Jesus, Priceless Treasure

1 Jesus, price-less tre-a-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 tre-a-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 tre-a-sure!

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