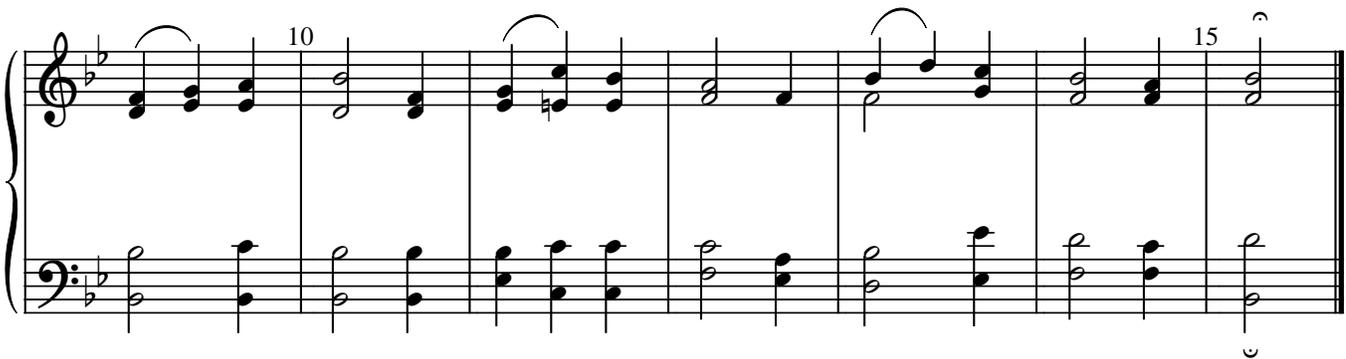
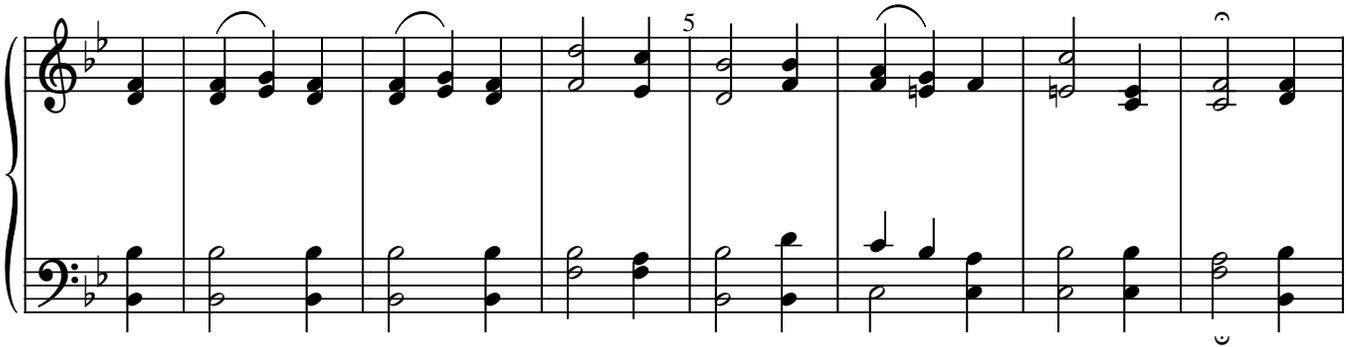


Jesus! how much Thy name unfolds

Unknown



Jesus! how much Thy name unfolds
To every opened ear;
The pardoned sinner's mem'ry holds
None other half so dear.

Thy name encircles every grace
That God as man could show;
There only could He fully trace
A life divine below.

Jesus—it speaks a life of love,
Of sorrows meekly borne;
It tells of sympathy above,
Whatever makes us mourn.

Jesus, the One who knew no sin,
Made sin to make us just;
Thou gav'st Thyself our love to win,
Our full confiding trust.

The mention of Thy name shall bow
Our hearts to worship Thee;
The chiefest of ten thousand Thou,
Whose love has set us free.

Mary Bowley Peters