

Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee

Text adaptation by *Edward Caswall* (1814-1878) [Br] after a text in Latin by *St. Bernard of Clairvaux* (1091-1153)

Set by *Samuel S. Wesley* (1810-1876) [Br]

Jesus, the very thought of Thee,
[ˈdʒiːzəs ðə ˈveːri θɔt əv ði]

With sweetness fills my breast;
[wɪθ ˈswiːtnɪ(ə)s fɪlz maɪ brest]

But sweeter far Thy Face to see
And in Thy presence rest.

Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the mem'ry find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest Name,
O Saviour of mankind!

Jesus, the very thought of Thee...

O Hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind Thou art,
How good to those who seek.

But what to those who find?
Ah! this nor tongue nor pen can show...
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His lov'd ones know.

Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be our glory now
And through eternity. Amen.

The entire text to this title with the complete
IPA transcription is available for download.

Thank you!

