

Jesus, My Highest Treasure

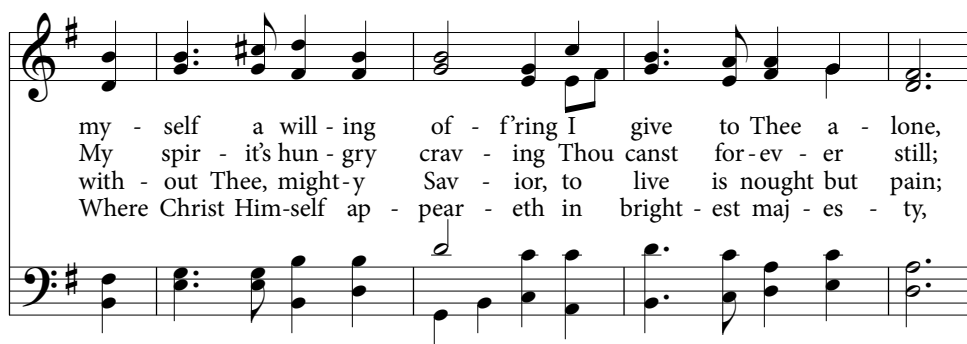
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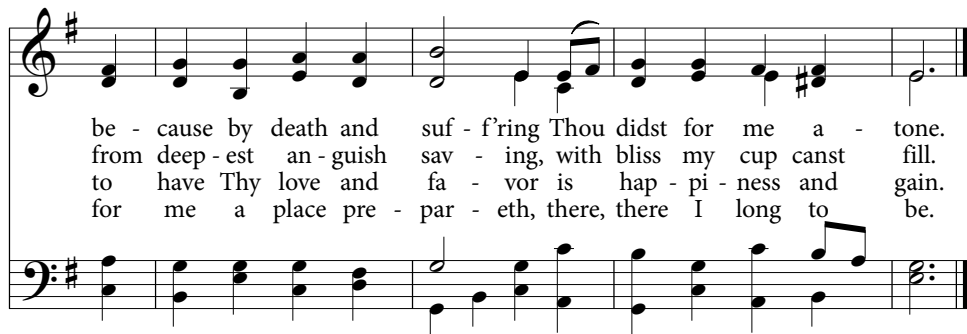
1. Je - sus, my high - est treas - ure, in Thy com-mun-ion blest
 2. O Joy, all joys ex - cel - ling, the Bread of Life Thou art,
 3. O let my eyes be light - ened by sight of Thy dear face;
 4. Earth's glo - ry to in - her - it is not what I de - sire;



I find un - fail - ing pleas - ure, true hap - pi - ness and rest;
 Thou can'st to make Thy dwell - ing in my un - wor - thy heart.
 my life be - low be bright - ened by tast - ing of Thy grace;
 to heav'n as - pires my spir - it, glow - ing with no - bler fire.



my - self a will - ing of - f'ring I give to Thee a - lone,
 My spir - it's hun - gry crav - ing Thou canst for - ev - er still;
 with - out Thee, might - y Sav - ior, to live is nought but pain;
 Where Christ Him - self ap - pear - eth in bright - est maj - es - ty,



be - cause by death and suf - f'ring Thou didst for me a - tone.
 from deep - est an - guish sav - ing, with bliss my cup canst fill.
 to have Thy love and fa - vor is hap - pi - ness and gain.
 for me a place pre - par - eth, there I long to be.

WORDS: Salomon Liscovius, 1672; alt. Frederick William Foster, 1789

7.6.7.6.D

MUSIC: Scandinavian folksong