

His Voice, as the Sound of the Dulcimer Sweet

Arr. David Welker

Southern Harmony

8 *freely*

11 *3* **A** Em

18 G

22 Em Em

27 G

33

37 Em

43 G *ritard* *a tempo* *3*

His voice as the
sound of the dul - ci - mer swe - et is heard through the
shad - ow of death. The ced - dars of Leb - a - non
bow at His fe - et; The air is per - fumed with His breath.
His words like a foun - tain of right - teous - ness
flow That wa - ters the gar - den of grace. The source of sal -
va - tion all peo - ple shall know And - bask in the

47 **B** Am **C**

smile of His face. The robes of His right - teous-ness, who can de-

53

scribe Their pu - ri - ty words would de - file. The heav'ns to His

59

pre - sence their beau - ties as - cribe And earth is made rich by His smile.

65

The warmth of His mer - cy in ex - cel - lence bright Shines

70

down from His king - dom a - bove. Like morn - ing, He fills all cre - a - tion with

77 *ritard* *a tempo* **C**

light And com - forts His peo - ple with love.

85

92

99

107 He

D 115 looks, and ten thous - ands of an - gels re - joice And myr - i-ads wait for His

cresc poco a poco 121 word. He speaks, and e - ter - ni - ty filled with His voice Re - ech - oes the

128 praise of the Lord. Dear Shep - herd, I hear and will fol - low Thy

134 call; I know the sweet sound of Thy voice. Re - store me! Pro -

140 *ritard* tect me! For Thou art my All; In - Thee I will ev - er re - joice. *rubato*

146 *ritard* III Em V F#m/A III Em II Bm/F#

151

159 *ritard*