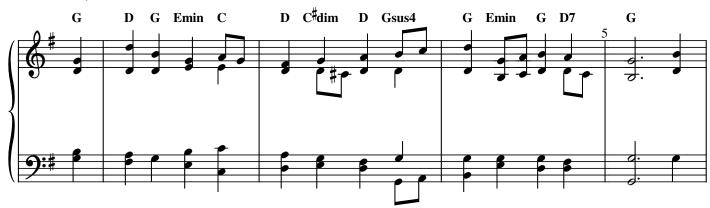
## With Joy we Meditate the Grace

William Jones, 1789 St. Stephen C.M.





With joy we meditate the grace Of our High Priest above; His heart is made of tenderness, His bowels melt with love.

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

But spotless, innocent, and pure, The great Redeemer stood, While Satan's fiery darts He bore, And did resist to blood. 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 bruisèd 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 the distressing hour.

Isaac Watts

www.smallchurchmusic.com