With joy we meditate the grace of our High Priest above; his heart is made of tenderness, and ever yearns with love.

Touched with a sympathy within, he knows our feeble frame; he knows what sore temptations mean for he has felt the same.

He in the days of feeble flesh poured out his cries and tears; and, in his measure, feels afresh what every member bears.

He'll never quench the smoking flax, but raise it to a flame; the bruised reed he never breaks, nor scorns the meanest name.

Then let our humble faith address his mercy and his power: we shall obtain delivering grace in every needful hour.

Words: Isaac Watts (1674-1748)
Music: Melody adapted from Michael Haydn (1737-1806)