

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.