1. Jesus, priceless treasure, source of purest grace.
2. In thine arms I rest me; foes who would molest me.
3. Hence, all thoughts of sadness! For the Lord of pleasure,
   trusting friend to me, long my heart hath rest.
est me cannot reach me here. Though the earth be gladness, Jesus, enters in. Those who love the
   painted, till it well-nigh fainted,
   shaking, every heart be quaking,
   Father, though the storms may gather,
   thirsting after thee. Thine I am, O spotless Lamb,
   Jesus calms our fear; sin and hell in conflict fell
   still have peace within; yea, what-e'er we here must bear,
   I will suffer naught to hide
   with their heaviest storms as sail
   still in thee lies purest plea-
   thee, ask for naught beside thee.
   us; Jesus will not fail us.
   sure, Jesus, priceless treasure!