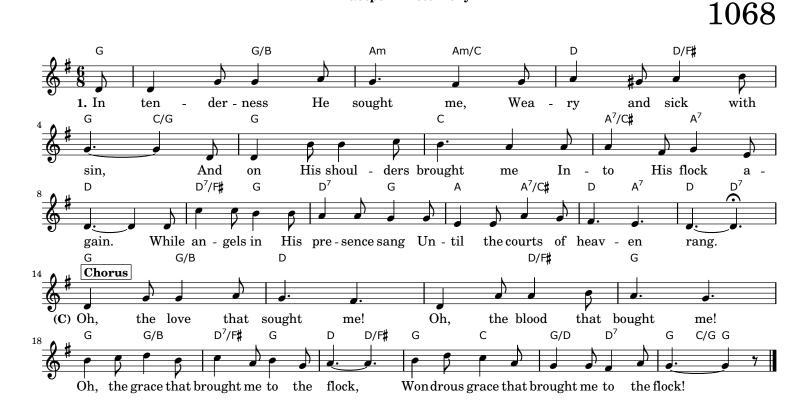
In tenderness He sought me

Gospel — Testimony



- 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.