

Beauty Of The Lord

John Mark McMillan

Don't leave me out in the wild
But raise me up like a child
In a place where Your mercy persists
And laughter is on our lips

I want to live, I want to exist
In the sight of your fire and splendor
And on dark days my heart will remember

That I've seen Your Holy Colors
Felt the cracking of Your thunders
If I've been born again into a house of many wonders
I've been saved by the beauty of the Lord
I've been saved by the beauty of the Lord

Don't leave me out in the cold
Beckon me into the fold
Of mercy that never grows old
Only deeper and bold

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In the sight of your fire and splendor
I want to live, I want to exist
In the sight of your fire and splendor
And on dark days my heart will remember

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And I surrender
To the tender mercy You render
I surrender to your heart

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To the tender mercy You render
I surrender to your heart

Again
(And I surrender)
Again
(To the tender)
Again
(Mercies you render)
I surrender to your heart

Again
(And I surrender)
Again
(To the tender)
Again

(Mercies you render)
I surrender to your heart

(And I surrender
To the tender mercy You render)
I surrender to your heart

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