

I'm thinking of Jesus—without Him I know
 At once I should stumble and fall :
 But now when disheartened and weary I grow
 For the help He has promised I call.
 I feel that my sins and my follies are great,
 Still He gives me the place of a child ;
 And one day I shall enter the beautiful gate,
 Arrayed in a robe undefiled.
 Then more deeply I'll feel what salvation is worth,
 And I think that more clearly I'll see
 That while I was thinking of Jesus on earth,
 He also was thinking of me.

I'm thinking of Jesus, and O when I stand
 On the happy and beautiful shore,
 With all the rejoicing and glorified band,
 I shall wish I had thought of Him more.
 I shall not regret then that in life's early days,
 I asked Him my weak steps to guide ;
 But I know I'll regret that so oft from His ways,
 My poor, foolish heart turned aside.
 He has borne with my follies for many a year,
 No friend is so patient as He ;
 O I'm thinking of Jesus, I know He is near,
 And always is thinking of me.

I'm thinking of Jesus, it brightens each hour,
 To think of my Saviour above ;
 And I know there is nothing can have any power
 To sever my soul from His love.
 I'll sing of His goodness as onward I go,
 'Twill lighten the cross that I bear ;
 And Jesus will never cast from Him I know,
 A song from a child of His care.
 I have many a trial on earth to endure,
 But soon from them all I'll be free ;
 I am thinking of Jesus, and O I am sure
 He'll never cease thinking of me.