

(Los Angeles. C. M.)

Fred. 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.