1. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds In a believer’s ear!
2. It makes the wounded spirit whole And calms the troubled breast,
3. Weak is the effort of my heart, And cold my warmest thought;
4. Till then, I would Thy love proclaim With every fleeting breath;

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear.
'Tis manna to the hungry soul, And to the weary, rest.
But when I see Thee as Thou art, I'll praise Thee as I ought.
And may the music of Thy name Refresh my soul in death.

Words: John Newton
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