

Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee

1. Je - sus, the ver - y thought of Thee With sweet-ness fills my breast,
 2. No voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem-'ry find
 3. *O hope of ev-'ry con-trite heart, O joy of all the meek,*
 4. But what to those who find? Ah, this No tongue nor pen can show.
 5. Je - sus, our on - ly joy be Thou, As Thou our prize wilt be;

But sweet-er far 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 fall, 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.