Jesus, Priceless Treasure

1 Jesus, priceless treasure, source of purest pleasure,
trusting, Lord, for Thee! Thine I am, O spotless Lamb;
I will suffer nought to hide thee, nought I ask beside thee.

2 In thine arms I rest me; foes who would molest me
quaking, Jesus calms my fear. Sin and hell in conflict fell
with their bitter storms as sail me, Jesus will not fail me.

3 Hence, all fears and sadness, for the Lord of gladness,
gather, still have peace within. Yea, what’er I here must bear,
still in thee lies purest pleasure, Jesus, priceless treasure!

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