

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; the end will come to suf - fer - ing!
 some-how bet - ter to be known in grief than rescued from this pain I bear.
 bear the weight of death's un - ceasing 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!

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