

HAMBURG 8,7,8,7,7,7

1. Pre-cious Bi - ble! What a treas-ure Does the word of God af - ford! } Let the world ac-count me poor, Hav-ing this I need no more.
 All I want for life or pleasure Food and med-'cine, shield and sword;

2. Food, to which the world's a stranger Here my hun - gry soul en - joys; } On a dy - ing Christ I feed, He is meat and drink in - deed.
 Of ex - cess there is no danger,—Though it fills, it nev - er cloy;

3. When my faith is weak and sick - ly, Or when Sa - tan wounds my mind, } To the prom - is - es I flee— Each af - fords a rem - e - dy.
 Cor - dials to re - vive me quick - ly, Heal - ing med - 'cines here I find;