

1. With joy we med - i - tate the grace Of our High Priest a -bove, Of our High Priest a - bove; His heart is made

2. Touch'd with a sym - pa - thy with - in, He knows our fee-ble frame, He knows our fee - ble frame; He knows what sore

3. He, in the days of fee - ble flesh Pour'd outstrong cries and tears, Pour'd out strong cries and tears, And in his mea

4. He'll nev - er quench the smo - king flax, But raise it to a flame, But raise it to a flame: The bruis - ed reed  
 5. Then let our hum - ble faith ad - dress His mer - cy and his pow'r, His mer - cy and his pow'r; We shall ob - tain

of ten - der - ness, His heart is made of ten - der - ness, His bow - els melt with love.

temp - ta - tions mean, He knows what sore temp - ta - tions mean For he has felt the same.

sure feels a - fresh, And in his mea - sure feels a - fresh What ey - 'ry mem - ber bears.

he nev - er breaks, The bruis - ed reed he nev - er breaks, Nor scorns the mean - est name.  
 de - liv - 'ring grace, We shall ob - tain de - liv - 'ring grace In the di - stress - ing hour.