Jesus the Very Thought
SATB

attr. to Bernard of Clairvaux
optional accapella

Jesus, the very thought of thee with sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see And in thy breast;
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presence rest. Ooh

Nor voice can sing, nor

heart can frame,

Nor can the memory find

A sweeter sound than

thy blest name, Oh Savior of mankind!

Ooh
Our savior's love shines like the sun with perfect light,
as from above it breaks through clouds of strife.

Lighting our way, it leads us back into His sight.
Where we may stay
to share e - ter - nal

women unison
Oh hope of ev - ery con - trite

men unison
The Spi - rit voice of good - ness whis - pers

heart.
Oh joy of all the meek
to our hearts, a bet - ter choice than e - vil’s an - guished
To those who fall cresc. how kind Thou cries.

And we are bound to Him by loving ties!