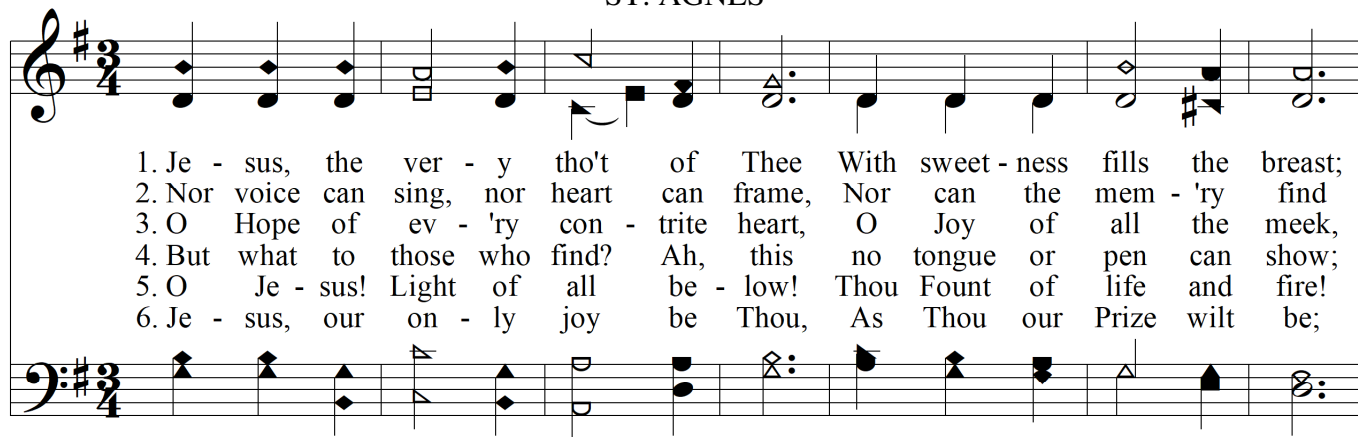


# Jesus, The Very Thought Of Thee

ST. AGNES



1. Je - sus, the ver - y tho't of Thee With sweet - ness fills the breast;  
2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem - 'ry find  
3. O Hope of ev - 'ry con - trite heart, O Joy of all the meek,  
4. But what to those who find? Ah, this no tongue or pen can show;  
5. O Je - sus! Light of all be - low! Thou Fount of life and fire!  
6. Je - sus, our on - ly joy be Thou, As Thou our Prize wilt be;



But sweet - er far Thy face to see And in Thy pres - ence rest.  
A sweet - er sound than Thy blest name, O 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.  
Sur - pas - sing all the joys we know, And all we can de - sire!  
Je - sus, be Thou our glo - ry now And thru e - ter - ni - ty.