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

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

3. Thy grace still dwells upon my heart And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds, The cordial of its care.

4. I'll speak the honors of Thy name With my last laboring breath;