Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee

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

2. No voice can sing, no heart can frame, Nor can the mem'ry find A swee-ter sound than Jesus'
   All the meek! To those who fall, how kind Thou name, O Sa-vior of man-kind!

3. O Hope of ev-ry con-trite hear! O Joy of pen can show The love of Je-sus, what it art! How good to those who seek!
   None but His loved ones know.

4. But what to those who find? ah! this, No tongue or see, And in Thy pre-sence rest.
   O Sa-vior of man-kind!