Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee

Doh is G · 3/4 Tune: ST. AGNES

| m - m - m - | r - - - m - | f - - - t, - | d - - - - - |
Jesus, the very thought of Thee

| s, - s, - s, - | m - - - r - | r - - - - - | f - f - m - |
With sweetness fills the breast; But sweeter

| r - - - d - | t, - - - l, - | s, - - - - - | s, - l, - d - |
far Thy face to see, And in Thy

| m - - - r - | d - - - - - |
presence rest.

The other verses

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Savior of mankind!

3 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!

4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

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

Melody from the Open Hymnal Project (public domain), edited by Brian J. Dumont; tune ST. AGNES by John Bacchus Dykes (1823–1876); words by Jesu dulcis memoria (Latin, 12th century); translated by Edward Caswall (1814–1878). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.