f - m - | r - d - t, - m - |
we can boast, till Christ we know, Is

| r - d - d - t, - | d - - - |
vanity and toil.

The other verses

2 But where the Lord has planted grace;
And made his glories known;
There fruits of heavenly joy and peace
Are found, and there alone.

3 A bleeding Savior seen by faith,
A sense of pard'ning love;
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above.

4 To take a glimpse within the veil,
To know that God is mine;
Are springs of joy that never fail,
Unspeakably divine!

5 These are the joys which satisfy,
And sanctify the mind;
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

6 No more, believers, mourn your lot,
But if you are the Lord'S;
Resign to them that know him not,
Such joys as earth affords.

Tune WINCHESTER OLD by Thomas Este (died undefined) and George Kirbye (died 1634); words by John Newton (1725–1807). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.