

## 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

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

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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