Jesus, Priceless Treasure

1 Jesus, price-less treas-ure, source of pur-est plea-sure,
trus-est friend to me: ah, how long I’ve pant -ed, and my heart has
no-thing in this world can hide thee, naught I ask be-side thee.

2 In thine arm I rest me; foes who would mo-lest me
how long I’ve pant -ed, and my heart has
faint -ed, thirst-ing, Lord, for thee! Thine I am, O spot-less Lamb;

3 Hence, all fears and sad-ness, for the Lord of glad -ness,
can-not reach me here. Though the earth be shak-ing, ev -’ry heart be
quak-ing, Je-sus calms my fear. Light-nings flash and thun-ders crash;
saves us, gives sweet peace with-in. I have borne this world-ly scorn;

yet, though sin and hell 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.
Music: JESU, MEINE FREUDE, Johann Crüger, 1598–1662