

# Washington-Street

Now shall my inward Joys arise

William Billings  
(1746-1800)

Soprano

Now shall my in - ward \_\_\_ Joys a - rise, \_\_\_ And burst \_\_\_ in - to a

Alto

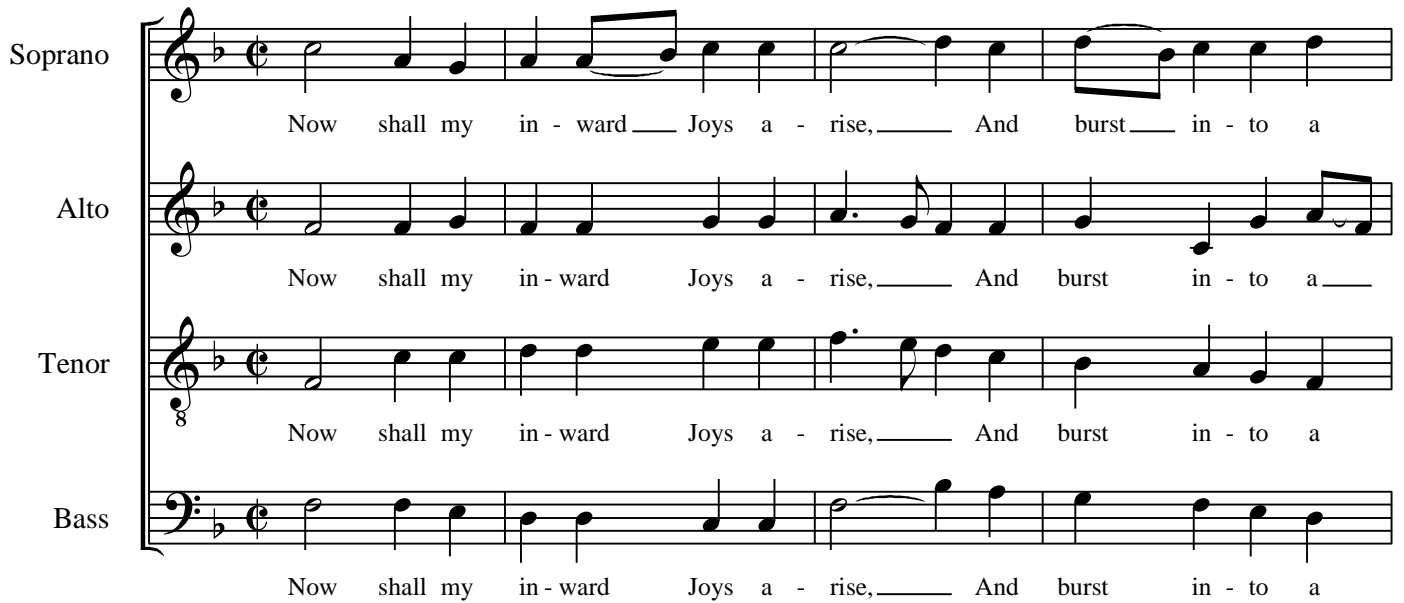
Now shall my in - ward Joys a - rise, \_\_\_ And burst in - to a \_\_\_

Tenor

Now shall my in - ward Joys a - rise, \_\_\_ And burst in - to a

Bass

Now shall my in - ward Joys a - rise, \_\_\_ And burst in - to a



5

S

Song; Al - mighty Love in - spires my Heart, And Pleas - ure tunes my

A

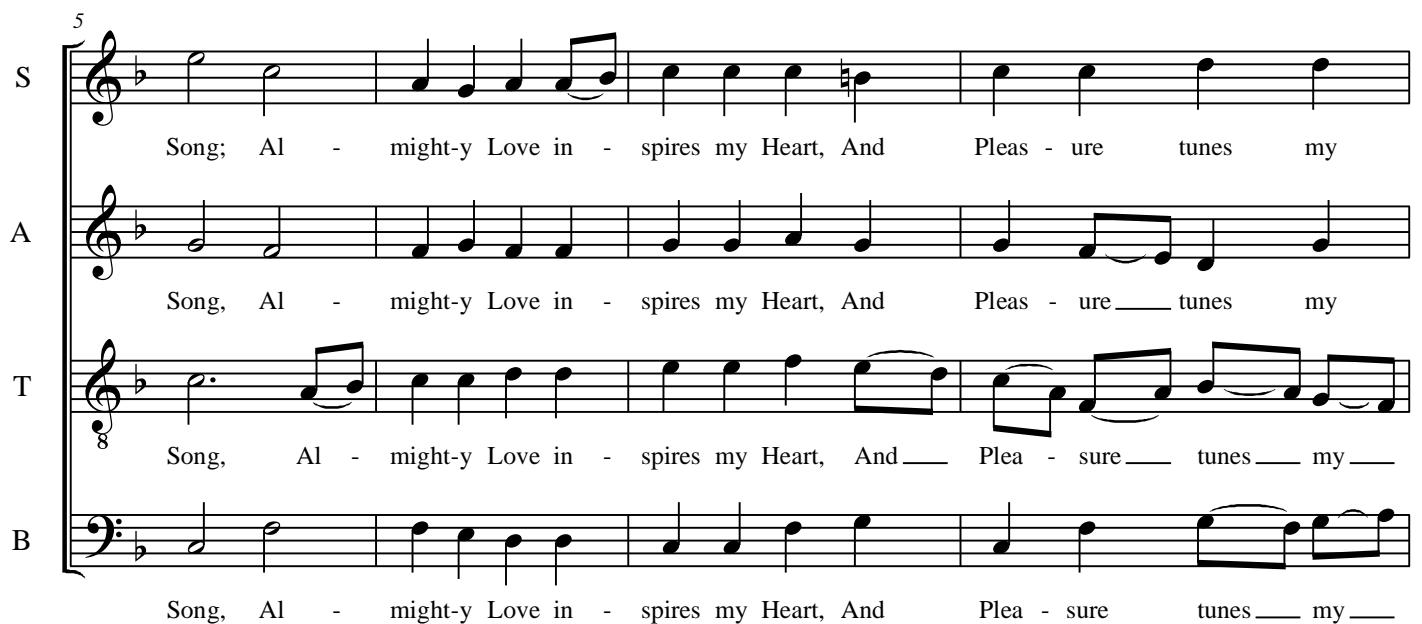
Song, Al - mighty Love in - spires my Heart, And Pleas - ure \_\_\_ tunes my

T

Song, Al - mighty Love in - spires my Heart, And \_\_\_ Plea - sure \_\_\_ tunes \_\_\_ my \_\_\_

B

Song, Al - mighty Love in - spires my Heart, And Plea - sure tunes \_\_\_ my \_\_\_



9

S  
Tongue, \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ Plea - sure tunes my Tongue.

A  
Tongue, \_\_\_\_\_ And Plea - sure tunes my Tongue.

T  
8  
Tongue, \_\_\_\_\_ And Plea - sure tunes my Tongue.

B  
Tongue, \_\_\_\_\_ And Plea - sure tunes my Tongue. Al -

13

S  
Al - - -

A  
Al - - -

T  
8  
Al - might - y Love \_\_\_\_\_ in -

B  
might - y \_\_\_\_\_ Love in - spires \_\_\_\_\_ my \_\_\_\_\_ Heart, And Pleas - ure \_\_\_\_\_ tunes my

16

S  
might - y Love in - spires \_\_\_\_\_ my \_\_\_\_\_ Heart, Al - might - y \_\_\_\_\_ Love in -

A  
might - y \_\_\_\_\_ Love in - spires my \_\_\_\_\_ Heart, Al - might - y \_\_\_\_\_ Love in

T  
8  
spires \_\_\_\_\_ my \_\_\_\_\_ Heart, And Plea - sure tunes, and \_\_\_\_\_ Pleas - ure \_\_\_\_\_ tunes, and \_\_\_\_\_

B  
Tongue, \_\_\_\_\_ Al - might - y \_\_\_\_\_ Love in -

19

S  
spires my Heart, And Plea - sure tunes my Tongue,

A  
spires my Heart, And Plea - sure tunes, and Plea - sure tunes my

T  
8 Plea - sure tunes, and Plea - sure tunes, and Pleas - ure tunes my

B  
spires my Heart, And Plea - sure tunes my Tongue,

22

S  
Al - might - y Love in - spires my Heart, And

A  
Tongue, Al - might - y Love in - spires my Heart, And

T  
8 Tongue, Al - might - y Love in - spires my Heart, And

B  
Al - might - y - Love in - spires my Heart, And

25

S  
Plea - sure tunes, and Plea - sure tunes my Tongue.

A  
Plea - sure tunes, and Plea - sure tunes my Tongue.

T  
8 Pleas - ure tunes, and Plea - sure tunes my Tongue.

B  
Pleas - ure tunes, and Plea - sure tunes my Tongue.

2. God on his thirsty Zion-hill  
Some mercy-drops has thrown,  
And solemn oaths have bound his love  
To shower salvation down.
3. Why do we, then, indulge our fears,  
Suspensions, and complaints?  
Is he a God, and shall his grace  
Grow weary of his saints?
4. Can a kind woman e'er forget  
The infant of her womb?  
And 'mongst a thousand tender thoughts,  
Her suckling have no room?
5. Yet, says the Lord, should nature change,  
And mothers monsters prove,  
Zion still dwells upon the heart  
Of everlasting love.
6. Deep on the Palms of both my Hands  
I have engrav'd Her Name:  
My Hands shall raise her ruin'd Walls,  
And build her broken Frame.

Text by Isaac Watts (1674–1748), based on Isaiah 49.