

# SWIFTLY FALL MY HEART ON THEE



1. Swift-ly fall my heart on Thee, when sin's ar - rows sharp-ened be,  
2. See my God, in love di - vine, scorn - ing noth - ing, hung to die;  
3. Tar - ry yet my heart a - gain, though tempt - a - tion clos - es in!  
4. Stay me on this pil-grim way, though still marked by sin's de - cay:



when the dark-ness full of fear and doubt ov - er-whelms, de - spite my plea;  
Lord of Hosts, with ang-els on com-mand sil - ent, leaves them stand - ing by!  
Though the voic - es war-ring o'er my soul whis-per of Thy neg - li-gence;  
though we know Thy re - sur-rec-tion pow'r still we wait for judge-ment day.



To the emp - ty tomb I cling, proof e - nough to stand and sing,  
Give me faith to trust you there, strength to o - ver-come de - spair;  
Je - sus knows my un - told grief. What more might I ask than he  
Let Thy good-ness e'er be known, we are ne - ver left a - lone,



death is ban-ished, sin is ov - er-thrown, an end will come to suf - fer - ing!  
some-how bet - ter to beknown in grief than res-cued from this pain I bear.  
bear the weight of death's un-ceas-ing load while prom-is - ing his vic - tor - y?  
shar - ing now in Je - sus' suf - fer - ing 'til death is crushed be-neath Thy throne!

Words & Music: Eliza Billingham, 2020

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