The Thought Of Jesus

1. No voice can sing, no mind can frame, Nor can the memory find
2. O hope of every contrite heart, O joy of all the meek,
3. But what to those who find? ah! this Nor tongue, nor pen can show;

A sweeter sound than Jesus' name, The Savior of man kind.
To those who fall how kind Thou art, How good to those who seek!
The love of Jesus what it is, None but His loved ones know.

Chorus

Jesus, the very thought of Thee With sweetness fills the breast,

But sweeter far Thy face to see, And in Thy presence rest.

Words: Bernard
Music: G. F. Root