

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds in a believer's ear! It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, and drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole, and calms the troubled breast; 'tis manna to the hungry soul, and to the weary rest.

Dear name! the rock on which I build, my shield and hiding-place, my never-failing treasury filled with boundless stores of grace.

Jesus! my Shepherd, Brother, Friend, my Prophet, Priest, and King, my Lord, my Life, my Way, my End, accept the praise I bring.

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.

Till then I would thy love proclaim with every fleeting breath; and may the music of thy name refresh my soul in death.

Words: John Newton (1725-1807) Music: A. R. Reinagle (1799-1877)