

— All of the dead shall rise, Right-eous meet in the skies,
 sound; Dead shall rise, in the skies,

Go-ing where no one dies, heav-en-ward bound.
 Go-ing where no - one dies,

292. Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee

"My meditation of him shall be sweet: I will be glad in the LORD." Ps. 104:34

1. Je - sus, the ver - y thought of Thee With sweet-ness fills the breast;
 2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem - ory find
 3. O hope of ev - ery con - trite heart, O joy of all the meek!
 4. But what to those who find? Ah, this Nor tongue nor pen can show;
 5. Je - sus, our on - ly joy be Thou! As Thou our Prize wilt be;

But sweet - er still Thy face to see And in Thy pres - ence rest.
 A sweet - er sound than Thy blest Name, O Sav - ior of man - kind!
 To those who err, how kind Thou art, How good to those who seek!
 The love of Je - sus, what it is, None but His loved ones know.
 Je - sus, be Thou our glo - ry now, And through e - ter - ni - ty!