

Seventeenth Sunday Year A

Lord, I love_ your com-mands.

1. I have said, "O *Lord, my* portion
is to o-*bey your* words./
The law from your mouth means *more to* me
than large quantities of silver and gold.
2. Let your merciful *love con-*sole me
by your promise *to your* servant./
Show me compassion, that *I may* live,
for your law is *my de-*light.
3. That is why I love *your com-*mands
more than *fi-nest* gold,/
why I rule my life *by your* precepts,
and *hate false* ways.
4. Your decrees are wonder-*ful in-*deed;
therefore my *soul o-*beys them./
The unfolding of your word gives light,
and understanding *to the* simple.