William Billings

Africa
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Transcribed from *The Singing Master's Assistant*

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Now shall my inward joys a-rise, And burst into a Song. Al-
God on his th'ry Zi on hill, Some mer-cy drops has thrown, And
Why do we then in-dulge our fears, Sus-picions, and com-plains? Is
Can a kind wo-man e'er for-get The in-fant of her womb? And
"Yet," saith the Lord, "should na-ture change, And mo-thers mon-sters prove, Zi-
"Deep on the palms of both my hands I have en-graved her name; My

might - y love  in spires  my Heart, And pleas - ure tunes my tongue.
sol - emn oaths have bound_ his love To show - er sal -va -tion down.
he___ a God, and shall__ his grace Grow wear - y of his saints?
'mongst_ a thou - sand ten - der thoughts Her suck - ling have no room?
on___ still dwells up - on___ the heart Of ev - er last -ing love.
hands_ shall raise her ru - ni - ned walls, And build___ her_ bro - ken frame?"