

Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee

Bernard of Clairvaux

John B. Dykes

G Am E Am D G D7 G D G A7 D

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;

Am E7 Am A7 D A7 D G C G D7 G

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.