

1. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds

in a believer's ear!
It soothes our sorrows, heals our wounds,
and drives away our fear.

2. It makes the wounded spirit whole,
and calms the troubled breast;
'tis manna to the hungry soul,
and to the weary, rest.

3. Dear name! the rock on which I build,
my shield and hiding-place,
my never-failing treasury filled
with boundless stores of grace.

4. Jesus! my shepherd, brother,
friend,
my prophet, priest, and king,
my Lord, my life, my way, my end,
accept the praise I bring.

5. Weak is the effort of my heart,
and cold my warmest thought;
but when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

6. Till then I would thy love
proclaim
with every fleeting breath;
and may the music of thy name
refresh my soul in death.

1. The King of love my shepherd is,

whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am his
and he is mine for ever.

2. Where streams of living water
flow
my ransomed soul he leadeth,
and where the verdant pastures
grow
with food celestial feedeth.

3. Perverse and foolish oft I
strayed,
but yet in love he sought me,
and on his shoulder gently laid,
and home, rejoicing, brought me.

4. In death's dark vale I fear no ill
with thee, dear Lord, beside me;
thy rod and staff my comfort still,
thy cross before to guide me.

5. Thou spread'st a table in my
sight,
thy unction grace bestoweth;
and O what transport of delight
from thy pure chalice floweth!

6. And so through all the length of
days
thy goodness faileth never:
good Shepherd, may I sing thy
praise
within thy house for ever.

1 At the Lamb's high feast we sing

praise to our victorious King,
who hath washed us in the tide
flowing from his piercèd side;
praise we him, whose love divine
gives his sacred blood for wine,
gives his body for the feast,
Christ the victim, Christ the priest.

2. Where the paschal blood is
poured,
death's dark angel sheathes his
sword;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
through the wave that drowns the
foe.
Praise we Christ, whose blood was
shed,
paschal victim, paschal bread;
with sincerity and love
eat we manna from above.

3. Mighty victim from the sky
Hell's fierce powers within thee lie;
thou hast conquered in the fight,
thou hast brought us life and light.
Now no more can death appal,
now no more the grave enthral:
thou hast opened paradise,
and in thee thy saints shall rise.

4. Easter triumph, Easter joy,
Sin alone can this destroy;
from sin's pow'r do thou set free
souls new-born, O Lord, in thee.
Hymns of glory and of praise,
risen Lord, to thee we raise;
holy Father, praise to thee,
with the Spirit, ever be.

1 Great is thy faithfulness, O God, my Father,

there is no shadow of turning with
thee;
thou changest not; thy
compassions, they fail not;
as thou hast been thou forever wilt
be.

Refrain:

Great is thy faithfulness!

Great is thy faithfulness!

*Morning by morning new mercies I
see;*

*all I have needed thy hand has
provided,*

*great is thy faithfulness, Lord unto
me!*

2. Summer and winter, and
springtime and harvest,
sun, moon, and stars in their
courses above,
join with all nature in manifold
witness
to thy great faithfulness, mercy and
love. *Refrain:*

3. Pardon for sin and a peace that
endureth,
thy own dear presence to cheer
and to guide,
strength for today and bright hope
for tomorrow,
blessings all mine, with ten
thousand beside! *Refrain:*

