

Treble

1. When God restored our captive state, Joy was our song, and grace our theme The grace beyond our hopes so great
2. The scoffer owns thy hand, and pays Unwilling honors to Thy name; While we with pleasure shout thy praise,

Tenor

3. When we review our dismal fears, 'Twas hard to think they'd vanish so; With God we left our flowing tears,
4. The man that in his furrowed field His scattered seed with sadness leaves, Will shout to see the harvest yield

Bass

Tr.

That joy appeared a painted dream, That joy appeared a painted dream.
With cheerful notes Thy love proclaim, With cheerful notes Thy love proclaim..

T.

He makes our joys like rivers flow, He makes our joys like rivers flow.
A welcome load of joyful sheaves, A welcome load of joyful sheaves.

B.