Jesus, Priceless Treasure

1. Jesus, price-less trea-sure, source of pur-est plea-sure,
   Let your arms en-fold me; those who try to wound me
   Hence all world-ly trea-sure! Je-sus is my plea-sure,
   Ban-ish thoughtsof sad-ness, for the Lord of glad-ness,

friend-most sure: long my heart was burn-ing,
   Je-sus is my choice. Hence, all emp-ty glo-ry!
   Je-sus, en-ters in; though the clouds may gath-er,

faint-ing much and yearn-ing, thirst-ing, Lord, for you.
What to me your sto-ry told with-tempt ing voice?
   Those who love the Sav-ior still have peace with-in.

Yours I am, O spot-less Lamb, so will I let
   Fires may flah and thun-der crash; yea, though sin and
Pain or loss or shame or cross shall not from my
   Though I bear much sor-row here, still in you lies

noth-ing hide you, seek no joy be-side you!
   Hell as ail me, Je-sus will not fail me.
   Sav-ior move me, since he chose to love me.
   Pur-est plea-sure, Je-sus, price-less trea-sure!