Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee

I have set the Lord always before me. Therefore my heart is glad. Psalm 16:8-9

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 every 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. 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 Sav-ior of man-kind.
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.
Jesus, be Thou our glo-ry now And thron’ e - ter - ni - ty.

TEXT: Attributed to Bernard of Clairvaux; translated by Edward Caswall
MUSIC: John B. Dykes

ST. AGNES
C.M.