

O How I Love Jesus  
Frederick Whitfield, 1855.  
19th Century American melody.

There is a name I love to hear,  
I love to sing its worth;  
It sounds like music in my ear,  
The sweetest name on earth.

Refrain

O how I love Jesus,  
O how I love Jesus,  
O how I love Jesus,  
Because He first loved me!

It tells me of a Savior's love,  
Who died to set me free;  
It tells me of His precious blood,  
The sinner's perfect plea.

Refrain

It tells me of a Father's smile  
Beaming upon His child;  
It cheers me through this little while,  
Through desert, waste, and wild.

Refrain

It tells me what my Father hath  
In store for every day,  
And though I tread a darksome path,  
Yields sunshine all the way.

Refrain

It tells of One whose loving heart  
Can feel my deepest woe;  
Who in each sorrow bears  
A part that none can bear below.

Refrain

It bids my trembling heart rejoice.  
It dries each rising tear.  
It tells me, in a "still small voice,"  
To trust and never fear.

Refrain

Jesus, the name I love so well,  
The name I love to hear:  
No saint on earth its worth can tell,  
No heart conceive how dear.

Refrain

This name shall shed its fragrance still  
Along this thorny road,  
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill  
That leads me up to God.

Refrain

And there with all the blood-bought throng,  
From sin and sorrow free,  
I'll sing the new eternal song  
Of Jesus' love for me.

Refrain