Jesus, the Very Thought of You

1 Jesus, the very thought of you fills us with sweet delight,
   But sweet-er far your face to find
   Of your sweet-er sound than your blest light,
   View and rest within your light.

2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame, nor can the memory meek,
   How kind you are to those who show;
   The love of Jesus, what it is
   Name, O Savior of mankind!

3 O Hope of every contrite heart, O Joy of all the fall,
   How good to those who seek!
   None but his loved ones know.

4 But what to those who find? Ah, this no tongue or pen can