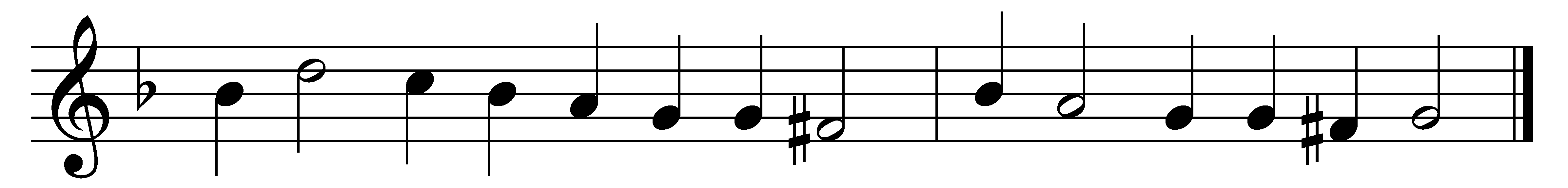
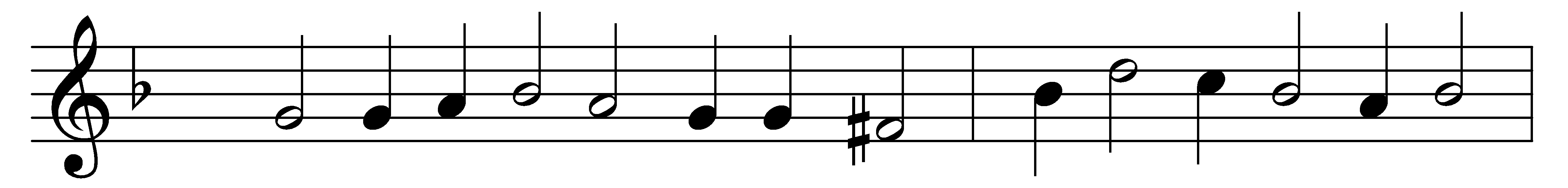
Jesus, the very thought of thee 1982 no. 642 Melody: Windsor C.M.



Jesus, the very thought of thee

with sweetness fills the breast;

but sweeter far thy face to see,

and in thy presence rest.

No voice can sing, no heart can frame,

nor can the memory find,

a sweeter sound than Jesus’ Name,

the Savior of mankind.

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 who love him know.

Jesus, our only joy be thou,

as thou our prize wilt be;

in thee be all our glory now,

and through eternity.

Words: Latin, c. 12th century, translated by Edward Caswall (1814-1878)

Music: Melody by William Damon (1540?-1591?), harmony by Thomas Este (1540?-1608?)