

(Los Angeles, C. M.)

Frederick Whitfield



1. There is a Name we love to hear, We love to sing its worth;
 2. It tells us of a Saviour's love, Who died to set us free;
 3. Je-sus! the Name we love so well, The Name we love to hear!



It sounds like mu - sic in our ear, The sweet-est Name on earth.
 It tells us of His pre-cious blood, The sin-ner's per - fect plea.
 No saint on earth its worth can tell, No heart con-ceive how dear.



- 4 This Name shall shed its fragrance still
 Along this thorny road,
 Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill
 That leads us up to God.
- 5 And there the whole triumphant throng,
 Of blood-bought saints on high,
 Shall sing the new, eternal song
 With Jesus ever nigh.

Alternate tune: No. 165.