Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee

1. Jesus, the very thought of thee with sweetness fills my breast; but sweeter far than all the meek, to those who ask, how prize wilt be; Je-sus, be thou our face to see, and in thy presence rest.

2. Nor voice can sing, no heart can frame, nor can the mind recall a sweeter sound than thy blest name, O Sa-vior of us all!

3. O hope of every contrite heart, O joy of pen can show; the love of Je-sus, kind thou art, how good to those who seek!

4. But what to those who find? Ah, this no tongue nor what it is none but his loved ones know. glory now, and through e-ter-ni-ty.

5. Jesus, our only joy be thou, as thou our Hymnary.org