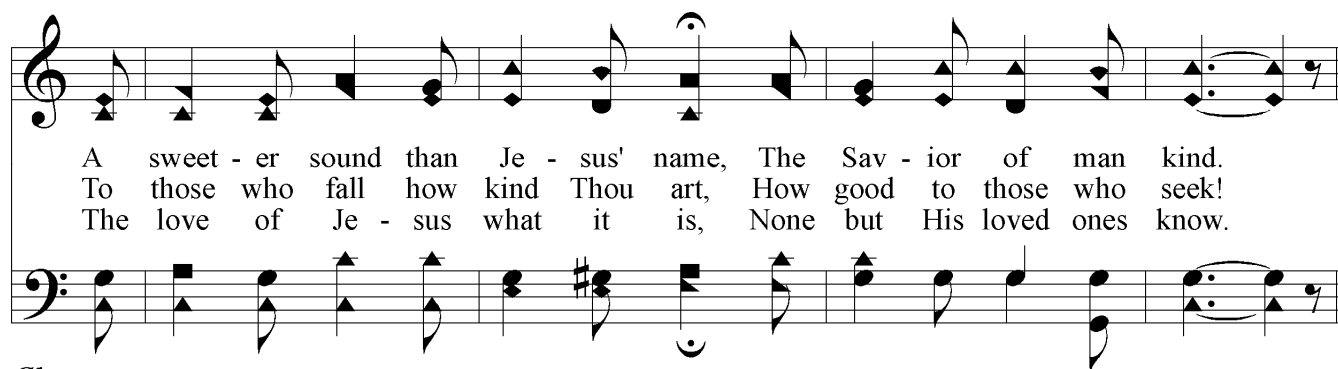


# The Thought Of Jesus

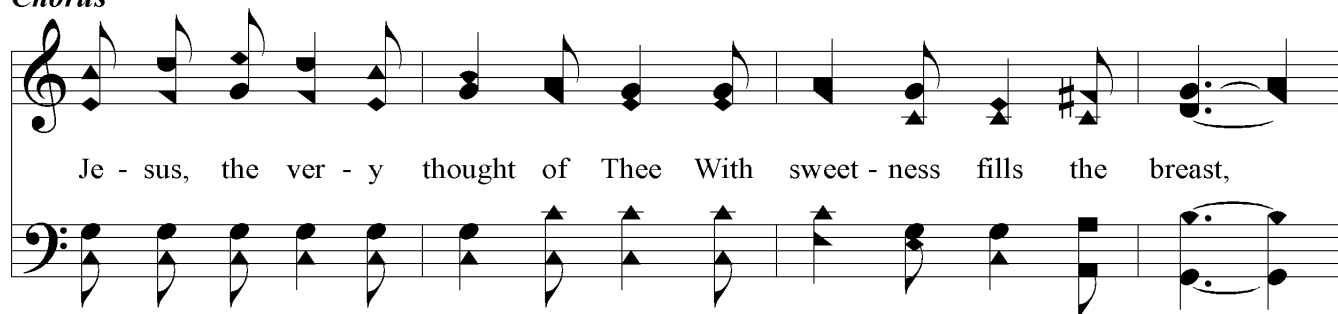


1. No voice can sing, no mind can frame, Nor can the mem - 'ry find  
2. O hope of ev - 'ry con - trite heart, O joy of all the meek,  
3. But what to those who find? ah! this Nor tongue, nor pen can show;

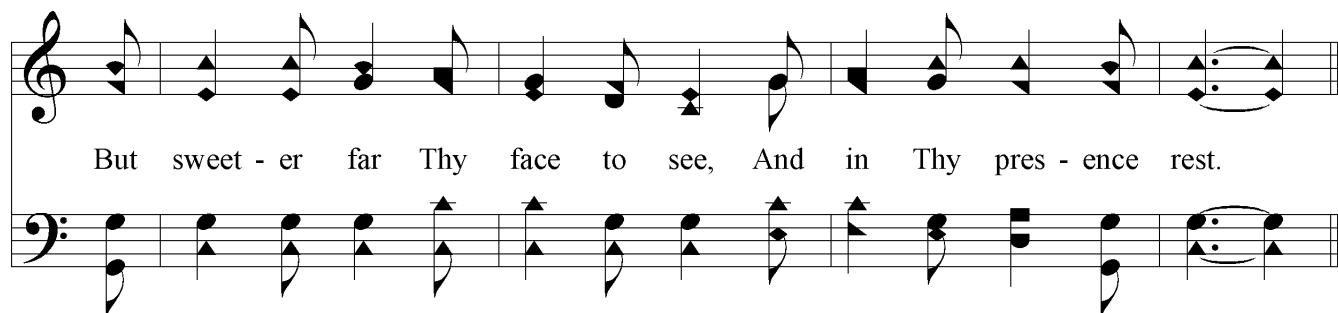


A sweet - er sound than Je - sus' name, The Sav - ior of man kind.  
To those who fall how kind Thou art, How good to those who seek!  
The love of Je - sus what it is, None but His loved ones know.

## Chorus



Je - sus, the ver - y thought of Thee With sweet - ness fills the breast,



But sweet - er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres - ence rest.