

Treble

1. How doth Thy word my heart en-gage! How well em-ploy my tongue! And,

Tenor

2. O how I love Thy ho-ly law! 'Tis dai-ly my de-light; And

Bass

3. No trea-sures so en-rich the mind; Nor shall Thy word be sold For

Tr.

in my tire-some pil-gri-mage, Yields me an heav'n-ly song. Am I a

T.

thence my me-di-ta-tions draw Di-vine ad-vice by night. My wa-king

B.

loads of sil-ver well re-fined, Nor heaps of choi-cest gold. When na-ture

Tr.

stran-ger, or at home, 'Tis my per-pe-tual feast; Not ho-ney drip-ping from the

T.

eyes pre-vent the day To me-di-tate Thy word; My soul with long-ing melts a-

B.

sinks, and spi-rits droop, Thy pro-mi-ses of grace Are pil-lars to sup-port my

Tr.

comb, So much al-lures the taste, So much al-lures the taste.

T.

way, To hear Thy gos-pel, Lord, To hear Thy gos-pel, Lord.

B.

hope, And there I write Thy praise, And there I write Thy praise.