

## 212 Jesus, the very thought of thee

G Am G Am D G D<sup>7</sup> G A<sup>7</sup> D

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 - ory find  
 3 O hope of ev - ery con - trite heart, O joy of all the meek,

Am A<sup>7</sup> D A<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> G C G D<sup>7</sup> G

but sweet - er far thy face to see, and in thy pres - ence rest.  
 a sweet - er sound than thy blest name, O Sav - iour of man - kind!  
 to those who fall, how kind thou art! How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah, this  
 nor tongue nor pen can show!  
 The love of Jesus, what it is  
 none but his loved ones know.