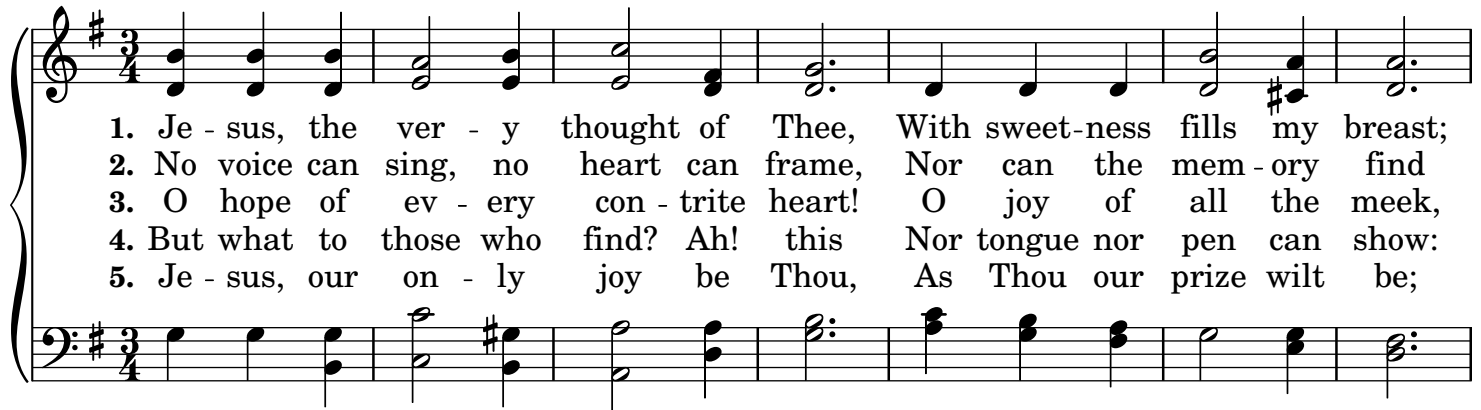


Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee

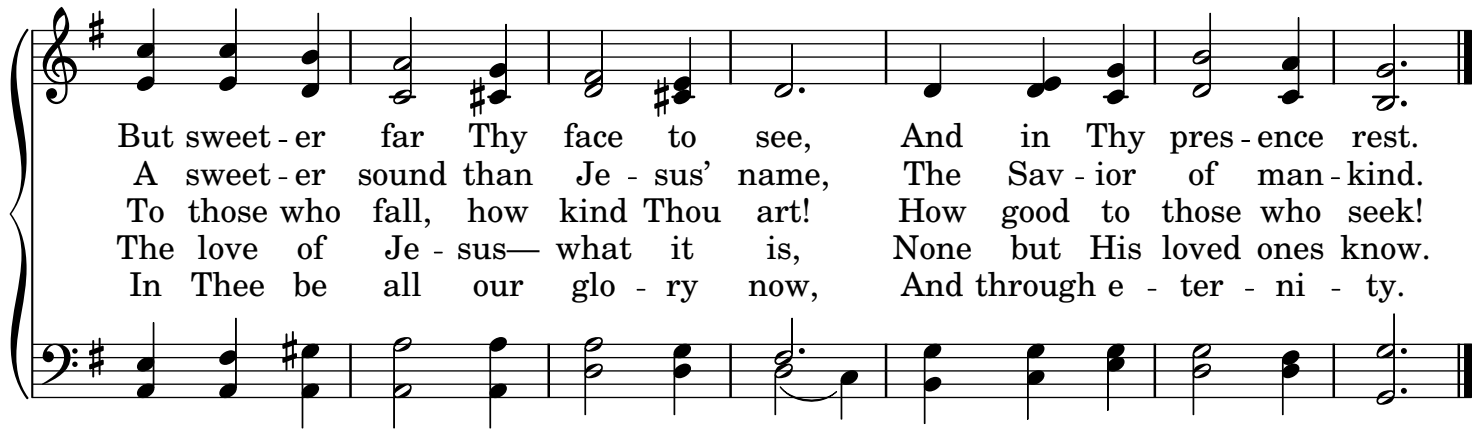
Tr. by Edward Casswall (1849)

Piano

John B. Dykes (1866)



1. Je - sus, the ver - y thought of Thee, With sweet-ness fills my breast;
2. No voice can sing, no heart can frame, Nor can the mem - ory find
3. O hope of ev - ery con - trite heart! O joy of all the meek,
4. But what to those who find? Ah! this Nor tongue nor pen can show:
5. 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 Je - sus' name, The Sav - ior of man - kind.
To those who fall, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek!
The love of Je - sus— what it is, None but His loved ones know.
In Thee be all our glo - ry now, And through e - ter - ni - ty.