

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

Treasure

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G Major
Oliver Holden, 1796



Treble

1. How doth Thy word my heart engage! How well employ my tongue! And in my tiresome pilgrimage, Yields me a heav'nly song. Am I a

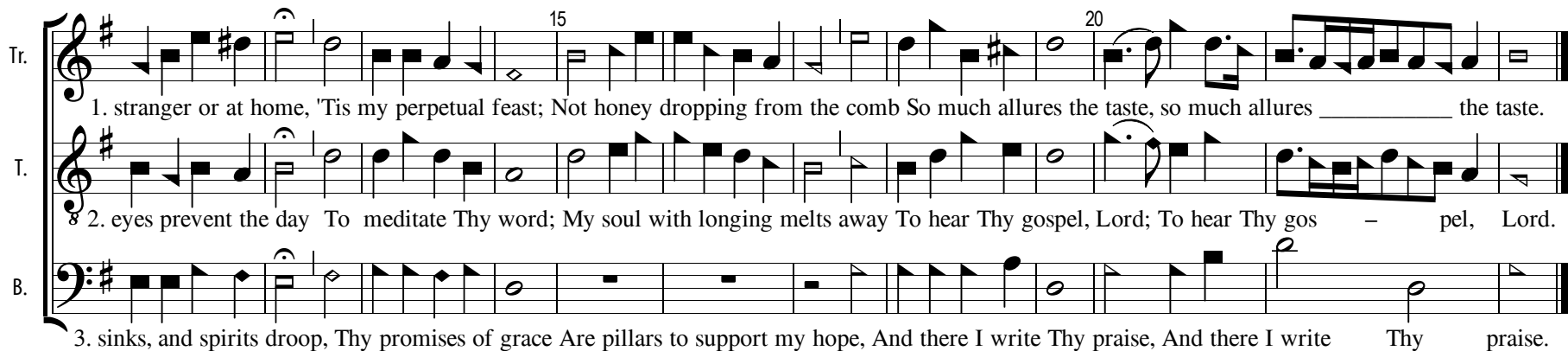
Tenor

2. O how I love Thy holy law! 'Tis daily my delight; And thence my meditations draw Divine advice by night. My waking

Bass

3. No treasures so enrich the mind; Nor shall Thy word be sold For loads of silver well refined, Nor heaps of choicest gold. When nature

5 10



Tr.

1. stranger or at home, 'Tis my perpetual feast; Not honey dropping from the comb So much allures the taste, so much allures _____ the taste.

T.

2. eyes prevent the day To meditate Thy word; My soul with longing melts away To hear Thy gospel, Lord; To hear Thy gos - pel, Lord.

B.

3. sinks, and spirits droop, Thy promises of grace Are pillars to support my hope, And there I write Thy praise, And there I write Thy praise.

15 20