Jesus, Priceless Treasure

1 Jesus, priceless treasure, source of purest pleasure,
2 In thine arms I rest me; foes who would molest me
3 Hence, all fears and sadness, for the Lord of gladness,

truest friend to me: Ah, how long I've pant ed,
cannot reach me here. Though the earth be shaking,
Jesus, enters in. Those who love the Father,

and my heart has fainted, thirsting, Lord, for Thee!
every heart be quaking, Jesus calms my fear.
though the storms may gather, still have peace within.

Thine I am, O spotless Lamb; I will suffer
Sin and hell in conflict fell with their bitter
Yea, what 'e'er I here must bear, still in Thee lies

nought to hide thee, nought I ask beside thee.
storms assail me, Jesus will not fail me.
purest pleasure, Jesus, priceless treasure!