

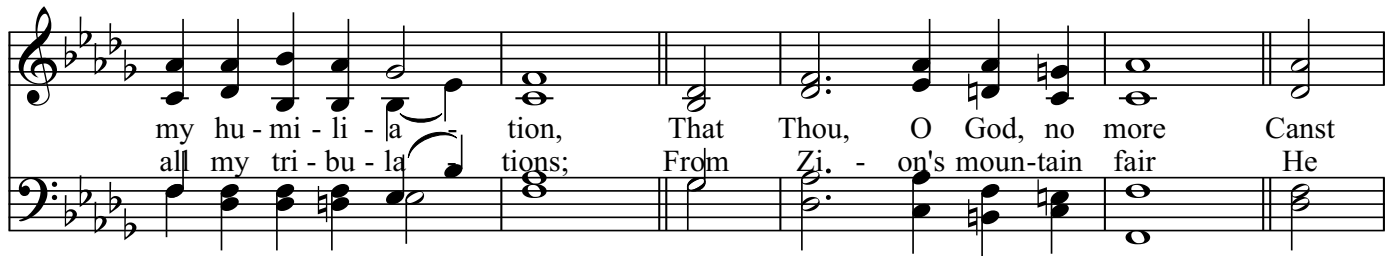
414.0 Lord, How Swiftly Grows

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-plyed 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!