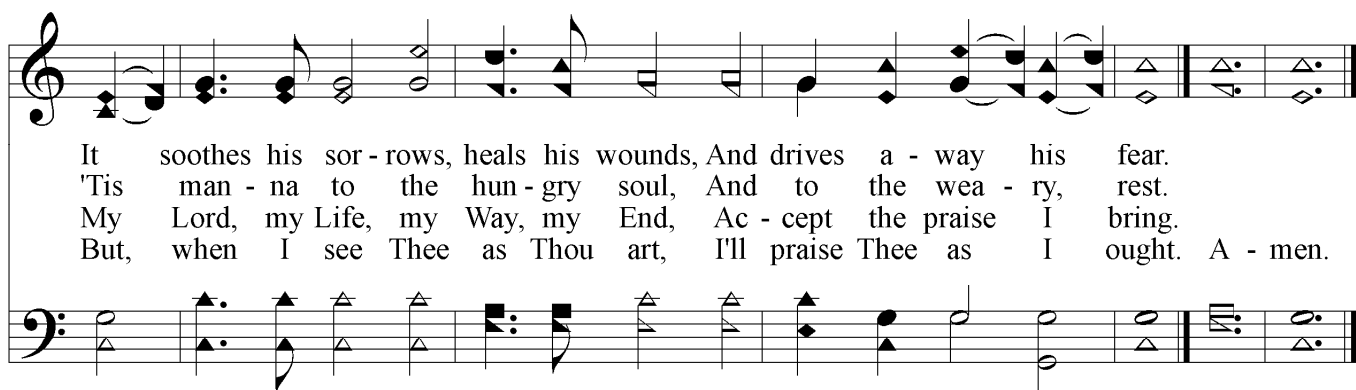


Heber C. M.



1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!
2. It makes the wound - ed spir - it who! And calms, the trou - bled breast;
3. Je - sus, my Shep - herd, Guard - ian, Friend, My Proph - et, Priest and King,—
4. Weak is the ef - fort of my heart, And cold my warm - est thought;



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 Lord, my Life, my Way, my End, Ac - cept the praise I bring.
But, when I see Thee as Thou art, I'll praise Thee as I ought. A - men.