Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee

Reverently  $\frac{d}{2} \approx 72–88$

1. Jesus, the very thought of thee With sweet-ness fills my breast;
   Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem’ry find
   O hope of ev’ry contrite heart, O joy of all the meek,
   Our only joy be thou, As thou our prize will be;

2. But sweeter far thy face to see And in thy presence rest.
   A sweeter sound than thy blest name, O Savior of man-kind!
   To those who fall, how kind thou art! How good to those who seek!
   Jesus, be thou our glory now, And through eternity.

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

Psalm 104:34
Enos 1:27