

Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee



1 Je - sus, the ve - ry thought of thee with sweet-ness fills my breast;
2 Nor voice can sing, no heart can frame, nor can the mind re - call
3 O hope of ev - ery con - trite heart, O joy of all the meek,
4 But what to those who find? Ah, this no tongue nor pen can show;
5 Je - sus, our on - ly joy be thou, as thou our prize wilt be;



but swee - ter far thy face to see, and in thy pre - sence rest.
a swee - ter sound than thy blest name, O Sa - vior of us all!
to those who ask, 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.

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



CM
ST. AGNES
www.hymnary.org/text/blessed_assurance_jesus_is_mine