

With joy we meditate the grace

(FRIEDRICH. C.M.)

Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

Georg-Friedrich Haendel (1685-1759)

♩ = 75

1. With joy we med - i - tate the grace Of God's High Priest a -
 2. Touched with a sym - pa - thy with - in, He knows our fee - ble
 3. But spot-less, un - de - filed and pure, The great Re - deem - er

bove ; His heart is filled with ten - der - ness, His
 frame ; He knows what sore temp - ta - tions mean For
 stood ; While Sa - tan's fie - ry darts He bore And

ve - ry name is Love. His ve - ry name is Love.
 He has felt the same. For He has felt the same.
 did re - sist to blood. And did re - sist to blood.

4. He, in the days of sorrowing flesh,
 Poured out His cries and tears,
 And, though ascended, feels afresh
 What every member bears. (*bis*)

5. Then boldly let our faith address
 The throne of grace and power :
 We shall obtain delivering grace
 In every needed hour. (*bis*)

Alternate Tunes : Belmont, 184 ; Merton, 243.