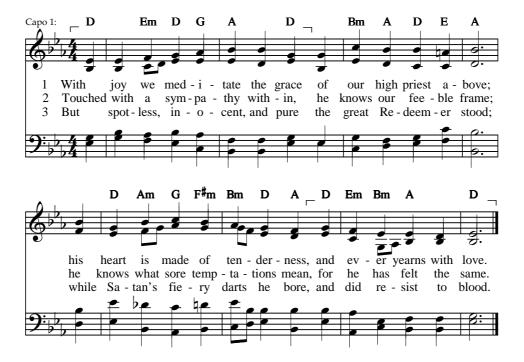
With joy we meditate the grace



- 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.

Text: Isaac Watts, 1674–1748 Tune: Scottish Psalter Edinburgh, 1615