Jesus, I love Thy charming Name





Jesus, I love Thy charming name, 'Tis music to mine ear; Fain would I sound it out so loud That earth and Heaven should hear.

Yes, Thou art precious to my soul, My transport and my trust; Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys, And gold is sordid dust.

All my capacious powers can wish In Thee doth richly meet; Not to mine eyes is light so dear, Nor friendship half so sweet. Thy grace still dwells upon my heart, And sheds its fragrance there; The noblest balm of all its wounds, The cordial of its care.

I'll speak the honours of Thy name With my last lab'ring breath; Then, speechless clasp Thee in mine arms, The antidote of death.

Philip Doddridge