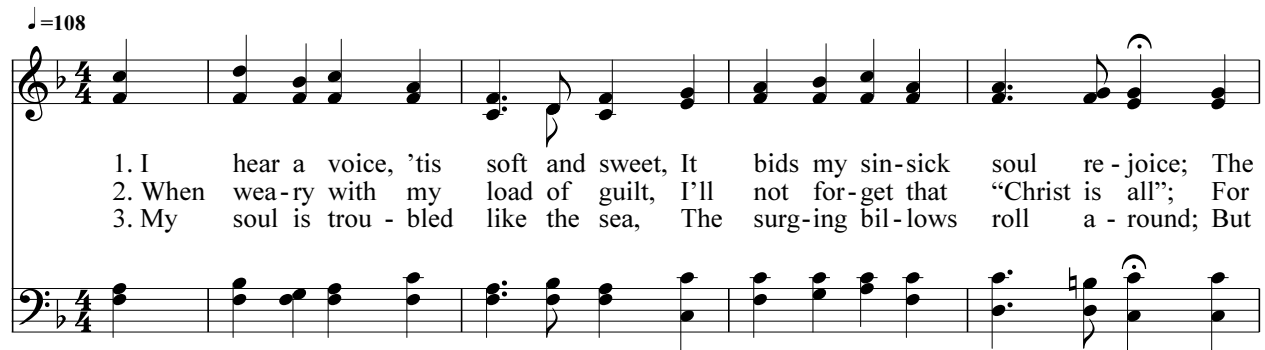


I Hear a Voice, 'Tis Soft and Sweet

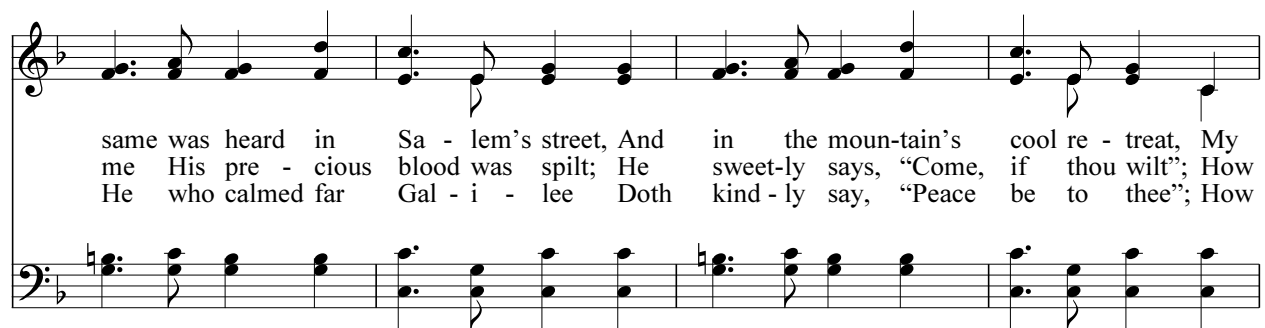
Robert Fleming Sample (1829-1905)

Beardsley Van de Water

♩=108

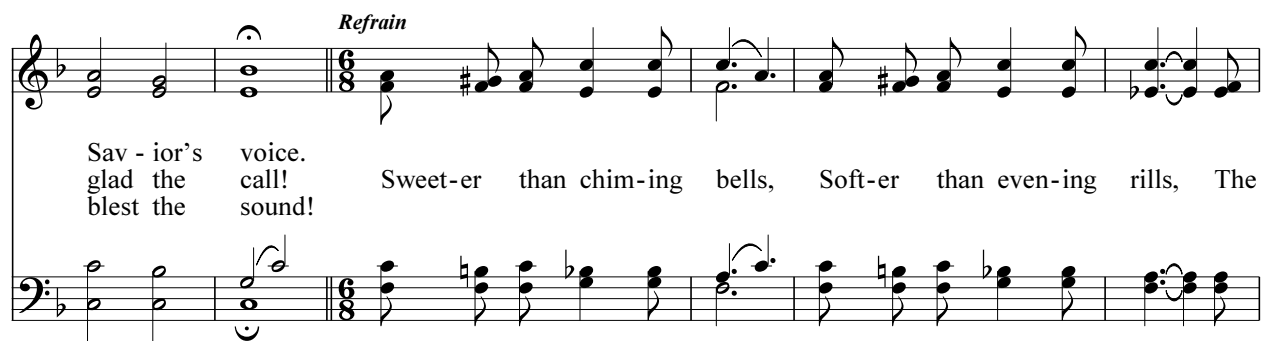


1. I hear a voice, 'tis soft and sweet, It bids my sin-sick soul re-joice; The
2. When wea-ry with my load of guilt, I'll not for-get that "Christ is all"; For
3. My soul is trou - bled like the sea, The surg-ing bil-lows roll a - round; But



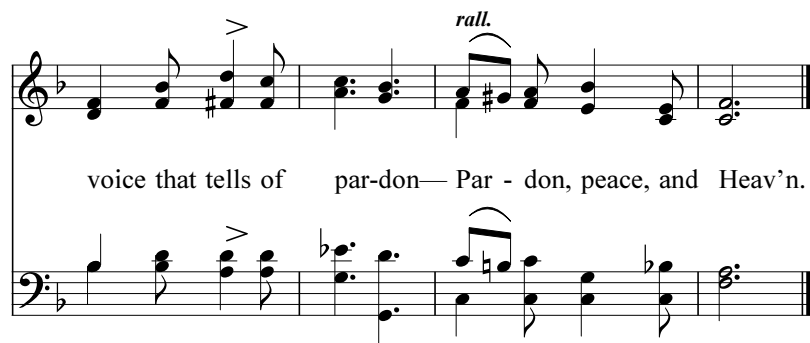
same was heard in Sa - lem's street, And in the moun-tain's cool re - treat, My
me His pre - cious blood was spilt; He sweet-ly says, "Come, if thou wilt"; How
He who calmed far Gal - i - lee Doth kind - ly say, "Peace be to thee"; How

Refrain



Sav - ior's voice.
glad the call! Sweet-er than chim-ing bells, Soft-er than even-ing rills, The
blest the sound!

rall.



voice that tells of par-don— Par - don, peace, and Heav'n.