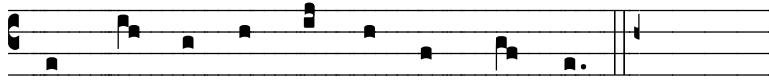
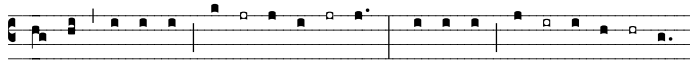


VII



**H**ow sweet to my taste is your prom-ise!



\*

In the way of your de-|crees I re-|jice, \*  
as much as |in all rich-es. R.

Yes, your de-|crees are my de-|light; \*  
they |are my coun-|se-lors. R.

The law of your mouth is to |me more pre-|cious \*  
than thousands of gold and |sil-ver piec-es. R.

How sweet to my palate |are your prom-|is-es, \*  
sweeter than |hon-ey to my mouth! R.

Your decrees are my inheri-|tance for-ev-er; \*  
the |joy of my heart they are. R.

- - - I |gasp with o-|pen mouth \*  
in my |yearn-ing for your com-|mands. R.

How sweet — to my taste — is your prom - ise!

