

With Joy We Contemplate The Grace

Lyrics: Isaac Watts, 1674-1748, adapted

Reverently

Music: Steven Tomer

1. With joy we con-tem - plate the grace of our dear Lord a -
2. He, in the days of fee - ble flesh, poured out His soul in

bove; His heart is made of ten - der - ness, His bow - els melt with
tears, and in His meas - ure feels a - fresh what ev - 'ry mem - ber

love. Touch'd with a sym - pa - thy with - in, He knows our fee - ble
bears. Then let our hum - ble faith ad - dress His mer - cy and His

frame; He knows what sore temp - ta - tions mean, for He has felt the same.
pow'r; We shall ob - tain de - liv'ring grace in each dis - tress - ing hour.

Music Copyright 2014, Steven Tomer. All Rights Reserved.

This song may be copied for incidental, non-commercial church or home use.

Lyrics included in the 1841 LDS Hymnbook.