



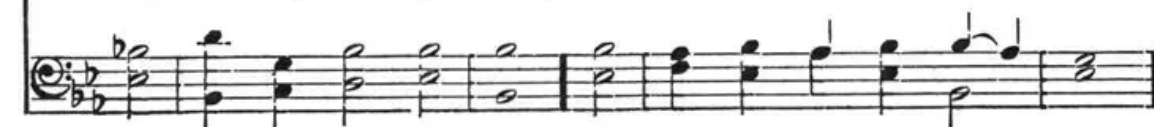
1 O Lord, how swift - ly grows The num - ber of my foes,  
2 But Thou, Je - ho - vah, art A shield a - bout my heart,



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



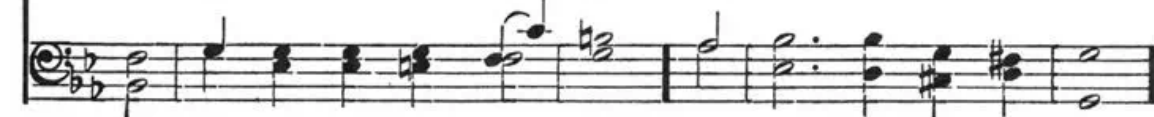
That rise to my dis - may, And day by day dis - tress me.  
Dost lift my wea - ry head, And bid - dest them de - fi - ance



Though heav - y my de - spair, They scorn - ful - ly de - clare,  
When - e'er to God I cried, He has - tened to my side



To my hu - mil - i - a - tion, That Thou, O God, no more  
In all my trib - u - la - tions; From Zi - on's moun - tain fair



Canst help me as be - fore Or come to my sal - va - tion.  
He looked on my de - spair, And heard my sup - pli - ca - tions.

