

JESU, the very thought of thee With sweetness fills my breast

Charles Wesley:

1JESU, the very thought of thee With sweetness fills my breast; But sweeter far thy face to see, And in thy presence rest.

2Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the memory find A sweeter sound than thy blest name, O Saviour of mankind!

3O 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!

4But 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.

5Jesu, our only joy be thou, As thou our prize wilt be; Jesu, be thou our glory now, And through eternity.