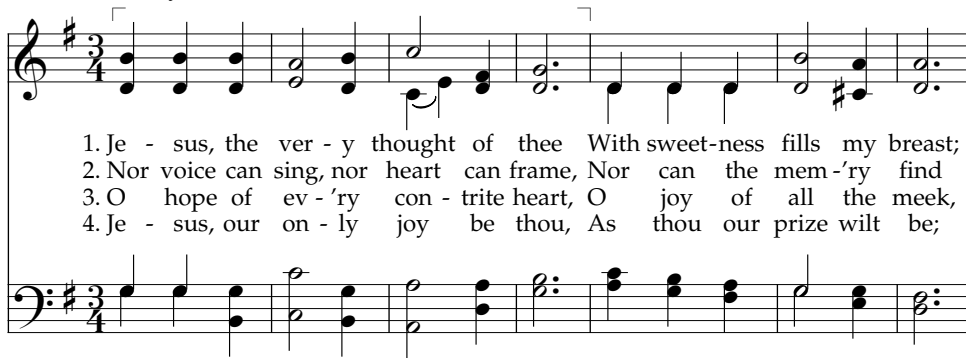


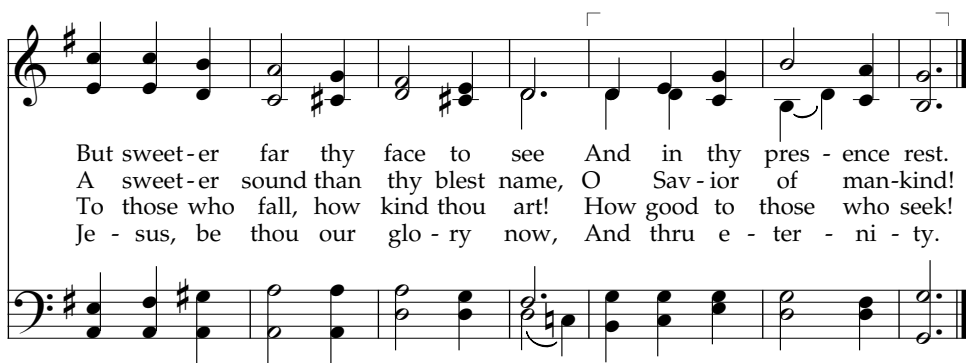
# Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee

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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