

1. Thrice-holy name! that sweeter sounds
Than streams which down the valley run,
And tells of more than human love,
And more than human power, in one:
First from the gracious herald heard,
Heard since through all the choirs on high;
O child of Mary, Son of God,
Eternal, hear Thy children's cry!

R: While at the blessèd name we bow, Lord Jesus, be among us now!

2. Within our dim-eyed souls call up
The vision of Thine earthly years;
The mount of the transfigured form;
The garden of the bitter tears;
The cross upreared in darkening skies;
The thorn-wreathed head, the bleeding side;
And whisper in the heart, For you,
For you, I left the Heav'ns, and died. R:

3. Ah! with faith's inward piercing eye
The riven rock-hewn bed we see,
Whence Thou in triumph hast gone forth
By death from death to make us free!
And when on earth's last awful day
The judgment-seat of God shall shine,
Lift Thou our trembling eyes to read
In Thy dear face the mercy-sign. R:

James Gibb editions

Thrice-holy Name! - Barnby