

Thou Lovely Source of True Delight

Anne Steele, 1760.

Hugh Wilson, 1800.

Thou lovely source of true delight,

Whom I unseen adore;

Unveil Thy beauties to my sight,

That I may love Thee more.

Thy glory o'er creation shines;

But in Thy sacred Word,

I read in fairer, brighter lines,

My bleeding, dying Lord.

'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,

And sins and sorrows rise,

Thy love with cheerful beams of hope,

My fainting heart supplies.

Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light,

O come with blissful ray;

Break radiant through the shades of night,

And 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.