
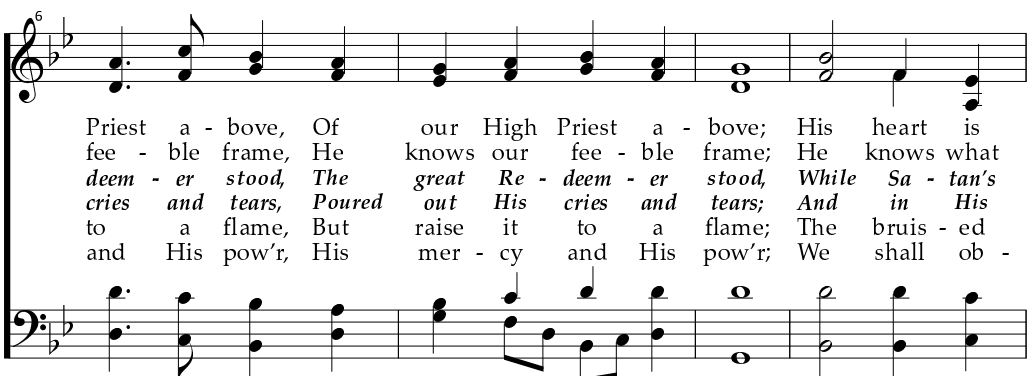


With Joy We Meditate the Grace



1. With joy we med - i - tate the grace Of our High
 2. Touched with a sym - path - y with - in, He knows our
 3. But spot - less, in - no - cent, and pure The great Re -
 4. He, in the days of fee - ble flesh, Poured out His
 5. He'll nev - er quench the smok - ing flax, But raise it
 6. Then let our hum - ble faith ad - dress His mer - cy



Priest a - bove, Of our High Priest a - bove; His heart is
 fee - ble frame, He knows our fee - ble frame; He knows what
 deem - er stood, The great Re - deem - er stood; While Sa - tan's
 cries and tears, Poured out His cries and tears; And in His
 to a flame, But raise it to a flame; The bruised
 and His pow'r, His mer - cy and His pow'r; We shall ob -



made of ten - der - ness, His heart is made of ten - der -
 sore temp - ta - tions mean, He knows what sore temp - ta - tions
 fier - y darts He bore, While Sa - tan's fier - y darts He
 meas - ure feels a - fresh, And in His meas - ure feels a -
 reed He nev - er breaks, The bruised reed He nev - er
 tain de - liv - 'ring grace, We shall ob - tain de - liv - 'ring



ness, It o - - - ver - flows with love.
 mean, For He has felt the same.
 bore, And did re - sist to blood.
 fresh What ev - - - 'ry mem - ber bears.
 breaks, Nor scorns the mean - est name.
 grace In each dis - tress - ing hour.