

212 Jesus, the very thought of thee

1 Je - sus, the ver - y thought of thee with sweet-ness fills my breast;
 2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, nor can the mem - ory find
 3 O hope of ev - ery con - trite heart, O joy of all the meek,

but sweet - er far thy face to see, and in thy pres - ence rest.
 a sweet - er sound than thy blest name, O Sav - iour of man - kind!
 to those who fall, how kind thou art! How good to those who seek!

- 4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
 nor tongue nor pen can show!
 The love of Jesus, what it is
 none but his loved ones know.