

THE HOLY NAME OF JESUS.

JESUS, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fill my breast ;
But sweeter for thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
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 thou 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 loved ones know.

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