

## Hymn 1068

1. In tenderness He sought me,  
Weary and sick with sin,  
And on His shoulders brought me  
Into His flock 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 flock,  
Wondrous grace that brought me to the flock!

2. 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.
3. 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.
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 us to His side,  
To be with Him, His spotless Bride.