Africa

Isaac Watts

1. Now shall my inward joy arise, And burst into a song; Al-
2. God on his thirsty Sin on Hill Some Mercy-Drops has thrown, And
3. Why do we then indulge our Fears, Suspicions and Complaints? Is
4. Can a kind Woman e'er forget The infant of her Womb, And
5. Yet, saith the Lord, should Nature change, And Mothers Monsters prove, Si-
6. Deep on the Palms of both my Hands I have En-grav'd her Name, My

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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?
’tmongst a thou-sand ten-der Thoughts Her Suck-ing have no room?
on still dwells up-on the Heart Of Ever-last-ing Love.
Hands shall raise her ru-in’d Walls, And build her bro-ken Frame.

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