

## O Lord, How Swiftly Grows

## PSALM 3

MORNING PRAISE 6 6 7 6 6 7 D.

Louis Bourgeois, 1551  
Harmonized by Henry Bruinsma, 1954*Forcefully; may be sung in unison*

1 O Lord, how swift-ly grows The num-ber of my foes, Who wan-ton-  
2 But Thou, Je - ho - vah, art A shield a-bout my heart, My hope and

ly op-press me. Yea, mul-ti-plied are they That rise to my dis-may,  
sure re-li - ance. Thou, in the hour of dread, Dost lift my wea-ry head,

And day by day dis-tress me. Though heav-y my des-pair, They scorn-ful-  
And bid-dest them de-fi - ance. When-e'er to God I cried, He has-tened

ly de-clare To my hu - mil - i - a - tion That Thou, O  
to my side In all my trib - u - la - tions; From Zi - on's

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God, no more Canst help me as be-fore, Or come to my sal - va - tion.  
moun-tain fair He looked on my de-spair, And heard my sup-pli-ca-tions.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn "O Lord, How Swiftly Grows". It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff at the top and a bass clef staff at the bottom. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are printed between the two staves.

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 !