

Jesu, The Very Thought Of Thee  
by Charles Wesley

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

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

3 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!

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.

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