

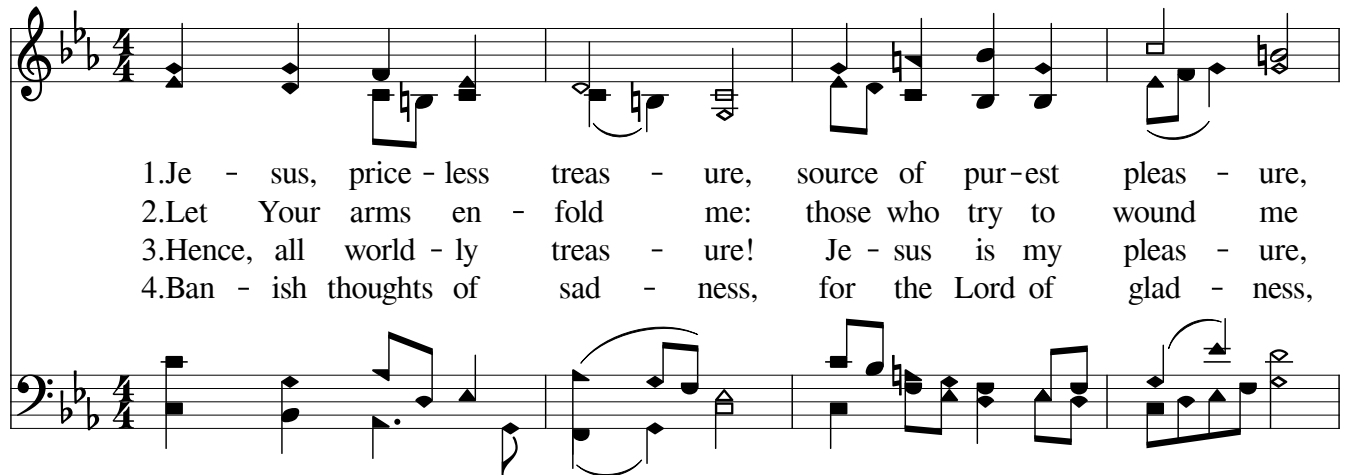
# Jesus, Priceless Treasure

Johann Franck, 1650

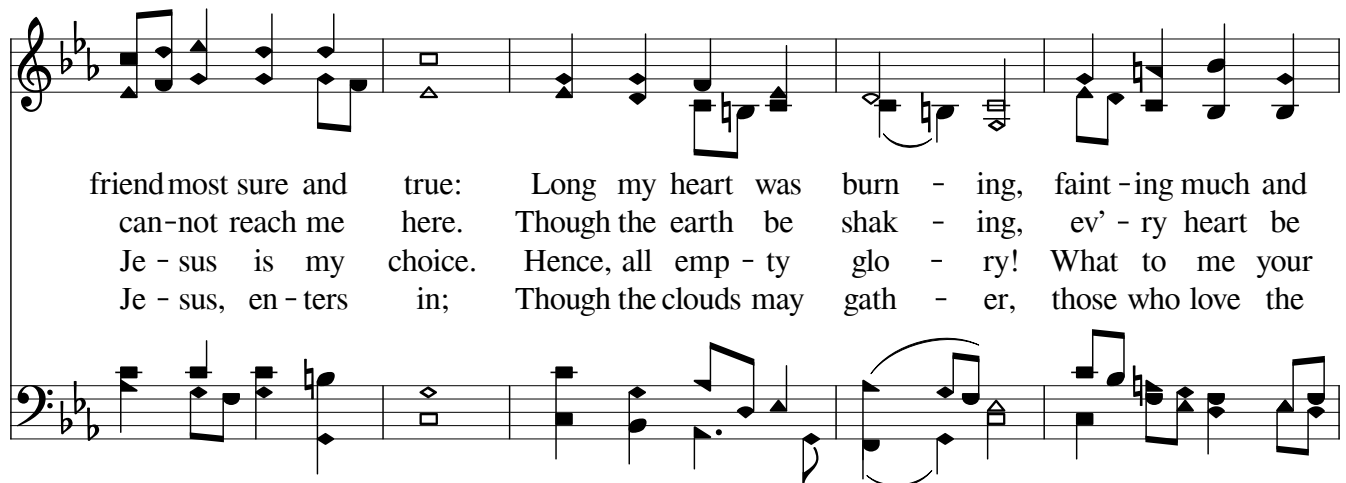
tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1863, alt.

Johann Crüger, 1653


harm. J. S. Bach, 1723



1. Je - sus, price - less treas - ure, source of pur - est pleas - ure,  
2. Let Your arms en - fold me: those who try to wound me  
3. Hence, all world - ly treas - ure! Je - sus is my pleas - ure,  
4. Ban - ish thoughts of sad - ness, for the Lord of glad - ness,



friend most sure and true: Long my heart was burn - ing, faint - ing much and  
can - not reach me here. Though the earth be shak - ing, ev' - ry heart be  
Je - sus is my choice. Hence, all emp - ty glo - ry! What to me your  
Je - sus, en - ters in; Though the clouds may gath - er, those who love the



yearn - ing, thirst - ing, Lord, for You. Yours I am, O spot - less Lamb,  
quak - ing, Je - sus calms my fear. Fires may flash and thun - der crash;  
sto - ry told with tempt - ing voice? Pain or loss or shame or cross  
Sav - ior still have peace with - in. Though I bear much sor - row here,

so will I let noth-ing hide You, seek no joy be-side You!  
yea, though sin and hell as - sail me, Je - sus will not fail me.  
shall not from my Sa - vior move me, since He chose to love me.  
still in You lies pur - est pleas - ure, Je - sus, price-less treas - ure!