

Precious Bible! What a Treasure
John Newton, 1779.
Darmstadt Gesangbuch, 1698.

Precious Bible! what a treasure
Does the Word of God afford?
All I want for life or pleasure,
Food and med'cine, shield and sword:
Let the world account me poor,
Having this I need no more.

Food to which the world's a stranger,
Here my hungry soul enjoys;
Of excess there is no danger,
Though it fills, it never cloy:
On a dying Christ I feed,
He is meat and drink indeed.

When my faith is faint and sickly,
Or when Satan wounds my mind,
Cordials, to revive me quickly,
Healing med'cines here I find:
To the promises I flee,
Each affords a remedy.

In the hour of dark temptation
Satan cannot make me yield;
For the Word of consolation
Is to me a mighty shield
While the scripture truths are sure,
From his malice I'm secure.

Vain his threats to overcome me,
When I take the Spirits' sword;
Then with ease I drive him from me.
Satan trembles at the word:
'Tis a sword for conquest made,
Keen the edge, and strong the blade.

Shall I envy then the miser
Doting on his golden store?
Sure I am, or should be, wiser,
I am rich, 'tis he is poor:
Jesus gives me in his word,
Food and med'cine, shield and sword.