

Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee

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Reverently ♩ = 72–88

1. Je - sus, the ver - y thought of thee With sweet-ness fills my breast;
 2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem - 'ry find
 3. O hope of ev - 'ry con - trite heart, O joy of all the meek,
 4. Je - sus, our on - ly joy be thou, As thou our prize wilt be;

But sweet - er far thy face to see And in thy pres - ence rest.
 A sweet - er sound than thy blest name, O Sav - ior of man - kind!
 To those who fall, how kind thou art! How good to those who seek!
 Je - sus, be thou our glo - ry now, And thru e - ter - ni - ty.

Text: Attr. to Bernard of Clairvaux, ca. 1091–1153;
 trans. by Edward Caswall, 1814–1878
Music: John B. Dykes, 1823–1876

Psalms 104:34
 Enos 1:27