

Jesus, Priceless Treasure

1 Je - sus, price - less trea - sure, source of pur - est
 2 In thine arms I rest me; foes who would mol -
 3 Hence, all fears and sad - ness, for the Lord of

plea - sure, tru - est friend to me: Ah, how long I've
 est me can - not reach me here. Though the earth be
 glad - ness, Je - sus, en - ters in. Those who love the

pant - ed, and my heart has fain - ted,
 sha - king, ev - ery heart be quak - ing,
 Fa - ther, though the storms may ga - ther,

thir - sting, Lord, for Thee! Thine I am, O spot - less Lamb;
 Je - sus calms my fear. Sin and hell in con - flict fell
 still have peace with - in. Yea, what - e'er I here must bear,

I will suf - fer nought to — hide
 with their bit - ter storms as - sail
 still in thee lies pur - est — plea

thee, nought I ask be - side thee.
 me, Je - sus will not — fail me.
 sure, Je - sus, price - less — trea - sure!