

Lord, I love your com - mands.

Psalm 117:57, 72, 76-77, 127-130

John Stainer after Beethoven

1. I have | said, O | Lord,  
that my part | is to | keep your | words.  
the law of your mouth is to | me more | precious  
than thousands of | gold and | silver | pieces.

2. Let your | kindness | comfort me  
according to your | promise | to your | servants.  
Let your compassion come to me that | I may | live,  
for your | law is | my de- | light.

3. For I | love your . com- | mands  
more than | gold, how- | ever | fine.  
For in all your precepts | I go | forward;  
every | false | way I | hate.

4. Wonderful are | your de- | crees;  
\_\_\_ | therefore | I ob- | serve them.  
The revelation of your | words sheds | light,  
giving under- | standing | to the | simple.

Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, \_\_\_ al - le - lu - ia.

Blessèd are you, Father, Lord of heav-en and earth;

Tone 1  
circle of Lassus

for you have revealed to little ones the mys - t'ries of the kingdom.