






1205 • 17th Sunday in Ordinary Time, Year A



Ps. 119:57, 72, 76-77, 127-128, 129-130 • Jeff Ostrowski • ccwatershed.org

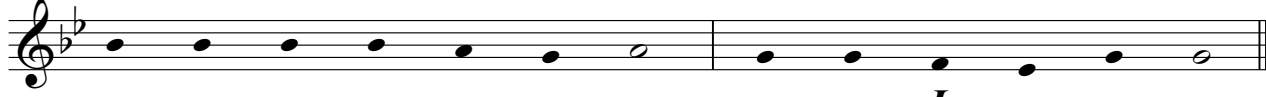
R. 
Lord, I love your com - mands.

1 
I have *said*, O Lord, that my part is to *keep* your words. The law

of your mouth is to *me* more pre - cious than thou - sands of gold and *sil* - ver pie - ces.

Psalm Verse no. 2




Let your *kind* - ness com - fort me ac - cor - ding to your pro - mise *to* your ser - vants.

Let your com - pas - sion come to me that *I* may live, for your law is *my* de - light.

3 
For I love *your* com - mand more than gold, ho - *we* - ver fine.

For in all your pre - cepts *I* go for - ward; eve - ry false *way* I hate.

4 
Won - der - ful are *your* de - crees; there - fore *I* ob - serve them.



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The rev - e - la - tion of your *words* sheds light,

giv - ing un - der - stand - ing *to* the sim - ple.