

Jesus, Priceless Treasure



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



friend most sure and true: long my heart was burn - ing,
can - not reach me here. Though the earth be shak - 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.
ev - ery heart be quak - ing, Je - sus calms my fear.
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!