

## JESUS, THE VERY THOUGHT OF THEE

Jesus, the very thought of thee  
With sweetness fills my breast  
But sweeter far thy face to see  
And in thy presence rest

No voice can sing, nor heart can frame  
Nor can the mem'ry find  
A sweeter sound than thy blest name  
O Savior of mankind

O hope of every contrite heart  
O joy of all the meek  
To those who fall, how kind thou art  
How good to those who seek

Jesus, our only joy be thou  
As thou our prize wilt be  
Jesus, be thou our glory now  
And through eternity

Jesus, the very thought of thee

*—text: attr. to Bernard of Clairvaux, trans. by Edward Caswall;  
music: John B. Dykes*