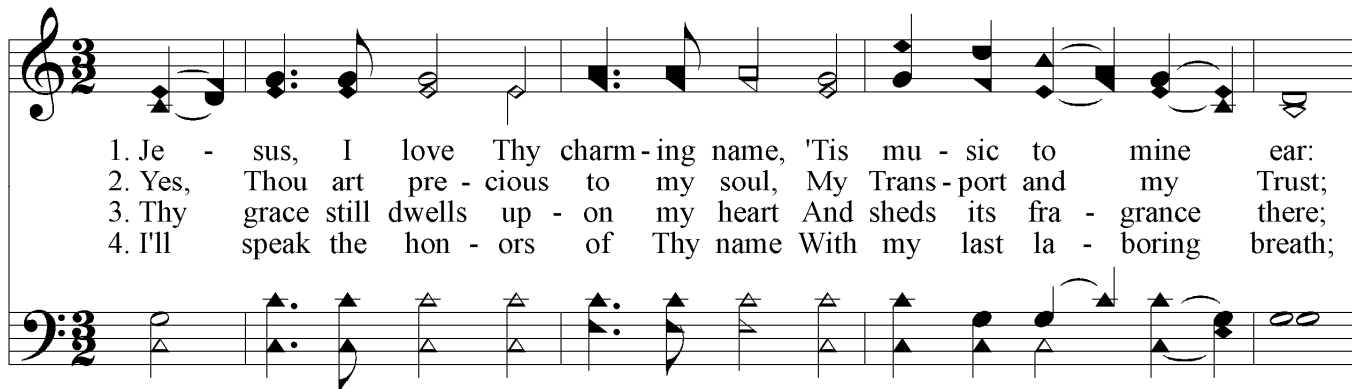


# Heber C. M.



1. Je - sus, I love Thy charm - ing name, 'Tis mu - sic to mine ear:  
2. Yes, Thou art pre - cious to my soul, My Trans - port and my Trust;  
3. Thy grace still dwells up - on my heart And sheds its fra - grance there;  
4. I'll speak the hon - ors of Thy name With my last la - boring breath;



Fain would I sound it out so loud That earth and heav'n should hear.  
Jew - els to Thee are gaud - y toys, And gold is sor - did dust.  
The nobl - est balm of all its wounds, The cor - dial of its care.  
Then, speech - less, clasp Thee in mine arms, The an - ti - dote of death. A - men.