1. With joy we meditate the grace of
2. Touched with a sympathy within, he
3. He in the days of feeble flesh poured
4. He'll never quench the smoking flax, but
5. Then let our humble faith address his

our High Priest above; his heart is made of
knows our feeble frame; he knows what sore temp-
out his cries and tears; and, in his measure,
raise it to a flame; the bruised reed he
mercy and his pow'r: we shall obtain de-

tender ness, and ever yearns with love.
tations mean for he has felt the same.
feels a fresh what ev'ry member bears.
never breaks, nor scorns the mean est name.
liv'ring grace in ev'ry need ful hour.

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