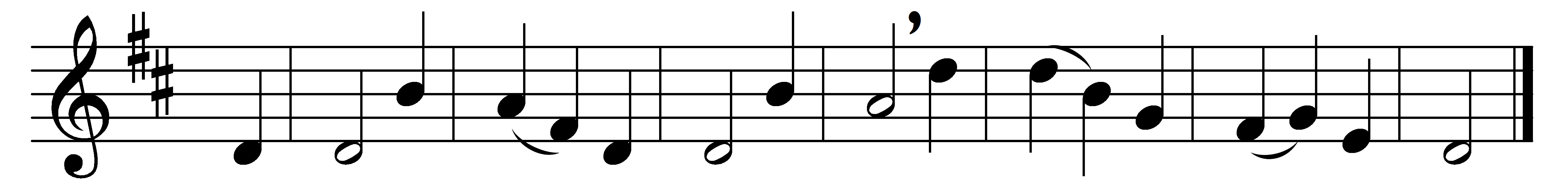
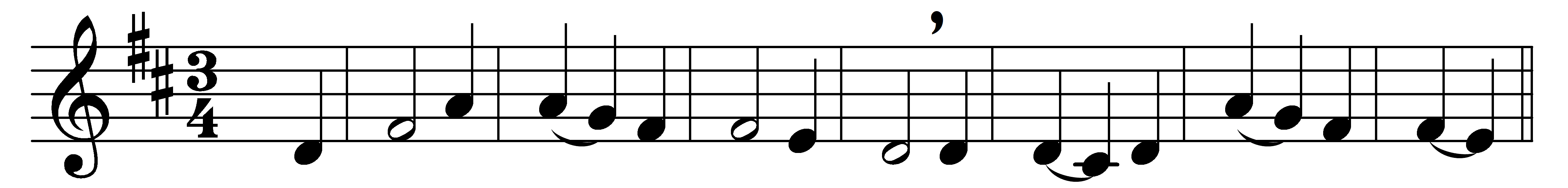
With joy we meditate the grace AMNS 530 Melody: Salzburg C.M.



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 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 every needful hour.

Words: Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

Music: Melody adapted from Michael Haydn (1737-1806)