

With joy we meditate the grace

(FRIEDRICH. C.M.)

Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

Georg-Friedrich Haendel (1685-1759)

$\text{♩} = 75$

1. With joy we med - i - tate the grace Of
2. Touched with a sym - pa - thy with - in, He

God's High Priest a - bove; His
knows our fee - ble frame; He

heart is filled with ten - der - ness, His
knows what sore temp - ta - tions mean For

ve - ry name is Love. His ve - ry name is Love.
He has felt the same. For He has felt the same.

3. But spotless, undefiled and pure,
The great Redeemer stood;
While Satan's fiery darts He bore
And did resist to blood. (*bis*)

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.