

Africa

Isaac Watts

William Billings



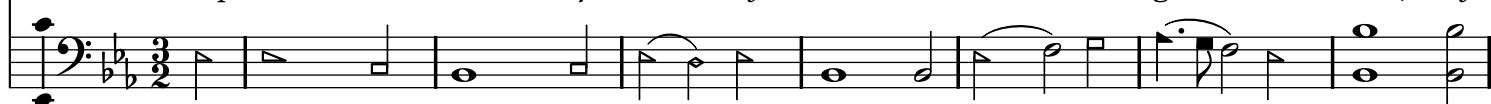
1. Now shall my in - ward joy a - rise, And burst in - to a song; Al-
2. *God on his thir - sty Si - on - Hill Some Mer - cy- Drops has thrown, And*
3. Why do we then in - dulse our Fears, Su - spi - cions and Complaints? Is
4. *Can a kind Wo - man e'er for - get The in - fant of her Womb, And*
5. Yet, saith the Lord, should Na - ture change, And Mo - thers Mon - sters prove, Si-
6. *Deep on the Palms of both my Hands I have En-grav'd her Name, My*



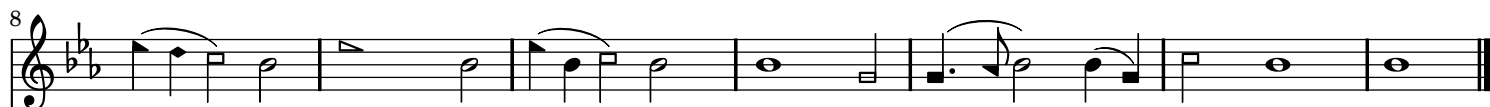
1. Now shall my in - ward joy a - rise, And burst in - to a song; Al-
2. *God on his thir - sty Si - on - Hill Some Mer - cy- Drops has thrown, And*
3. Why do we then in - dulse our Fears, Su - spi - cions and Complaints? Is
4. *Can a kind Wo - man e'er for - get The in - fant of her Womb, And*
5. Yet, saith the Lord, should Na - ture change, And Mo - thers Mon - sters prove, Si-
6. *Deep on the Palms of both my Hands I have En-grav'd her Name, My*



1. Now shall my in - ward joy a - rise, And burst in - to a song; Al-
2. *God on his thir - sty Si - on - Hill Some Mer - cy- Drops has thrown, And*
3. Why do we then in - dulse our Fears, Su - spi - cions and Complaints? Is
4. *Can a kind Wo - man e'er for - get The in - fant of her Womb, And*
5. Yet, saith the Lord, should Na - ture change, And Mo - thers Mon - sters prove, Si-
6. *Deep on the Palms of both my Hands I have En - grav'd her Name, My*



1. Now shall my in - ward joy a - rise, And burst in - to a song; Al-
2. *God on his thir - sty Si - on - Hill Some Mer - cy- Drops has thrown, And*
3. Why do we then in - dulse our Fears, Su - spi - cions and Complaints? Is
4. *Can a kind Wo - man e'er for - get The in - fant of her Womb, And*
5. Yet, saith the Lord, should Na - ture change, And Mo - thers Mon - sters prove, Si-
6. *Deep on the Palms of both my Hands I have En - grav'd her Name, My*



migh - ty Love in - spires my heart, and Plea - sure tunes my tongue.
 so - lemn Oaths have bound his Love To shower Sal - va - tion down.
 he a God and shall his Grace Grow wear - y of his Saints?
 'mongst a thou - sand ten - der Thoughts Her Suck - ling have no room?
 on still dwells up - on the Heart Of E - ver - last - ing Love.
 Hands shall raise her ru - in'd Walls, And build her bro - ken Frame.



migh - ty Love in - spires my heart, and Plea - sure tunes my tongue.
 so - lemn Oaths have bound his Love To shower Sal - va - tion down.
 he a God and shall his Grace Grow wear - y of his Saints?
 'mongst a thou - sand ten - der Thoughts Her Suck - ling have no room?
 on still dwells up - on the Heart Of E - ver - last - ing Love.
 Hands shall raise her ru - in'd Walls, And build her bro - ken Frame.



migh - ty Love in - spires my heart, and Plea - sure tunes my tongue.
 so - lemn Oaths have bound his Love To shower Sal - va - tion down.
 he a God and shall his Grace Grow wear - y of his Saints?
 'mongst a thou - sand ten - der Thoughts Her Suck - ling have no room?
 on still dwells up - on the Heart Of E - ver - last - ing Love.
 Hands shall raise her ru - in'd Walls, And build her bro - ken Frame.



migh - ty Love in - spires my heart, and Plea - sure tunes my tongue.
 so - lemn Oaths have bound his Love To shower Sal - va - tion down.
 he a God and shall his Grace Grow wear - y of his Saints?
 'mongst a thou - sand ten - der Thoughts Her Suck - ling have no room?
 on still dwells up - on the Heart Of E - ver - last - ing Love.
 Hands shall raise her ru - in'd Walls, And build her bro - ken Frame.