


Jesus, The Very Thought Of Thee

Bernard of Clairvaux


John Bacchus Dykes

G G/B Am/C G/B Am D G



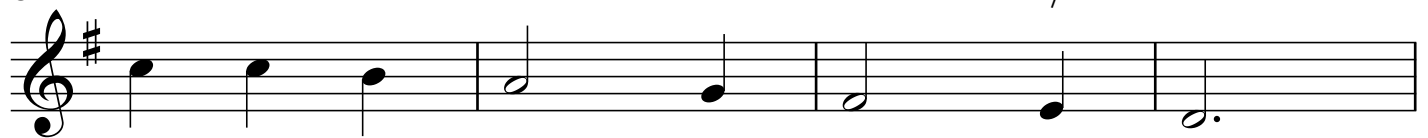
Je - sus, the ver - y thought of Thee
No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
O hope of ev - 'ry con - trite heart,
But what to those who find! A, this
Je - sus our on - ly joy be Thou,

5 G D/F# G A⁷/E D



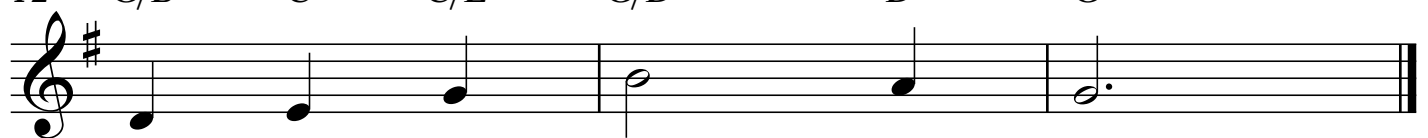
With sweet - ness fills my breast;
Nor can the mem - 'ry find
O joy of all the meek,
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
As Thou our prize wilt be;

8 Am A⁷ D A⁷/D D



But sweet - er far Thy face to see,
A sweet - er sound than Thy blest name,
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
The love of Je - sus, what it is,
Je - sus, be Thou our glo - ry now,

12 G/B C C/E G/D D⁷ G



And in Thy pres - ence rest.
O Sav - ior of man - kind.
How good to those who seek!
None but His loved ones know.
And through e - ter - ni - ty.