

Dearest of All the Names Above

Isaac Watts, 1707-9.

William Arnold.

Dearest of all the names above,  
My Jesus, and my God,  
Who can resist Thy heav'nly love,  
Or trifle with Thy blood?

'Tis by the merits of Thy death  
The Father smiles again;  
'Tis by Thine interceding breath  
The Spirit dwells with men.

Till God in human flesh I see,  
My thoughts no comfort find;  
The holy, just, and sacred Three  
Are terrors to my mind.

But if Immanuel's face appear,  
My hope, my joy begins;  
His name forbids my slavish fear,  
His grace removes my sins.

While Jews on their own law rely,  
And Greeks of wisdom boast,  
I love th'incarnate mystery  
And there I fix my trust.