O How I Love Thy Holy Law

Doh is G · 3/4 Tune: ST. AGNES

| m - m - m - | r - - - m - | f - - - t, - | d - - - - - |
O How I love thy holy law!

| s, - s, - s, - | m - - - r - | r - - - - - | f - f - m - |
'Tis daily my de- light; And thence my

| r - - - d - | t, - - - l, - | s, - - - - - | s, - l, - d - |
medi- tations draw Divine ad-

| m - - - r - | d - - - - - |
vice by night.

The other verses

2 My waking eyes prevent the day
To meditate thy word;
My soul with longing melts away
To hear thy gospel, Lord.

3 How doth thy word my heart engage!
How well employ my tongue!
And, in my tiresome pilgrimage,
Yields me a heavenly song.

4 Am I a stranger, or at home,
'Tis my perpetual feast;
Not honey dropping from the comb
So much allures the taste.

5 No treasures so enrich the mind;
Nor shall thy word be sold
For loads of silver well refin'd,
Nor heaps of choicest gold.

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

Melody from the Open Hymnal Project (public domain), edited by Brian J. Dumont; tune ST. AGNES by John Bacchus Dykes (1823–1876); words by Isaac Watts (1674–1748). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.