

Thou Lovely Source Of True Delight

Jars Of Clay

Thou lovely source of true delight whom I unseen adore
Unveil Thy beauties to my sight that I might love Thee more
Oh that I might love Thee more
Thy glory o'er creation shines yet in Thy sacred word
I read in fairer brighter lines my bleeding, dying Lord
Oh my bleeding, dying Lord
'Tis here whene'er my comforts droop and sin and sorrows rise
Thy love with cheering beams of hope my fainting heart supplies
My fainting heart's supplied
And ah too soon the pleasing scene is clouded over with pain
My gloomy fears rise dark between and I again complain

Oh and I again complain
Jesus my Lord, my life, my light, oh come with blissful ray
Break radiant through the shades of night and chase my fears away
Won't you chase my fears away
Then shall my soul with rapture trace the wonders of Thy love
But the full glories of Thy face are only known above
They are only known above
Oh come let us adore
My bleeding dying Lord

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