Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee

1. Jesus, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

2. No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the mem'ry ever find
A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,
O Saviour of man-kind!

3. O Hope of every contrite hear!
O Joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4. But what to those who find? ah! this,
No tongue or pen can show
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.