

Jesus, My Highest Treasure

OSLO

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 cam'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, there I long to be.

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

MUSIC: Scandinavian folksong

7.6.7.6.D

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