

In Tenderness He Sought Me

W. Spencer Walton, 1894.

Adoniram Gordon(1836-1895)

In tenderness He sought me,
Weary and sick with sin;
And on His shoulders brought me
Back to His fold again.
While angels in His presence sang
Until the courts of Heaven rang.

Refrain

Oh, the love that sought me!
Oh, the blood that bought me!
Oh, the grace that brought me to the fold,
Wondrous grace that brought me to the fold.

He washed the bleeding sin wounds,
And poured in oil and wine;
He whispered to assure me,
"I've found thee, thou art Mine";
I never heard a sweeter voice;
It made my aching heart rejoice!

Refrain

He pointed to the nail prints,
For me His blood was shed,
A mocking crown so thorny
Was placed upon His head;
I wondered what He saw in me,
To suffer such deep agony.

Refrain

I'm sitting in His presence,
The sunshine of His face,
While with adoring wonder
His blessings I retrace.
It seems as if eternal days
Are far too short to sound His praise.

Refrain

So while the hours are passing,
All now is perfect rest,
I'm waiting for the morning,
The brightest and the best,
When He will call us to His side,
To be with Him, His spotless bride.

Refrain