When God Restor'd Our Captive State

Doh is G · 4/4 Tune: OLD HUNDREDTH

| d - - - d - t, - | l, - s, - d - r - |
When God re- stor'd our captive

| m - - - m - - - | m - m - r - d - |
state, Joy was our song, and

| f - m - r - - - | d - - - r - m - |
grace our theme; The grace be-

| r - d - l, - t, - | d - - - s - - - |
yond our hopes so great, That

| m - d - r - f - | m - r - d - - - |
joy appear'd a painted dream.

The other verses

2 The scoffer owns thy hand, and pays
Unwilling honours to thy Name;
While we with pleasure shout thy praise,
With cheerful notes thy love proclaim.

3 When we review our dismal fears,
'Twas hard to think they'd vanish so;
With God we left our flowing tears,
He makes our joys like rivers flow.

4 The man that in his furrow'd field
His scatter'd seed with sadness leaves,
Will shout to see the harvest yield
A welcome load of joyful sheaves.

Tune OLD HUNDREDTH by Louis Bourgeois (1510–1560); 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.