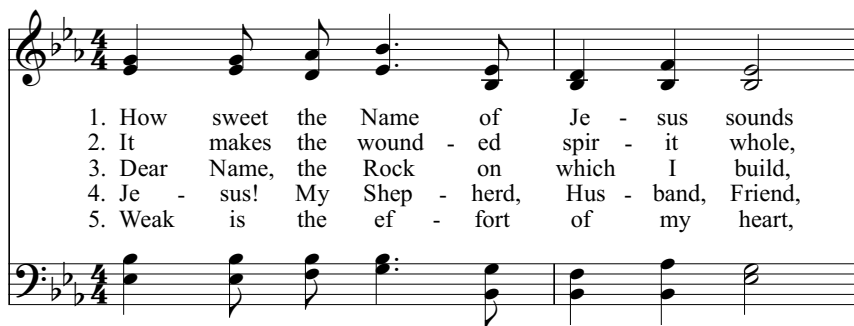
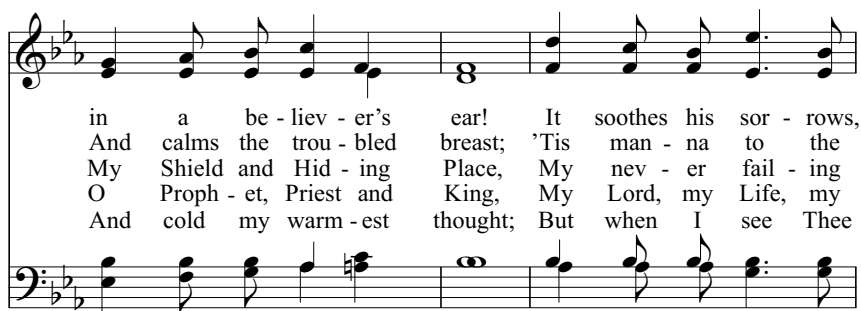


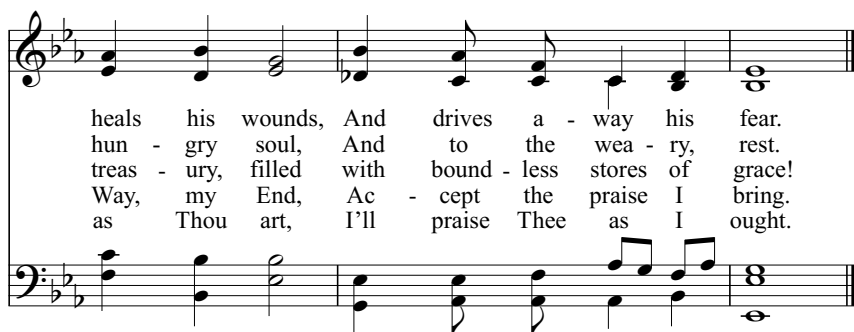
John Newton



1. How sweet the Name of Je - sus sounds
 2. It makes the wound - ed spir - it 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,



in a be - liev - er's ear! It soothes his sor - rows,
 And calms the trou - bled breast; 'Tis man - na to the
 My Shield and Hid - ing Place, My nev - er fail - ing
 O Proph - et, Priest and King, My Lord, my Life, my
 And cold my warm - est thought; But when I see Thee



heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.
 hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry, rest.
 treas - ury, filled with bound - less stores of grace!
 Way, my End, Ac - cept the praise I bring.
 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!