

How precious, Lord, thy sacred word

HIGHTON

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Arr.: Lowell Mason

Rather Slow

1. How pre - cious, Lord, thy sa - cred word! What light and
 2. Thy threat'n - ings wake our slumb'r - ing eyes, And warn us

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6 5 6 7 8 6
 3 4 5

joy these leaves af - ford To souls in deep dis - tress!
 where our dan - ger lies; But 'tis thy gos - pel, Lord,

joy these leaves af - ford, To souls in deep dis - tress,
 where our dan - ger lies; But 'tis thy gos - pel, Lord,

5 6 8 7 3 6 6 5 4 #
 3 4 5 5 6 8 7 6 5

Thy prom - ise leads to rest.
 And gives a free re - ward.

1. Thy pre - cepts guide my doubt - ful way,
 Thy fear for - bids my feet to stray, Thy prom - ise leads to rest.

2. That makes the guilt - y con - science clean,
 Con - verts the soul, and con - quers sin, And gives a free re - ward.

8 #7 8 5 7 6 5 #4 5 6 6 8 7
 3 3 5 4 3 #2 3