In the Service of My King

1. To the harvest fields I will gladly go, In the service of my King; With a song of love to the faint and low, In the service of my King. In the service of my King, my heavenly King! In the service of my King, my heavenly King!

2. Let me ever work with a willing hand, In the service of my King; Guided by His word, each command, In the service of my King.

3. Let me win some soul that his life may be, In the blessed service of my King, my heavenly King! In the service of my King, my heavenly King!

4. Just a kindly word or a song or pray'r, In the blessed service of my King; That the lost may turn and His glory share, In the blessed service of my King. In the blessed service of my King, my heavenly King! In the blessed service of my King, my heavenly King!

Words and Music: Tillit S. Teddie (1919)

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It is glory here,

joy beyond compare,

In the service of my King!

In the blessed service of my King!