

Isaac Watts, 1719  
(Psalm 119, Part 5)  
86. 86. (C. M.)

# Treasure

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G Major  
Oliver Holden, 1796

1. How doth Thy word my heart en-gage! How well em-ploy my tongue! And, in my tire-some pil-gri-mage, Yields  
2. O how I love Thy ho-ly law! 'Tis dai-ly my de-light; And thence my me-di-tations draw Di-  
3. No trea-sures so en-rich the mind; Nor shall Thy word be sold For loads of sil-ver well re-fined, Nor

me an heav'n-ly song. Am I a stran-ger, or at home, 'Tis my per-pe-tual feast; Not ho-ney  
vine ad-vice by night. My wa-king eyes pre-vent the day To me-di-tate Thy word; My soul with  
heaps of choi-cest gold. When na-ture sinks, and spi-rits droop, Thy pro-mi-ses of grace Are pil-lars

drip-ping from the comb, So much al-lures the taste, So much al-lures the taste.  
long-ing melts a-way, To hear Thy gos-pel, Lord, To hear Thy gos-pel, Lord.  
to sup-port my hope, And there I write Thy praise, And there I write Thy praise.