

Come, Thank the Lord with Me

by Ken Behrens

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Come, thank the Lord with me, raise your joy - ful cry.

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Sing and dance His glor - y to the lands with a sonf that will nev - er die.

9

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1. From storms of life I in - voked His name, and His
2. Through des - ert might I wan - dered far,
3. Moun - tains of e - vil cir - cle us round as
4. 'Mid shouts of thanks Je - sus car - ries in our

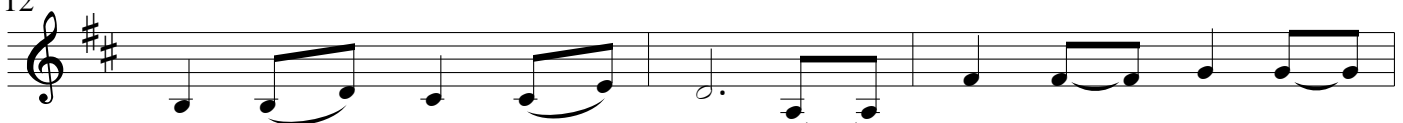
12

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glor - y be - gan to shine, 'til joy in my heart was the
seek - ing my lov - er, my King. Then He struck with His rod my
rock - hard - ened hearts blodk His day. But the Lord ad - van - ces and
hearts of liv - ing stone for His tem - ple, the New Je -

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end of the rain, and in Him the vic - tory is mine.
sto - ney cart, and cre - a - ted a liv - ing spring.
levels the ground, and his fi - re o - pens a way.
ru - sa - lem. The Day of the Lord has come.