# Bless'd with the Joy of Innocence

**Doh is Eb · 4/4** Tune: ST. PETER

| s - | d' - t - l - s - | s - f - m - m - |
Bless'd with the joy of innocence A-

| r - d - f - m - | r - - - - - m - |
dam, our father, stood, Till

| f - m - l - s - | s - f - m - d - |
he debas'd his soul to sense, And

| m - r - d - t, - | d - - - - - |
ate th'unlawful food.

## The other verses

2 Now we are born a sensual race,
To sinful joys inclin'd;
Reason has lost its native place,
And flesh enslaves the mind.

3 While flesh and sense and passion reigns,
Sin is the sweetest good:
We fancy music in our chains,
And so forget the load.

4 Great God, renew our ruin'd frame,
Our broken powers restore,
Inspire us with a heavenly flame,
And flesh shall reign no more.

5 Eternal Spirit, write thy law
Upon our inward parts,
And let the second Adam draw
His image on our hearts.

Tune ST. PETER by Alexander R. Reinagle (died undefined); words by Isaac Watts (1674–1748). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.