

1. Give back Your Word to me, Your slave, On which You made me hope.  
2. The proud have loved to laugh at me, And they de-ride my name.

This is my com-fort in my fears. Your quick-'ning Word has made me live,  
But I have not a-pos-ta-tized, I have not drift-ed from Your law,

Your res-ur-rect-ing pow'r is here.  
And I re-mem-ber an-cient laws,

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And I re-mem-ber an-cient laws.

*Split note OR Tenor and Bass Fugue Lead In*

3. The laws of old I have recalled,  
And still they comfort me.  
And when the wicked walk away  
From all the holiness they hold  
***It hor-ri-fies*** and takes my heart.

4. Your words have always been my songs  
Along my pilgrimage,  
Within my house I sing Your praise,  
And I recall Your name, O LORD,  
All through the night ***I keep Your law.***