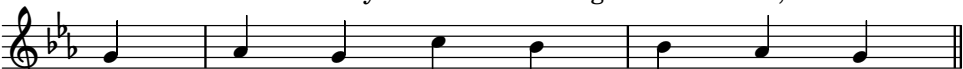


1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds  
 2. It makes the wound - ed spi - rit whole,  
 3. Dear name! the rock on which I build,  
 4. Je - sus! my Shep - herd, Hus - band, Friend,  
 5. Weak is the ef - fort of my heart,  
 6. Till then I would Thy love pro - claim



In a be - liev - er's ear!  
 And calms the trou - bled breast;  
 My shield and hid - ing - place,  
 My Pro - phet, Priest, and King,  
 And cold my warm - est thought;  
 With ev' - ry fleet - ing breath;



It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds,  
 'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul,  
 My ne - ver - fail - ing treas - ury, filled  
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
 But when I see Thee as Thou art,  
 and my the mu - sic of Thy name



And drives a - way his fear.  
 And to the wea - ry rest.  
 With bound - less stores of grace.  
 Ac - cept the praise I bring.  
 I'll praise Thee as I ought.  
 Re - fresh my soul in death.