Heaven Declares (Psalm 19)

1. Heaven declares the glory of our God! The skies proclaim the
   works of Your hand. There is no speech devoid of their voices.
   They spread Your glory over the land.
   Like a champion in heaven, triumphantly sweeps Your sun:   
   precious, more precious than pure gold, O Lord!

2. Your law, O Lord, is perfect, life-giving. Your precepts, Lord, bring
   joy to the heart. Your law, O Lord, is pure and enduring.
   Radiant, indeed, the Light it imparts! Your laws are more
   precious, more precious than pure gold, O Lord!

3. Who can discern the error of their way? Forgive me, Lord, of
   my hidden flaws. Keep me, O Lord, from willful transgressions.
   Keep me tucked safely (within) Your Law. 
   Like a champion in heaven, triumphantly sweeps Your sun:   
   precious, more precious than pure gold, O Lord!

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Sweet - er they than hon - ey, Lord — their guid - ance, my re -
shing warmth up - on us all, touch - ing ev - 'ry-

"cresc."

Am  C  G  Bm

D.S.‰ al Coda

with-in Your Law.