In Tenderness He Sought Me

1. In tend-er-ness He sought me, Wea-ry and sick with sin, And on His shoul-ders brought me Back to His fold a-gain, While an-gels in His pres-ence sang Un-til the courts of heav-en rang.

2. He washed the bleed-ing sin-wounds, And poured in oil and wine, He mock-ing crown so thorn-y, Was placed up-on His head: I nev-er heard a sweet-er voice, It made my aching heart re-joice!

3. He point-ed to the nail-prints, For me His blood was shed, A with a-dor-ing won-der His bless-ings I re-trace, It won-dered what He saw in me, To suf-fer such deep ag-o-ny. He will call us to His side, To be with Him, His spot-less bride.

4. I'm sit-ting in His pres-ence, The sun-shine of His face, While wait-ing for the morn-ing, The bright-est and the best, When seems as if e-ter-nal days Are far too short to sound His praise.

5. So while the hours are pass-ing, All now is per-fect rest; I'm Chorus

Oh, the love that sought me! Oh, the blood that bought me! Oh, the grace that

Words: W. Spencer Walton
Music: A. J. Gordon
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brought me to the fold, Wondrous grace that brought me to the fold!