



1. How sweet the Name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!
2. It makes the wound-ed spir - it whole, And calms the trou - bled breast;
3. Dear Name! the Rock on which I build, My Shield and Hid - ing place;
4. Je - sus, my Shep-herd, Hus-band, Friend, My Proph-et, Priest, and King;



It soothes his sor-rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.
 'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry rest.
 My nev - er - fail - ing Treas-ury, filled With bound-less stores of grace.
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End, Ac - cept the praise I bring.



5. Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest thought:
 But when I see Thee as Thou art,
 I'll praise Thee as I ought.

6. Till then I would Thy love proclaim,
 With every fleeting breath;
 And may the music of Thy Name
 Refresh my soul in death.