With Joy We Meditate the Grace

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: WINCHESTER OLD

| d - | m - - m r - d - | f - f - m - r - |
With joy we medi- tate the grace Of

| m - s - s - fe - | s - - - - - m - |
our High Priest a- bove; His

| l - - s f - m - | r - d - t, - m - |
heart is made of tenderness, His

| r - d - d - t, - | d - - - |
bowels melt with love.

The other verses

2 Touch'd with a sympathy within
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

3 But spotless, innocent, and pure
The great Redeemer stood,
While Satan's fiery darts he bore,
And did resist to blood.

4 He in the days of feeble flesh
Pour'd 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.

Tune WINCHESTER OLD by Thomas Este (died undefined) and George Kirbye (died 1634); words by Isaac Watts (1674–1748). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.