

The very thought of Thee

Jesus, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the mem'ry find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest Name,
O Savior of mankind!

O Hope of ev'ry contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Be Thou only glory now,
And thro' eternity.
And thro' eternity.

Bernard of Clairvaux, 1090-1153

St. Agnes, John B. Dykes, 1823-1876

arr. Brian L. Hanson

© 2014 Choristers Guild (adm. at Smallstonemediasongs.com)