How Blest The Thought That Jesus Knows

Words by G. W. Crofts
Music by D. B. Towner

1. How blest the thought that Jesus knows Each wind that round me rude-ly blows,
   Each tide of grief that o’er me flows, He knows, my Je - sus knows.

2. The bit - ter cups that I must drain, The thoughts that rack my wea-ry brain,
   The ef - forts that seem all in vain, He knows, my Je - sus knows.

3. The cross that I must dai - ly bear, The deep anx - i - e - ty and care,
   The crown of thorns I too must wear, He knows, my Je - sus knows.

4. The long - ings that per - vade my breast, To reach my home and be at rest
   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.