

Richard Ruane, Joy That Carries Me

The joy it carries me I know
Yes the joy it carries me
Anywhere that I may go
The joy it carries me
The time will come at last
Our days spent here is past
Still I know I'll see
The joy that carries me I know
The joy that carries me
The joy that carries me I know
The joy that carries me
Joy that carries me

We get the birds that sing in the spreading leaves
And the joy it carries me
Morning sun and the evening breeze
And the joy it carries me
Winter stars and the August moon
And the joy it carries me
A lover's touch and a mournful tune
And the joy it carries me

There may come a day
When these things fade away
Still I know I'll see
The joy that carries me I know
The joy that carries me
The joy that carries me I know
The joy that carries me
Joy that carries me

Our lives can get so hard at times
Still the joy it carries me
Darkness seems to fill our minds
The joy it carries me
The day will come at last
The hard times, they are past
And I know I'll see
The joy that carries me I know
The joy that carries me
The joy that carries me I know
The joy that carries me
Joy that carries me
Carries me
That carries me
That carries, carries, carries me
Carries me
Joy that carries me