Jesus, Priceless Treasure

1. Jesus, priceless treasure, source of purest pleasure,
   truest friend to me, long my heart hath panted,
   till it well-nigh fainted, thirsting after thee.
   Thine I am, O spotless Lamb, I will suffer
   sin and hell in conflict fell with their heaviest
   yea, what 'e'er we here must bear, still in thee lies

2. In thine arms I rest me; foes who would molest me
   cannot reach me here. Though the earth be shaking,
   every heart be quaking, Jesus calms our fear;
   Thine I am, O spotless Lamb, I will suffer
   sin and hell in conflict fell with their heaviest
   yea, what 'e'er we here must bear, still in thee lies

3. Hence, all thoughts of sadness! For the Lord of gladness,
   Jesus, enters in. Those who love the Father,
   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 heaviest
   yea, what 'e'er we here must bear, still in thee lies
naught to hide thee, ask for naught beside thee.
storms as sail us; Je sus will not fail us.
pur est plea sure, Je sus, price less trea sure!