

**With Joy We Meditate The Grace
by Charles Wesley**

**1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High-priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels yearn with love.**

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

**3 He in the days of feeble flesh
Poured out his cries and tears;
And, though exalted, feels afresh
What every member bears.**

**4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.**

**5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power:
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.**