

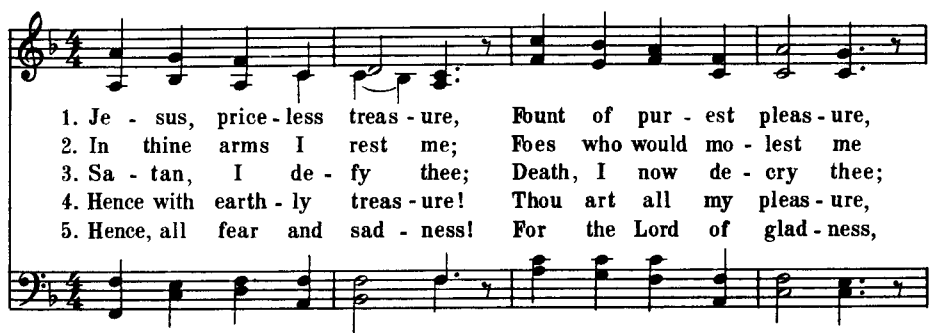
Unto you therefore which believe he is precious . . . I Peter 2:7

Johann Franck, 1655

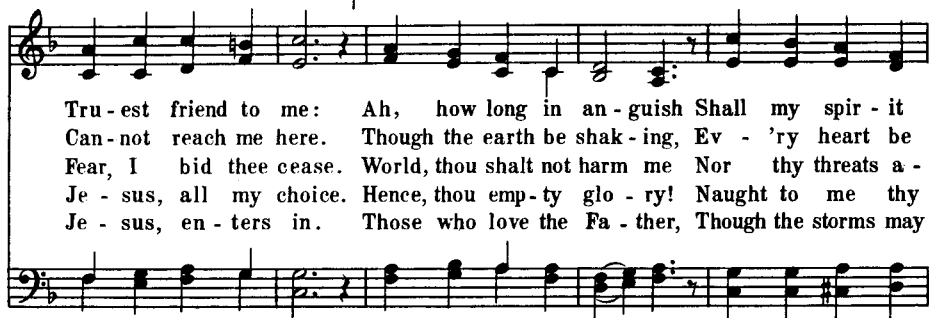
Tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1863

LINDEMAN 6. 6. 5. 6. 6. 5. 3. 4. 8. 6.

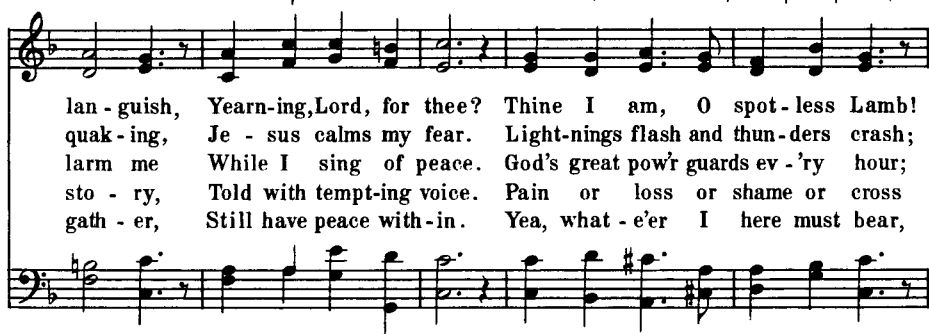
Ludvig M. Lindeman, 1812-1887



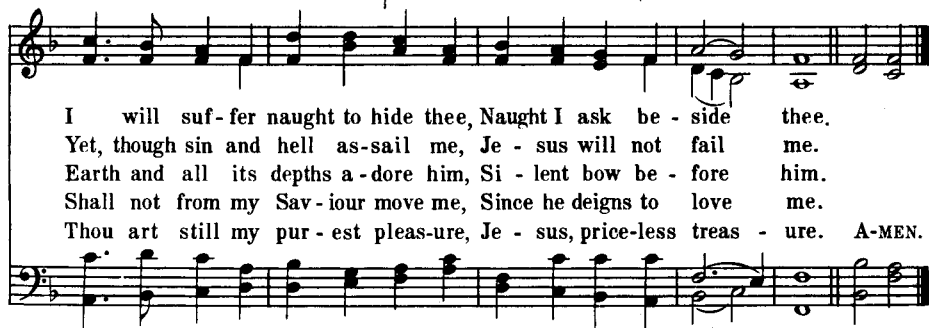
1. Je - sus, price-less treas-ure, Fount of pur-est pleas-ure,
 2. In thine arms I rest me; Foes who would mo-lest me
 3. Sa-tan, I de-fy thee; Death, I now de-cry thee;
 4. Hence with earth-ly treas-ure! Thou art all my pleas-ure,
 5. Hence, all fear and sad-ness! For the Lord of glad-ness,



Tru-est friend to me: Ah, how long in an-guish Shall my spir-it
 Can-not reach me here. Though the earth be shak-ing, Ev-'ry heart be
 Fear, I bid thee cease. World, thou shalt not harm me Nor thy threats a-
 Je-sus, all my choice. Hence, thou emp-ty glo-ry! Naught to me thy
 Je-sus, en-ters in. Those who love the Fa-ther, Though the storms may



lan-guish, Yearn-ing, Lord, for thee? Thine I am, O spot-less Lamb!
 quak-ing, Je-sus calms my fear. Light-nings flash and thun-ders crash;
 larm me While I sing of peace. God's great pow'r guards ev-'ry hour;
 sto-ry, Told with tempt-ing voice. Pain or loss or shame or cross
 gath-er, Still have peace with-in. Yea, what-e'er I here must bear,



I will suf-fer naught to hide thee, Naught I ask be-side thee.
 Yet, though sin and hell as-sail me, Je-sus will not fail me.
 Earth and all its depths a-dore him, Si-lent bow be-fore him.
 Shall not from my Sav-iour move me, Since he deigns to love me.
 Thou art still my pur-est pleas-ure, Je-sus, price-less treas-ure. A-MEN.