

Jesus, Priceless Treasure

JESU, MEINE FREUDE

1. Je - sus, price - less Treas - ure, source of pur - est
2. In Thine arms I rest me, foes who would op -
3. Sa - tan, I de - fy thee; death, I need not

pleas - ure, tru - est Friend to me; Long my heart hath
press me can - not reach me here; though the earth be
fly thee; fear, I bid thee cease! Rage, O world, thy

pant - ed till it well nigh faint - ed, thirst - ing
shak - ing, ev - 'ry heart be quak - ing, Je - sus
nois - es can - not drown our voic - es sing - ing

af - ter Thee. Thine I am, O spot-less Lamb, I will suf - fer
calms my fear; sin and hell in con - flict fell with their heav - iest
still of peace; for God's pow'r guards ev - 'ry hour; earth and all the

WORDS: Johann Franck, 1653; tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1869, alt.

6.6.5.6.6.5.7.8.6

MUSIC: Johann Crüger, 1653; harm. Johann Sebastian Bach, 1723

nought to hide storms as - sail depths a - dore Thee, ask for me. Je - sus Him, si - lent nought be - side will not fail bow be - fore Thee. me. Him.

4. Wealth, I will not heed thee;
 wherefore should I need thee?
 Jesus is my joy;
 honors, ye may glisten,
 but I will not listen,
 ye the soul destroy;
 want or loss or shame or cross
 ne'er to leave my Lord shall move me,
 since He deigns to love me.

6. Hence, all thoughts of sadness,
 for the Lord of gladness,
 Jesus, enters in;
 those who love the Father,
 though the storms may gather,
 still have peace within;
 yea, whate'er I here must bear,
 Thou art still my purest pleasure,
 Jesus, priceless Treasure!

5. Farewell, thou who chooseth
 earth, and heav'n refuseth,
 thou wilt tempt in vain;
 hence, ye sins, nor blind me,
 get ye far behind me,
 come not forth again:
 past your hour, O pomp and power;
 godless life, thy bonds I sever,
 leave thee now for ever!