

## ORTONVILLE. C.M.

John Newton

T. Hastings

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear! It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear, and drives a - way his fear.

2. It makes the wound - ed spir - it whole, And calms the trou - bled breast; 'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry, rest, And to the wea - ry, rest.

3. Je - sus, my Shep - herd, Hus - band, Friend, My Proph - et, Priest and King, My Lord, my life, my way, my end, Ac - cept the praise I bring, Ac - cept the praise I bring.

4. Weak is the ef - fort of my heart, And cold, my warm - est tho't; But when I see Thee as Thou art, I'll praise Thee as I ought, I'll praise Thee as I ought.

5. Till then, I would Thy love pro - claim, With ev - 'ry fleet - ing breath, And may the mu - sic of Thy name Re - fresh my soul in death, Re - fresh my soul in death.