

Jesus! the very thought is sweet

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in that dear name all heart-joys meet;
but O, than honey sweeter far
the glimpses of his presence are.

No word is sung more sweet than this,
no sound is heard more full of bliss,
no thought brings sweeter comfort nigh,
than Jesus, Son of God most high.

Jesus, the hope of souls forlorn,
how good to them for sin that mourn!
To them that seek the, O how kind!
But what art thou to them that find?

No tongue of mortal can express,
no pen can write, the blessedness:
he only who hath proved it knows
what bliss from love of Jesus flows.

O Jesus, King of wondrous might!
O Victor, glorious from the fight!
Sweetness that may not be expressed,
and altogether loveliest!

Abide with us, O Lord, today,
fulfill us with thy grace, we pray;
and with thine own true sweetness feed
our souls from sin and darkness freed.