

Christy Nockels, Song Of The Beautiful

The broken, weary and poor
Finding You are the cure
The weak and dying, glorifying
You in it all
It's the song of the beautiful, Jesus loves me
It's the song of the beautiful, Jesus saved me
The song of the redeemed, the echoes of those made free
It's the song of the beautiful, Jesus loves me
He loves me
The fallen back on their feet
The fatherless now complete
The innocent suffering, rising from wounding
To find You were there all along
It's the song of the beautiful, Jesus loves me
It's the song of the beautiful, Jesus saved me
The song of the redeemed, the echoes of those made free
It's the song of the beautiful, Jesus loves me
Oh, how He loves me
Oh, how He loves me
Oh, how He loves me
Oh, how He loves me
The broken, the beautiful
The prodigal running home
The widow never alone
The one who is waiting, rising and singing
You, Jesus You are my all
It's the song of the beautiful, Jesus loves me
It's the song of the beautiful, Jesus saved me
The song of the redeemed, the echoes of those made free
It's the song of the beautiful, Jesus loves me
He loves me, He loves me
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