In Tenderness He Sought Me

1. In tenderness He sought me, Weary and sick with sin, And
   on His shoulders brought me Back to His fold again, While
   angels in His presence sang Until the courts of heaven rang.

2. He washed the bleeding sins wounds, And poured in oil and wine; He
   mock ing crown so thorn y, Was placed upon His head; 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
   with adoring wonder His blessings I retrace, It
   wondered what He saw in me, To suffer such deep agony.

4. I'm sitting in His presence, The sunshine of His face, While
   waiting for the morning, The brightest and the best, When
   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
   Chorus
   Oh, the love that sought me! Oh, the blood that bought me! Oh, the grace that

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brought me to the fold, Wondrous grace that brought me to the fold!