

Psalm 19

Strassbourg/Geneva, 1542, Lyon, 1548

♩ = 90

1.The heav - ens high a - bove tell out with all their power
2.There is no sound to hear, no words for them to speak,
3.It ris - es from the dis - tant reach es of the sky
4.The pre - cepts of the Lord are trust - worth - y and sure,
5.They're more to be de - sired than trea - sures made of gold,
6.O keep your serv - ant now from yield - ing to the sin

the glo - ry of our God; the spac - ious firm - a - ment
no voice for them to raise. And yet their "voice" goes out
to make its dai - ly path a cross the vault of heav'n
mak - ing the heart re - joice. Our ho - ly Lord's com - mands
ev - en the fin - est gold. Sweet - er by far are they
of ov - er - ween - ing pride. Let not it mas - ter me;

that ov - er - looks the earth pro - claims his hand - i - work.
to cov - er all the earth; their "words" are spread a - broad.
to where it sets at last; its heat can not be fled.
are right - eous and are pure, en - light - en - ing the eyes.
than hon - ey drip - ping from the sweet - est hon - ey - comb.
then I shall blame - less be and in - no - cent of sin.

Each pass - ing day hands on the word it has re - ceived
 High up a - bove our heads he's pitched a daz - ling tent
 Per - fec - tion is the law our grac - ious Lord pro - claims
 To love and fear the Lord is pur - i - ty it - self,
 Your serv - ant's heart is formed by keep - ing your com - mands,
 Let all the words that flow out of my op - en lips

to greet the com - ing morn - ing. The dark - ness of the night
 to house the sun - light's splen - dour; Much as a bride - groom leaves
 to quick - en droop - ing spir - its. The wit - ness of the Lord
 e - tern - al - ly en - dur - ing. The judge - ments of the Lord
 which bring re - ward and hon - our. But which of us can see
 and my heart's med - i - ta - tion be worth - y in your sight,

has told the good news to the next ap - proach - ing even - ing.
 his cham - ber, so the sun will run its course re - joic - ing.
 is stead - fast and be - stows its wis - dom on the sim - ple.
 are cer - tain - ty and truth, and up - right al - to - geth - er.
 the er - rors in our - selves? Keep me from all trans - gress - ion.
 O grac - ious Lord a - bove, my rock and my re - deem - er.