

Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee 629

1 Je - sus, the ver - y thought of thee
 2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
 3 O hope of ev - ery con - trite heart,
 4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
 5 Je - sus, our on - ly joy be thou,

with sweet - ness fills my breast. But sweet - er far thy
 nor can the mind re - call a sweet - er sound than
 O joy of all the meek, to those who fall, how
 nor tongue nor pen can show. The love of Je - sus,
 as thou our prize wilt be. Je - sus, be thou our

face to see, and in thy pres - ence rest.
 thy blest name, O Sav - ior of us all.
 kind thou art! How good to those who seek!
 what it is none but his loved ones know.
 glo - ry now, and through e - ter - ni - ty.

The sweetness celebrated in this anonymous 12th-century Latin poem is not cloying or sentimental; it is more like an antidote to bitterness and a source of hope and healing. The best-known 19th-century translation is set here to a tune composed especially for these words.