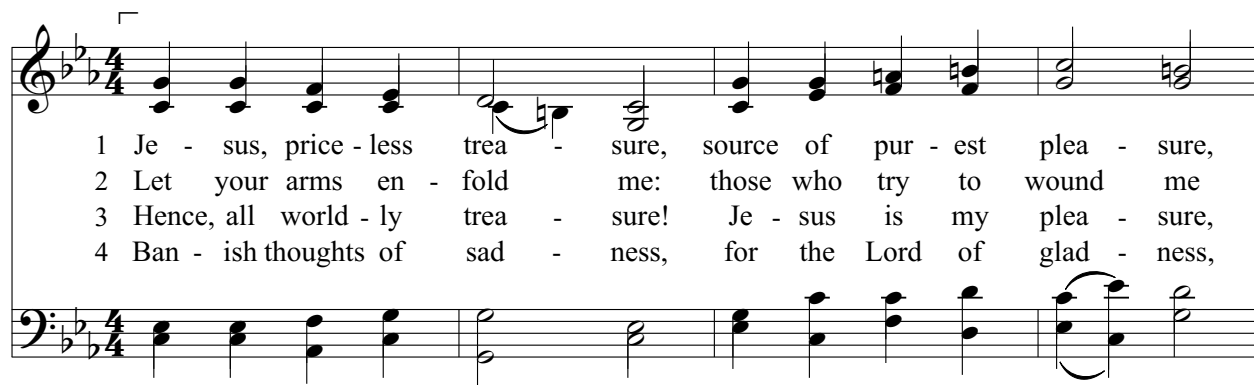
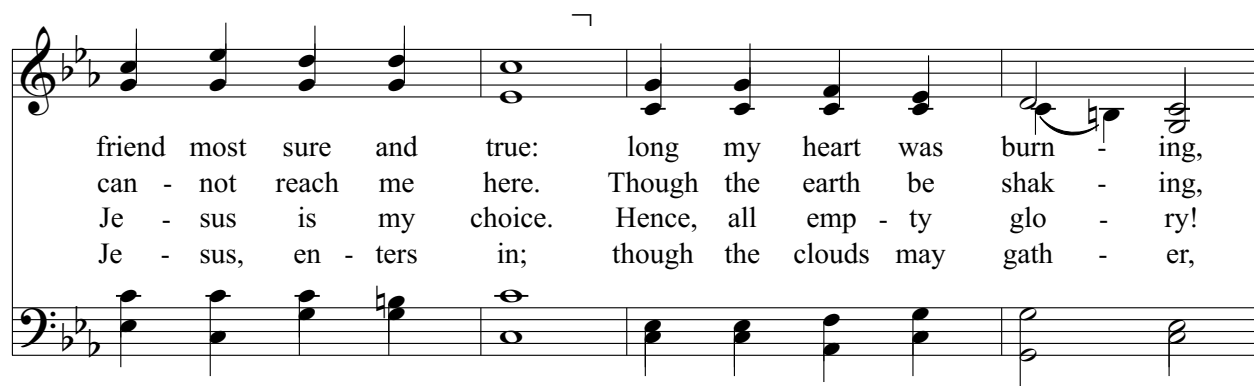


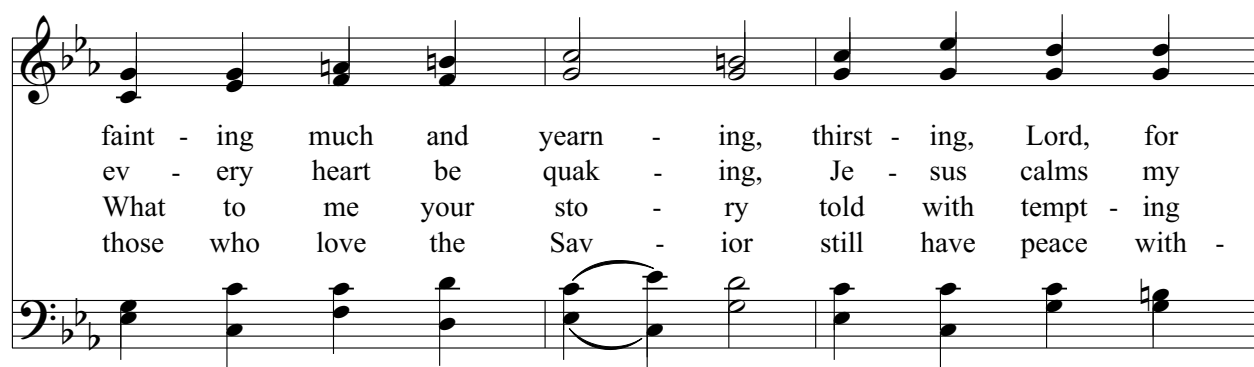
Jesus, Priceless Treasure



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
ev - ery heart be quak - ing, Je - sus calms my
What to me your sto - ry told with tempt - ing
those who love the Sav - ior still have peace with -

Text: Johann Franck, 1653; tr. Catherine
Winkworth, 1863, alt.
Tune: Johann Crüger, 1653



665 665 786
JESU, MEINE FREUDE
www.hymnary.org/text/jesus_priceless_treasure

you. Yours I am, O spot - less Lamb, so will I let
 fear. Fires may flah and thun - der crash; yea, though sin and
 voice? Pain or loss or shame or cross shall not from my
 in. 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!