

New Salem

1. Now shall my in-ward joys a-rise, And burst — in-to a song;

Al - migh - ty love in - spires my heart, And plea - sure tunes my
 Al - migh - ty love in - spires my heart, And
 Al - migh - ty love in - spires my heart, And plea - sure tunes my
 migh ty love in - spires my heart, and plea - sure tunes my

tongue, And plea - sure tunes my tongue. 1. 2.
 plea - sure tunes my tongue, And plea - sure tunes my tongue.
 tongue, And plea - sure tunes my tongue.
 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,
 Suspicions, 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.