

Jesu, the very thought of Thee
with sweetness fills my breast;
but sweeter far Thy face to see,
and in Thy presence rest.

Nor voice can sing, nor heart can flame,
nor can the memory find,
a sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind.

O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
to those who fall, how kind Thy art,
how good to those who seek!

But what to those who find? Ah, this
nor tongue nor pen can show;
the love of Jesus, what it is
none but His lovers know.

Jesu, our only joy be Thou
as Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesu, be Thou our glory now,
and through eternity.