

Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee

1 Je - sus, the ve - ry thought of thee with sweet-ness
2 Nor voice can sing, no heart can frame, nor can the
3 O hope of ev - ery con - trite heart, O joy of
4 But what to those who find? Ah, this no tongue nor
5 Je - sus, our on - ly joy be thou, as thou our

fills my breast; but swee - ter far thy
mind re - call a swee - ter sound than
all the meek, to those who ask, how
pen can show; the love of Je - sus,
prize wilt be; Je - sus, be thou our

face to see, and in thy pre - sence rest.
thy blest name, O Sa - vior of us all!
kind thou art, how good to those who seek!
what it is none but his loved ones know.
glo - ry now, and through e - ter - ni - ty.