1. Jesus, the very thought of thee with sweetness
2. O hope of every contrite heart, O joy of
3. But what to those who find? Ah, this nor tongue nor
4. Jesus, our only joy be thou, as thou our
fills the breast; but sweeter far thy
all the meek, to those who fall, how
pen can show; the love of Jesus,
prize wilt be; Jesus, be thou our
face to see, and in thy presence rest.
kind thou art! How good to those who seek!
what it is, none but his loved ones know.
glory now, and through eternity.