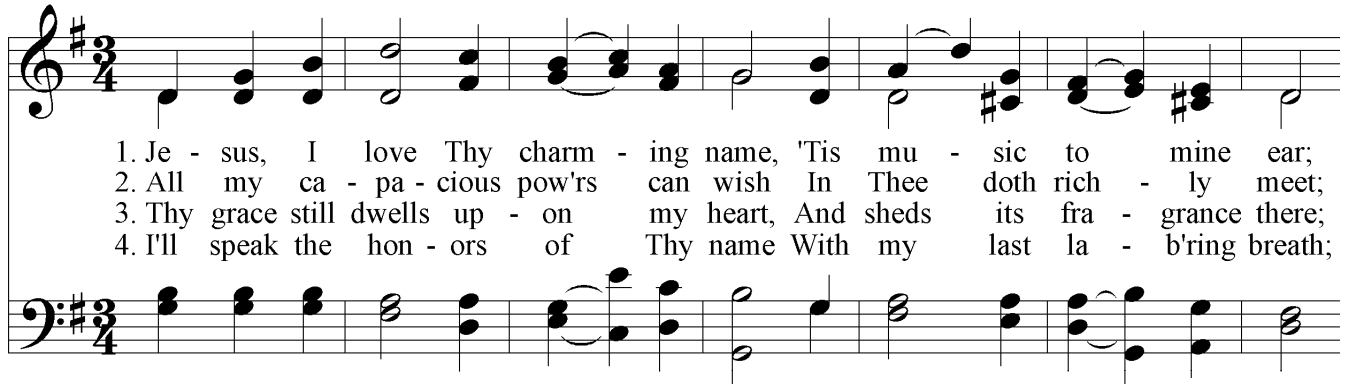
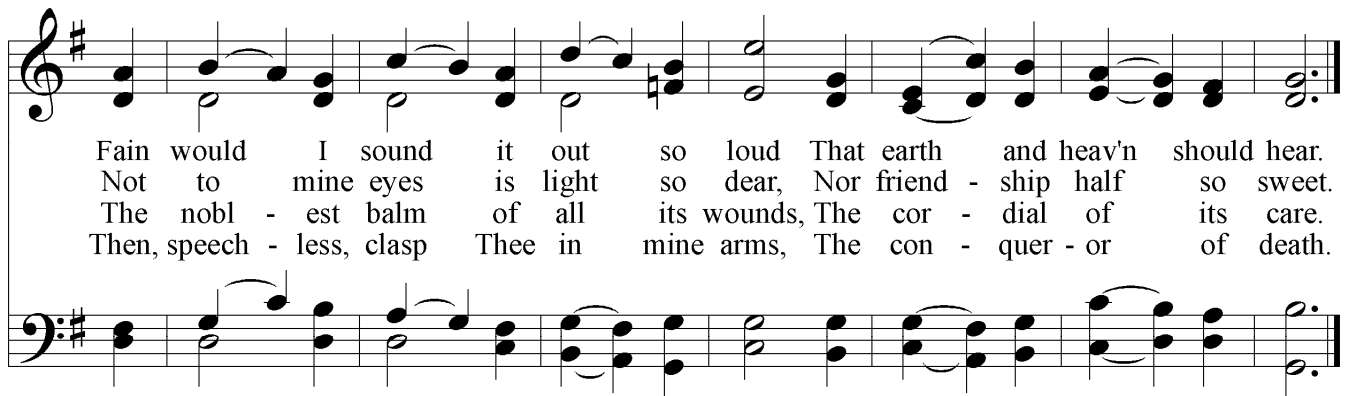


# Jesus, I Love Thy Charming Name

CHESTERFIELD C. M.



1. Je - sus, I love Thy charm - ing name, 'Tis mu - sic to mine ear;  
2. All my ca - pa - cious pow'rs can wish In Thee doth rich - ly meet;  
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 - b'ring breath;



Fain would I sound it out so loud That earth and heav'n should hear.  
Not to mine eyes is light so dear, Nor friend - ship half so sweet.  
The nobl - est balm of all its wounds, The cor - dial of its care.  
Then, speech - less, clasp Thee in mine arms, The con - quer - or of death.