

WITHOUT MONEY, WITHOUT PRICE



To everything there is a price
In shop or store or mart;
It may be great, it may be small,
But we see where it is marked.

Ah, and well should it be so,
The laborer's worthy hire;
Time, materials, and work
Do all a price require.

Without to pay, I cannot buy,
And must go home without it;
Another will the purchase make,
And there is none to doubt it.

Oh, and ah, but there's a Kingdom,
A sure realm of happiness.
That may be had, and free to all,
And with no indebtedness.

Wine and milk without money,
Happiness without a price;
Freely offered, freely given,
Can be had in Jesus Christ.

Once I wandered, lost, and lonely,
Captive to myself and sin;
Every day a dark foreboding,
Darkness all without, within.

Then came the day I called on God,
Who heard my faint and feeble cry,
Quickly to my aid came flying,
Healed and helped and drew me nigh.

I was poor as Bartimeus,

Not a penny could I pay,
Not a mite and not a farthing,
Just a 'pov'rished piece of clay.

But all of God's endless riches
Gave to me eternal life;
Now I'm an heir to all of Heav'n,
Without money, without price.