Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee

1 Jesus, the very thought of thee with sweetness
2 Nor voice can sing, no heart can frame, nor can the
3 O hope of every contrite heart, O joy of
4 But what to those who find? Ah, this no tongue nor
5 Jesus, our only joy be thou, as thou our

fills my breast; but sweeter far thy
mind recall a sweeter sound than
all the meek, to those who ask, how
pen can show; the love of Jesus,
prize wilt be; Jesus, be thou our

face to see, and in thy presence rest.
thy blest name, O Savior of us all!
kind thou art, how good to those who seek!
what it is none but his loved ones know.
glory now, and through eternity.