In the heart of Jesus







In the heart of Jesus, there is love for you, Love most pure and tender, love most deep and true; Why should you be lonely, why for friendship sigh, When the heart of Jesus has a full supply?

In the mind of Jesus there is thought for you, Warm as summer sunshine, sweet as morning dew; Why should you be fearful, why take anxious thought, Since the mind of Jesus cares for those He bought?

In the field of Jesus there is work for you; Such as even angels might rejoice to do; Why stand idly sighing for some life-work grand, While the field of Jesus seeks your reaping hand?

In the home of Jesus there's a place for you; Glorious, bright, and joyous, calm and peaceful, too; Why then, like a wanderer, roam with weary pace, If the home of Jesus holds for you a place?

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