

(P. M.)

W. Spencer Walton

A. J. Gordon

1. In ten - der-ness He sought me, Wear - y and sick with sin, And on His shoulders
 2. He washed the bleed-ing sinwounds, And poured in oil and wine; He whispered to as-
 3. He point - ed to the nail-prints; For me His blood was shed, A mock-ing crown so

brought me Back to Him-self a - gain; While ti - dings of the lost one found Made
 sure me, "I've found thee; thou art Mine"; I nev - er heard a sweet - er voice, It
 thorn - y Was placed up - on His head: I won-dered what He saw in me To

REFRAIN

heav-en's courts with praise re - sound.
 made my ach - ing heart re - joice. Oh, the love that sought me! Oh, the blood that bought me!
 suf - fer such deep ag - o - ny.

Oh, the grace that brought me to Him-self, Wondrous grace that brought me to Him-self.

4 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.

5 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 me to His side,
 The portion of His spotless bride.