

1. Quite won - der - ful are all Your words, And so my soul o - beys.
2. My mouth is dry, my throat a - thirst, I long for all Your laws.

The door-way of Your law is lit, Warm yel - low light pours wis - dom out
Look down on me, show mer - cy now, Just like You used to do of old

And so the the sim - ple gath - er in,
To those who love Your ho - ly name,
And so the sim - ple gath - er in,
To those who love Your ho - ly name,
And Your gath - er in,
Your ho - ly name,

And so the sim - ple gath - er in.
To those who love Your ho - ly name.

Split note OR Tenor and Bass Fugue Lead In

3. Order my steps within Your Word;
Do not let evil reign.
Deliver me from tyrants' lies,
That I might walk within Your law,
And **keep Your pre-cepts** pure and clean.

4. And let Your face shine down on me,
And teach Your holy law,
While rivers flow down both my cheeks
Because the wicked will not hear
And turn a-way from all Your words.