

Jesus, priceless treasure

Capo 3: Am Em Dm Am Dm E Am C D⁷ Em C F E

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

Am Dm E Am Am Em Dm Am Dm E Am

friend most sure and true: long my heart was burn - ing,
 can - not reach me here. Though the earth be shak - ing,
 Je - sus is my choice. Hence, all emp - ty glo - ry!
 Je - sus, en - ters in; though the clouds may gath - er,

C D⁷ Em C F E Am Dm E Am

faint - ing much and yearn - ing, thirst - ing, Lord, for you.
 ev - ery heart be quak - ing, Je - sus calms my fear.
 What to me your sto - ry told with tempt - ing voice?
 those who love the Sav - iour still have peace with - in.

C G⁷ C G⁷ C D Em C Am Em

Yours I am, O spot - less Lamb, so will I let noth - ing
 Fires may flash and thun - der crash; yea, though sin and hell as -
 Pain or loss or shame or cross shall not from my Sav - iour
 Though I bear much sor - row here, still in you lies pur - est

Text: Johann Franck, 1653; tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1863, alt.
 Tune: Johann Crüger, 1653

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 JESU, MEINE FREUDE

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B E Am Em Dm Am Dm E Am

hide you, seek no joy be - side you.
 sail me, Je - sus will not fail me.
 move me, since he chose to love me.
 plea - sure, Je - sus, price - less trea - sure!

498 We give thee but thine own

G C D⁷ G G⁷ C G Am (Dsus D)

1 We give thee but thine own, what - e'er the gift may be;
 2 May we thy boun-ties thus as stew-ards true re - ceive,
 3 To com-fort and to bless, to find a balm for woe,

G C D⁷ Em D G G⁷ Am G D⁷ G

all that we have is thine a - lone, a trust, O Lord, from thee.
 and glad - ly, as thou bless - est us, to thee our first - fruits give.
 to tend the lone and fa - ther - less is an - gels' work be - low.

4 The captive to release,
 to God the lost to bring,
 to teach the way of life and peace –
 it is a Christ-like thing.

5 And we believe thy word,
 though dim our faith may be;
 whate'er for thine we do, O Lord,
 we do it unto thee.