
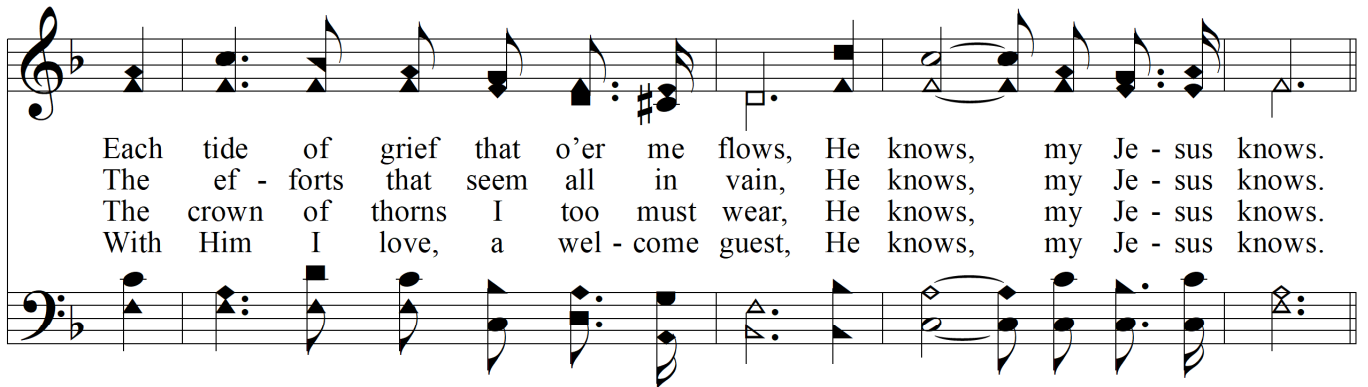


# How Blest The Thought That Jesus Knows

MY JESUS KNOWS

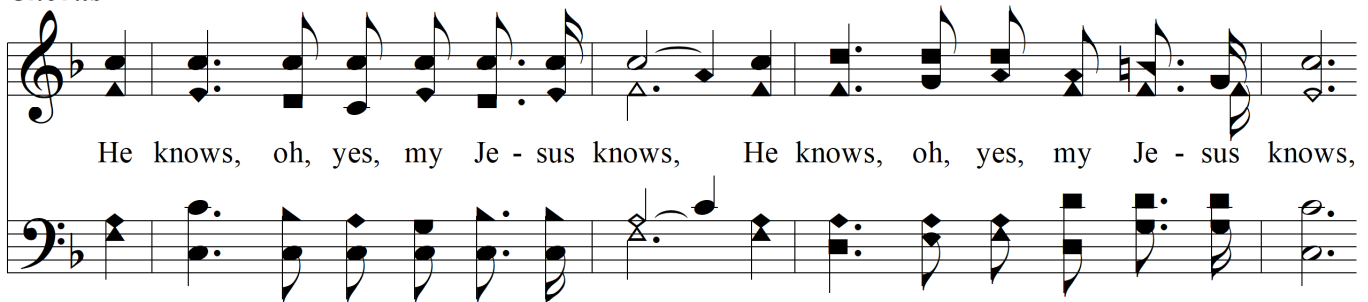


1. How blest the thought that Je - sus knows Each wind that round me rude - ly blows,  
2. The bit - ter cups that I must drain, The thoughts that rack my wea - ry brain,  
3. The cross that I must dai - ly bear, The deep anx - i - e - ty and care,  
4. The long - ings that per - vade my breast, To reach my home and be at rest

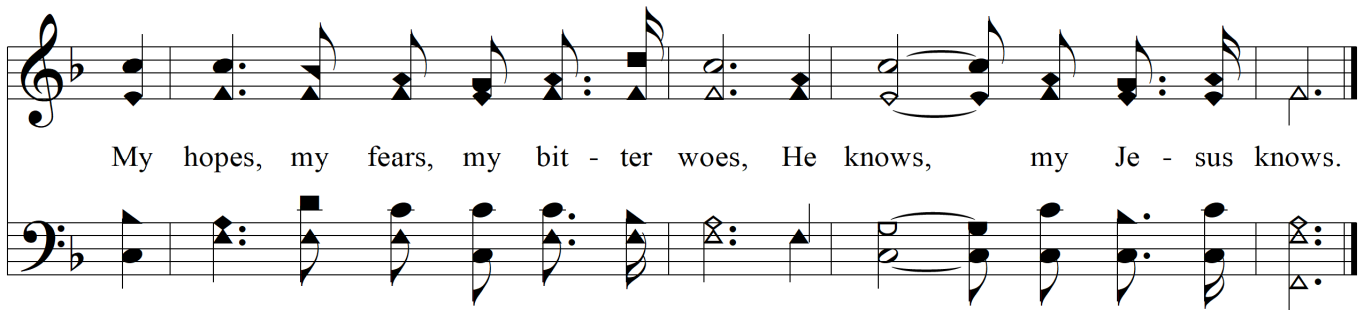


Each tide of grief that o'er me flows, He knows, my Je - sus knows.  
The ef - forts that seem all in vain, He knows, my Je - sus knows.  
The crown of thorns I too must wear, He knows, my Je - sus knows.  
With Him I love, a wel - come guest, He knows, my Je - sus knows.

## Chorus



He knows, oh, yes, my Je - sus knows, He knows, oh, yes, my Je - sus knows,



My hopes, my fears, my bit - ter woes, He knows, my Je - sus knows.