So Tender, So Precious

1. So tender, so precious, My Savior to me; So true and so
2. So patient, so kindly Tow'rd all of my ways; I blunder so
3. Of all friends the fairest And truest is He; His love is the
4. His beauty, tho' bleeding And circled with thorns, Is then most ex-

Chorus

gracious I've found Him to be.
blindly- He love still repays.
rarerest That ever can be. How can I but love Him? But
ceeding, For grief Him adorns.

love Him, but love Him? There's no friend above Him, Poor sinner, for thee.