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There Is a Name I Love

Name. C.M.

F. WHITFIELD

MAY CHENEVIX-TRENCH

1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth;  
 2. It tells me of a Sav-iour's love, Who died to set me free;  
 3. It tells me of a Fa-ther's smile, Beam-ing up - on His child;  
 4. Je - sus, the name I love so well, The name I love to hear;  
 5. This name shall shed its fra-grance still A - long this thorn - y road,

It sounds like mu - sic in mine ear, The sweet-est name on earth.  
 It tells me of His pre-cious blood, The sin-ner's per-fect plea.  
 It cheers me through this lit - tle while, Through des-ert waste and wild.  
 No saint on earth its worth can tell, No heart con-ceive how dear.  
 Shall sweet-ly smooth the rug - ged hill That leads me up to God.

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Come, Sound His Praise

Waugh. S.M.

ISAAC WATTS

RALPH HARRISON

1. Come, sound His praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing;  
 2. He formed the deeps un - known, He gave the seas their bound;  
 3. Come, wor - ship at His throne, Come, how be - fore the Lord;  
 4. To - day at - tend His voice, Nor dare pro - voke His rod;

Je - ho - vah is the sov - er-ign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King.  
 The wa - tery worlds are all His own, And His the sol - id ground.  
 We are His work, and not our own; He formed us by His word.  
 Come, like the peo - ple of His choice, And own your gra-cious God.