How Shall My Inward Joys Arise

Doh is D · 4/4 Tune: CAITHNESS

| d - | m - f - s - d - | t, - d - r - m - |
How shall my inward joys arise And

| f - s - l - l - | s - - - - - s - |
burst into a song, Al-

| l - t - d' - m - | f - s - l - s - |
mighty love in- spires my heart, And

| f - m - r - r - | d - - - - - |
pleasure tunes my tongue.

The other verses

2 God on his thirsty Sion-hill
Some mercy-drops has thrown,
And solemn oaths have bound his love
To shower salvation down.

3 Why do we then indulge our fears,
Suspicions and complaints?
Is he a God, and shall his grace
Grow weary of his saints?

4 Can a kind woman e'er forget
The infant of her womb,
And 'mongst a thousand tender thoughts
Her suckling have no room?

5 "Yet (saith the Lord) should nature change,
"And mothers monsters prove,
"Sion still dwells upon the heart
"Of everlasting love.

6 "Deep on the palms of both my hands
"I have engrav'd her name,
"My hands shall raise her ruin'd walls,
"And build her broken frame."

Tune CAITHNESS (Scottish Psalter); 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.