Jesus, the Very Thought of You

1 Jesus, the very thought of you fills us with sweet delight,
2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame, nor can the memory find
3 O Hope of every contrite heart, O Joy of all the meek,
4 But what to those who find? Ah, this no tongue or pen can show;

but sweeter far your face to view and rest within your light.
a sweeter sound than your blest name, O Savior of mankind!
how kind you are to those who fall, how good to those who seek!
the love of Jesus, what it is none but his loved ones know.