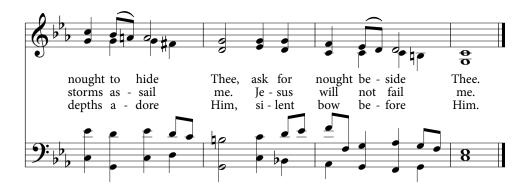
Jesus, Priceless Treasure

JESU, MEINE FREUDE



WORDS: Johann Franck, 1653; tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1869, alt. MUSIC: Johann Crüger, 1653; harm. Johann Sebastian Bach, 1723

6.6.5.6.6.5.7.8.6



- 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.
- 5. Farewell, thou who choosest earth, and heav'n refusest, 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!
- 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!