

Now Shall My Inward Joys Arise

1. Now shall my in - ward joys a - rise, And
 2. God on His thirst - y Zi - on hill Some
 3. Why do we then in - dulse our fears, Sus -
 4. Can a kind wom - an e'er for - get The
 5. "Yet," saith the Lord, "should na - ture change, And
 6. "Deep on the palms of both My hands I

melody

5
 burst in - to a song; Al - might - y love in -
 mer - cy drops has thrown, And sol - emn oaths have
 pi - cions, and com - plaints? Is He a God, and
 in - fant of her womb? And 'mongst a thou - sand
 moth - ers mon - sters prove, Zi - on still dwells up -
 have en - graved her name; My hands shall raise her

10
 spires my heart, And pleas - ure tunes my tongue.
 bound His love To show'r sal - va - tion down.
 shall His grace Grow wea - ry of His saints?
 ten - der thoughts Her suck - ling have no room?
 on the heart Of ev - er - last - ing love.
 ru - ined walls, And build her bro - ken frame?"

Music: William Billings (1746–1800)
 Text: Isaac Watts (1674–1748)

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