1. Jesus, priceless treasure, source of purest pleasure, truest friend to me, long my heart hath priested, till it well-nigh fainted, 

2. In thine arms I rest me; foes who would mol-shaking, every heart be quaking, 

3. Hence, all thoughts of sadness! For the Lord of panther, though the storms may gather ther, 

Thine I am, O spotless Lamb, Jesus calms our fear; sin and hell in conflict fell still have peace with in; yea, what'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!