

# 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*



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