Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee

1 Jesus, the very thought of thee with sweet-ness fills my breast;
2 Nor voice can sing, no heart can frame, nor can the mind recall
3 O hope of every contrite heart, O joy of all the meek,
4 But what to those who find? Ah, this no tongue nor pen can show;
5 Jesus, our only joy be thou, as thou our prize wilt be;

but sweeter far thy face to see, and in thy presence rest.
a sweeter sound than thy blest name, O Savior of us all!
to those who ask, how kind thou art, how good to those who seek!
the love of Jesus, what it is none but his loved ones know.
Jesus, be thou our glory now, and through eternity.

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

www.hymnary.org/text/blessed_assurance_jesus_is_mine

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