

## **Jesus, the very thought of Thee**

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    With sweetness fills the breast;  
But sweeter far Thy face to see,  
    And in Thy presence rest.

No voice can sing, no heart can frame,  
    Nor can the memory find  
A sweeter sound than Thy dear Name,  
    O Savior of mankind!

O hope of every contrite heart,  
    O joy of all the meek,  
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!  
    How good to those who seek!

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.