

# With Joy We Contemplate The Grace

Lyrics: Isaac Watts, 1674-1748, adapted

Brightly

Music: Steven Tomer

1. With joy we con-tem - plate the grace of our dear Lord a - bove; His  
2. He, in the days of fee - ble flesh, poured out His soul in tears, and  
3. He casts not out the pen - i - tent, but bids all, "Come to me!" He'll

5 heart is made of ten - der - ness, His bow - els melt with love. Touch'd  
in His meas - ure feels a - fresh what ev - 'ry mem - ber bears. Then  
lead us to a joy - ful rest for all e - ter - ni - ty. With

9 with a sym - pa - thy with - in, He knows our fee - ble frame; He  
let our hum - ble faith ad - dress His mer - cy and His pow'r; We  
faith in His a - ton - ing blood, we'll co - ve - nant a - new to

13 knows what sore temp - ta - tions mean, for He has felt the same.  
shall ob - tain de - liv' - ring grace in each dis - tress - ing hour.  
take up - on us Je - sus' name, and to His name be true.

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Lyrics included in the 1841 LDS Hymnbook.