

# President Street

Philip Doddridge, 1755

*Christ precious to the believer*


86. 86. (C. M.)

Transcribed from *The Providence Selection*, 1815'


Counter by B. C. Johnston, 2019.


G Major

Oliver Shaw, 1815

Tr. 

1. Jesus, I love thy charming name, Tis music to mine ear; Fain would I sound it out so loud, That earth and heav'n should hear, That earth and heav'n should hear.  
2. All my ca-pa-cious powers can wish In thee doth richly meet; Nor to mine eyes is light so dear, Nor friendship half so sweet, Nor friendship half so sweet.

C. 

T. 

3. Thy grace still dwells upon my heart, And sheds its fragrance there; The no - blest balm of all its wounds, The cordial of its care, The cordial of its care.  
4. I'll speak the honors of thy name With my last laboring breath; Then speechless clasp me in thine arms, The an - ti - dote of death, The an - ti - dote of death.

B. 