

Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee

ST. AGNES

1. Je - sus, the ver - y thought of Thee with sweet-ness fills my breast;
2. No voice can sing, no 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. But what to those who find? Ah, this no tongue or pen can show;
5. 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!
the love of Je - sus, what it is, none but His loved ones know.
Je - sus, be Thou our Glo - ry now and through e - ter - ni - ty.

WORDS: Bernard of Clairvaux, 12th cent.; tr. Edward Caswall, 1849

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MUSIC: John B. Dykes, 1866