

Precious Bible, What a Treasure!

Text: John Newton (1725-1807), Edited by David Ward © 2008 ThousandTongues.org
Tune: ALL SAINTS OLD, Darmstadt Gesangbuch, 1698
From <http://www.thousandtongues.org/songs/hymntexts/precious-bible-what-a-treasure>

Song Flow: 1,2,3

- 1** Precious Bible! what a treasure
Does the Word of God afford!
All I want for life or pleasure,
Food and tonic, shield and sword;
Let the world account me poor-
Having this I need no more.

- 2** Food to which the worldâ€™s a stranger,
Here my hungry soul is filled;
Of excess there is no danger,
I am gorged yet never ill;
On a dying Christ I feed,
He is meat and drink indeed!

- 3** When my faith is faint and sickly
Or when Satan wounds my mind-
Tonics to revive me quickly,
Healing medicines 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 Iâ€™m secure.

Vain his threats to overcome me
When I take the Spiritâ€™s sword;
Then with ease I drive him from me,

**Satan trembles at the word;
It is a sword for conquest made-
Keen the edge and strong the blade.**