

350--Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee  
by Unknown Author, 12th century  
Translated by Edward Caswall, 1814-1878

1. Jesus, the very thought of thee  
With sweetness fills the breast;  
But sweeter far Thy face to see  
And in Thy presence rest.
2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,  
Nor can the memory find  
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,  
O Savior or mankind!
3. 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!
4. But what to those who find? Ah! this  
Nor tongue nor pen can show;  
The love of Jesus, what it is,  
None but His loved ones know.
5. Jesus, our only Joy be Thou  
As Thou our Prize wilt be!  
Jesus, be Thou our Glory now  
And through eternity.

Text: Song of Solomon 1:3  
Author: Unknown author, 12th century, cento  
Translated by: Edward Caswall, 1849, alt.  
Titled: "Iesu dulcis memoria"  
Composer: Herman A. Polack, 1910  
Tune: "Clairvaux"