

In Tenderness He Sought Me-Ira Sankey

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

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 Oil And Wine
He Whispered To Assure Me
"i've Found You, You Are Mine,"
I Never Heard A Sweeter Voice
It Made My Aching Heart Rejoice

He Pointed To The Nailprints
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

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

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.