

A-men.

- 1. Jesu, the very thought of Thee With sweetness fills my breast; But sweeter far Thy face to see, And in Thy presence rest.
- 2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the memory find, A sweeter sound than Thy blest Name, O Saviour of mankind!
  - 3. O Hope of every contrite heart, O Joy of all
- the meek, To those who fall, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek!
- 4. But what to those who find? Ah! this Nor tongue nor pen can show: The love of Jesus, what it is None but His loved ones know.
- 5. Jesu, our only joy be Thou, As Thou our prize wilt be; Jesu, be Thou our glory now, And through eternity. Amen.