

WITH joy we meditate the grace  
Of our High Priest above;  
His heart is made of tenderness,  
It overflows with love.

- 2 Touched with a sympathy within,  
He knows our feeble frame;  
He knows what sore temptations mean,  
For He has felt the same.
- 3 But spotless, innocent, and pure,  
The great Redeemer stood,  
While Satan's fiery darts He bore,  
And did resist to blood.
- 4 He, in the days of feeble flesh,  
Poured out His cries and tears;  
And, in His measure, feels afresh  
What every member bears.
- 5 He'll never quench the smoking flax,  
But raise it to a flame:  
The bruised reed He never breaks,  
Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 6 Then let our humble faith address  
His mercy and His power:  
We shall obtain delivering grace  
In the distressing hour.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*