

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, Guardian, Friend, My Proph-et, Priest, and King!

6

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.