

New Salem

Treble
Counter
Tenor
Bass
Tr.
C.
T.
B.

1. Now shall my in-ward joys a-rise, And burst in-to a song; Al - migh - ty love in -
Al - migh - ty love in - spires my heart, and
migh - ty love in - spires my heart, And plea - sure tunes my tongue, And plea - sure tunes my tongue.
Al - migh - ty love in - spires my heart, And plea - sure tunes my tongue, And plea - sure tunes my tongue.
spires my heart, And plea - sure tunes my tongue, And plea - sure tunes my tongue.
plea - sure tunes my tongue, And plea - sure tunes my tongue. Al -

2. God on his thirsty Zion hill
Some mercy drops has thrown,
And solemn oaths have bound his love
To shower salvation down.

4. Can a kind woman e'er forget
The infant of her womb?
And 'mongst a thousand tender thoughts
Her suckling have no room?

6. "Deep on the palms of both my hands
I have engraved her name;
My hands shall raise her ruined walls,
And build her broken frame."

3. Why do we then indulge our fears,
Suspicious, and complaints?
Is he a God, and shall his grace
Grow weary of his saints?

5. "Yet," saith the Lord, "should nature change,
And mothers monsters prove,
Zion still dwells upon the heart
Of everlasting love.