

# Thou, Lord, to God art precious

Praise of the Lord — His Sweetness

169

(Guitar: Capo 3)

**D** **A** **D** **G** **A** **A<sup>7</sup>**  
1. Thou, Lord, to God art pre - cious, His cho - sen, His de - light; With  
**A<sup>7</sup>** **D** **G** **D** **A<sup>7</sup>**  
oil of joy, a - noint - ed, How come - ly in His  
**D** **D<sup>7</sup>** **G** **D** **G** **D**  
sight. (C) We trea - sure with af - fec - tion Thy per - fect come - li - ness, Thy  
**D** **G** **D** **A** **D** **A<sup>7</sup>** **D**  
sweet - ness and Thy fra - grance, And all Thy love - li - ness.

2. The altogether lovely,  
The fairest of the fair,  
Thy mouth with grace o'erfloweth;  
Our hearts their love declare.

3. The wise men offered treasures  
And honored Thee at birth;  
Thou wast by noble buried,  
Still lovable in death.

4. Thy head has been anointed,  
The lovely One Thou art;  
Thy feet anointed also,  
Beloved in every part.

5. Thy death as myrrh in sweetness  
Man's spirit comforteth;  
Thy resurrection fragrance  
God's longing answereth.

6. As henna flow'rs, Thy beauty  
In loveliness complete;  
As apple trees that flourish,  
Thy fruit abundant, sweet.

7. Sweet wine Thy love surpasseth,  
Thy name an ointment is;  
We take Thee as our love feast  
And taste the sweetest bliss.

8. As on Thyself we ponder  
And all Thy beauty trace,  
We taste to full Thy sweetness  
And rest in Thine embrace.