

Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee

141

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