

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 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 trea - sure!