

SALEM C. M.

“Thy name is as ointment poured forth.”—Songs of Sol. 1:8

John Newton, 1779 Key of F Major

“Dossey’s Choice” page 58

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear;
2. It makes the wound - ed spir - it whole, And calms the trou - bled breast;

3. Dear name! the Rock on which I build, My shield and hid - ing place;
4. Je - sus! my shep - herd, hus - band, friend, My proph - et, priest, and king;

5. Weak is the ef - fort of my heart, And cold my warm - est thought,
6. Till then I would Thy love pro - claim With ev - 'ry fleet - ing breath;

It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear,
'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry rest,

My nev - er - fail - ing treas - ury, filled With bound - less stores of grace,
My Lord, my life, my way, my end, Ac - cept the praise I bring,

But when I see Thee as Thou art, I'll praise Thee as I ought,
And may the mu - sic of Thy name Re - fresh my soul in death,

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And drives a - way his fear, And drives a - way his fear,
And to the wea - ry rest, And to the wea - ry rest,

With bound - less stores of grace, With bound - less stores of grace,
Ac - cept the praise I bring, Ac - cept the praise I bring,

I'll praise Thee as I ought, I'll praise Thee as I ought,
Re - fresh my soul in death, Re - fresh my soul in death,

It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.
'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry rest.

My nev - er - fail - ing treas - ury, filled With bound - less stores of grace.
My Lord, my life, my way, my end, Ac - cept the praise I bring.

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