Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee

1. Jesus, the very thought of Thee With sweetness fills my breast;
2. No voice can sing, no heart can frame, Nor can the mem'ry find
3. O Hope of ev'ry contrite heart! O Joy of all the meek!
4. But what to those who find? ah! this, No tongue or pen can show

But sweeter far Thy face to see, And in Thy presence rest.
A sweeter sound than Jesus' name, O Savior of mankind!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek!
The love of Jesus, what it is None but His loved ones know.

Text: Latin Hymn, 12th c.; tr. Edward Caswall, 1814-1878
Tune: John B. Dykes, 1823-1876

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