

# Holy Law

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1. Oh how I love Your ho - ly law! It's dai - ly my de - light;  
 2. Your heav'nly words my heart en - gage, and well em - ploy my tongue,  
 3. No treas - ures so en - rich the mind; nor shall Your word be sold

G A D G A D

I med - i - tate and from it draw di - vine ad - vice by night.  
 And in my tire - some pil - grim - age yield me a heav'n - ly song.  
 For loads of sil - ver well re - fin'd, nor heaps of choic - est gold.

My wak - ing eyes pre - cede the day to coun - sel with Your word;  
 When I am trav - 'ling, or at home, it's my per - pet - ual feast;  
 When na - ture sinks, and spir - its droop, Your prom - is - es of grace

D<sup>7</sup> G C G C G C D

My soul with long - ing melts a - way to hear Your gos - pel, Lord.  
 Not hon - ey drop - ping from the comb is sweet - er to the taste.  
 Are pil - lars to sup - port my hope; and sad - ness turns to praise.