

Jesus, Priceless Treasure

1 Je - sus, price - less trea - sure, source of pur - est plea - sure,
 2 In thine arms I rest me; foes who would mol - est me
 3 Hence, all fears and sad - ness, for the Lord of glad - ness,

tru - est friend to me: Ah, how long I've pant - ed, and my heart has
 can - not reach me here. Though the earth be sha - king, ev - ery heart be
 Je - sus, en - ters in. Those who love the Fa - ther, though the storms may

fain - ted, thir - sting, Lord, for Thee! Thine I am, O spot - less Lamb;
 quak - ing, Je - sus calms my fear. Sin and hell in con - flict fell
 ga - ther, still_ have peace with - in. Yea, what - e'er I here must bear,

I will suf - fer nought to_ hide thee, nought I ask be - side thee.
 with their bit - ter storms as - sail me, Je - sus will not_ fail me.
 still in thee lies pur - est_ plea - sure, Je - sus, price - less_ trea - sure!

Text: Johann Franck (1618-1677);
 tr. Catherine Winkworth (1827-1878), alt.
 Tune: Johann Crüger (1598-1662);
 harm. J. S. Bach (1685-1750)



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 JESU, MEINE FREUDE
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