

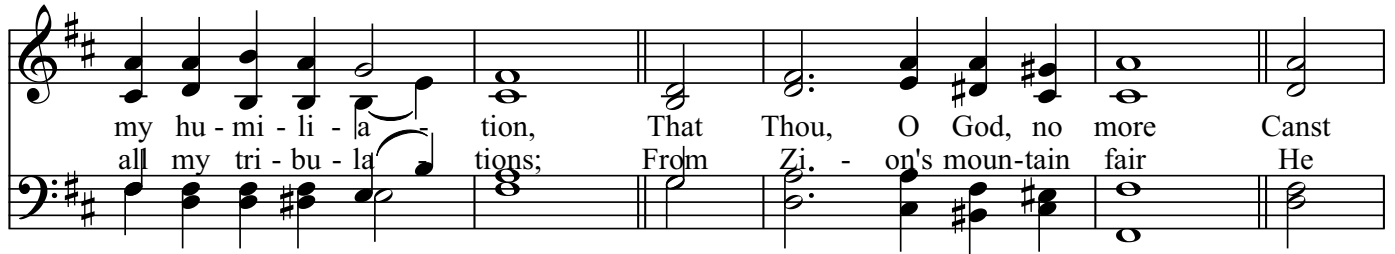
## 414.0 Lord, How Swiftly Grows

1. O Lord, how swift - ly grows The num-ber of my  
 2. But Thou, Je - ho - vah, art A shield a-bout my

foes, Who wan-ton - ly op-press me! Yea, mul - ti-p lied are they That  
 heart, My hope and sure re - li - ance. Thou, in the hour of dread, Dost

rise to my dis - may, And day by day dis-tress me. Though  
 lift my wea - ry head, And bid-dest them de fi - ance Whe -

hea - vy my des - pair, They scorn - ful - ly de - clare, To  
 ne'er to God I cried, He has-tened to my side In



3. I laid me down and slept;  
I waked, for I was kept  
In His divine protection;  
The Lord was at my side,  
My succor He supplied,  
Whatever my affliction.  
Defended by His hand,  
I shall undaunted stand,  
While thousands surge about me;  
Though furious foemen wage  
Their war with mighty rage,  
I know they shall not rout me.

4. Arise and save me, Lord,  
For Thou hast smitten hard  
The jaws of them that hate me;  
Yea, Thou didst fiercely break  
For me Thy servant's sake  
The teeth of the ungodly.  
I shall not suffer long,  
For my salvation strong  
Belongeth to Jehovah;  
Thou, Lord, wilt freely pour  
A blessing from Thy store  
Upon us; Hallelujah!