

## Hymn

## Jars of Clay

Oh refuge of my hardened heart  
Oh fast pursuing lover come  
As angels dance 'round Your throne  
My life by captured fare You own

Not silhouette of trodden faith  
Nor death shall not my steps be guide  
I'll pirouette upon mine grave  
For in Your path I'll run and hide

Oh gaze of love so melt my pride  
That I may in Your house but kneel  
And in my brokenness to cry  
Spring worship unto Thee

When beauty breaks the spell of pain  
The bludgeoned heart shall burst in vain  
But not when love be pointed king  
And truth shall Thee forever reign

Oh gaze of love so melt my pride  
That I may in Your house but kneel  
And in my brokenness to cry  
Spring worship unto Thee

Sweet Jesus carry me away  
From cold of night, and dust of day  
In ragged hour or salt worn eye  
Be my desire, my well sprung lye

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