

HYMN

With joy we meditate the grace

Capo 1: D Em D G A D Bm A D E A

1 With joy we med - i - tate the grace of our high priest a - bove;
 2 Touched with a sym - pa - thy with - in, he knows our fee - ble frame;
 3 But spot - less, in - no - cent, and pure, the great Re - deem - er stood,

D Am G F#m Bm D A D Em Bm A D

his heart is made of ten - der - ness and ev - er yearns with love.
 he knows what sore temp - ta - tions mean, for he has felt the same.
 while Sa - tan's fie - ry darts he bore and did re - sist to blood.

- 4 He in the days of feeble flesh
 poured out his cries and tears,
 and in his measure feels afresh
 what every member bears.
- 5 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
 but raise it to a flame;
 the bruised reed he never breaks,
 nor scorns the meanest name.
- 6 Then let our humble faith address
 his mercy and his power;
 we shall obtain delivering grace
 in the distressing hour.