

Jesus, I Love Thy Charming Name  
Philip Doddridge, 1717.  
George Kingsley, 1838.

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

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

All my capacious powers can wish  
In Thee doth richly meet;  
Not to mine eyes is light so dear,  
Nor friendship half so sweet.

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