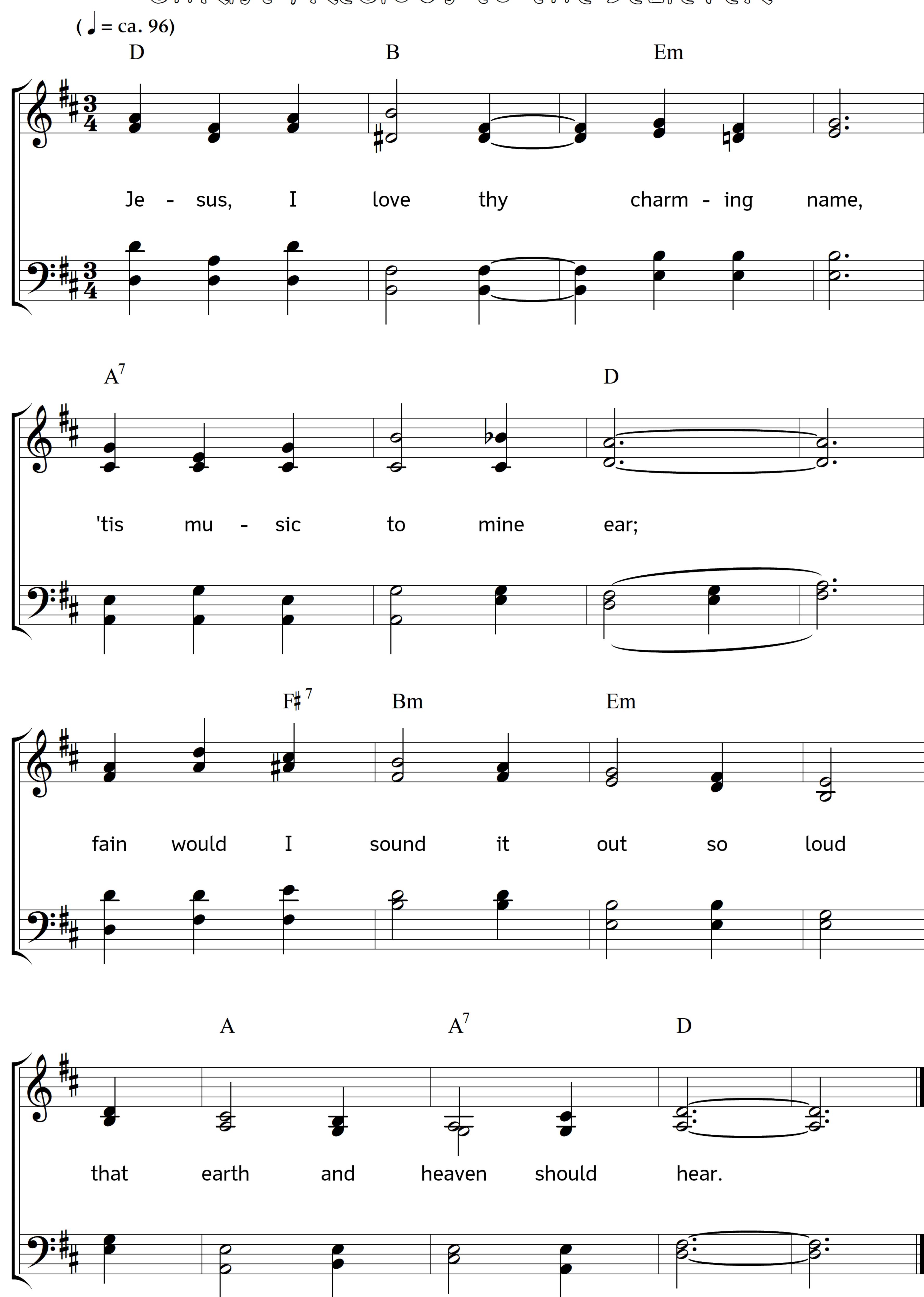
CHRIST PRECIOUS TO THE BELIEVER



2. Yes: thou art precious to my soul, my transport and my trust; jewels to thee are gaudy toys, and gold is sordid dust.

3. All my capacious powers can wish, in thee doth richly meet; nor to mine eyes is light so dear nor friendship half so sweet.

4. Thy grace still dwells upon my heart, and sheds its fragrance there; the noblest balm of all its wounds, the cordial of its care.

5. I'll speak the honours of thy name with my last labouring breath; then, speechless, clasp thee in mine arms, the antidote of death.

Words: Philip Doddridge. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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