

How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds 123

To those who call on the name of our Lord Jesus Christ: Grace and peace to you. 1 Corinthians 1:2-3



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, Broth - er, Friend, My Proph - et, Priest and King,



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 trea - sure, filled With bound-less stores of grace!
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End, Ac - cept the praise I bring.



TEXT: John Newton
MUSIC: Alexander R. Reinagle

ST. PETER
C.M.

572 Blessed Assurance

Let us draw near to God with a sincere heart in full assurance of faith. Hebrews 10:22

1. Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! O what a fore-taste of
 2. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, per-fect de - light! Vi - sions of rap - ture now
 3. Per - fect sub - mis - sion - all is at rest, I in my Sav - ior am

glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, pur - chase of God,
 burst on my sight; An - gels de - scend - ing bring from a - bove
 hap - py and blest; Watch-ing and wait - ing, look - ing a - bove,

Optional descant

This is my sto - ry,
Refrain
 Born of His Spir - it, washed in His blood.
 Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto - ry,
 Filled with His good - ness, lost in His love.

this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav - ior all the day long; This is my
 this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav - ior all the day long; This is my

sto - ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav - ior all the day long.
 sto - ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav - ior all the day long.

342 Rock of Ages

They drank from the spiritual rock that accompanied them; that rock was Christ. 1 Corinthians 10:4

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
 2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan - guor know,
 3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flowed,
 These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
 When I rise to worlds un - known And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,

Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
 In my hand no price I bring; Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

TEXT: Augustus M. Toplady
 MUSIC: Thomas Hastings

TOPLADY
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