

1. Je - sus the ver - y thought of Thee, With sweet-ness fills my breast;
 2. No voice can sing, no heart can frame, Nor can the me - ory find
 3. O hope of ev - ery con - trite heart! O joy of all the meek,
 4. But what to those who find? Ah! this Nor tongue nor pen can show:
 5. Je - sus, our on - ly joy be Thou, As Thou our prize wilt be;

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But sweet-er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres - ence rest.
 A sweet-er sound than Je - sus name, The Sav - ior of man - kind.
 To those who fall, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek!
 The love of Je - sus what it is, None but His loved ones know.
 In Thee be all our glo - ry now, And through e - ter - ni - ty.