

Bolderwood CM

G Major, Isaac Watts

Ed Johnson-Williams, August 2025

1. Now shall my inward joys a-rise, And burst in-to a song; Almighty love in-spires my heart, And plea-sure tunes my tongue. And tongue.

2. God, on His thir-sty Zi-on's hill, Some mer-cy drops has thrown; And solemn oaths have bound His love To show'r sal-va-tion down. To down.

3. Why do we then in-dulge our fears, Sus-pic-ions and complaints? Is He a God, and shall His grace Grow wea-ry of His saints? Grow saints?