

His Voice as the Sound

Joseph Swain

American Folk Tune
Arranged by Donna Emfield

$\text{♩} = 69$

S A *mp*

T B

Piano *mp*

5 *mf*

voice as the sound of the dul - ci - mersweet is heard through the shadow of death. The

9 *mf*

ce - dars of Leb - a - non bow at his feet; the air is per - fumed with His breath. His

words like a foun - tain of righ - teous - ness flow That wat - er the gar - den of grace. The

source of sal - va - tion all peo - ple shall know and bask in the smile of His face.

The robes of His righ - tous - ness

26

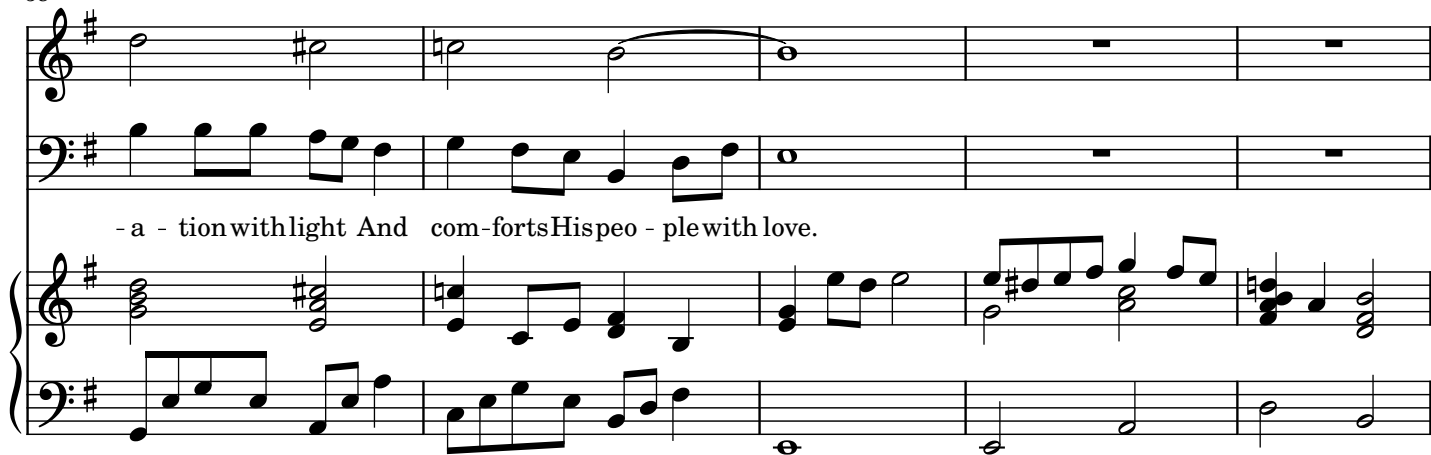
who can describe Their pu - ri - ty words would de - file. The heav'n's to His pres - encetheir

30

beau - ties ascribe, And earth is made rich by His smile. The warmth of His mer - cy in
Ah

34


ex - cel - lence bright Shines down from His king - dom a - bove. Like morn - ing He fills all cre -



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



f
He looks and ten thousands of an - gels re-joyce, And



myr - i - ads wait for His word. He speaks and e - ter - ni - ty filled with His voice Re -

51 *mp*

-ech - oes the praise of the Lord. Dear Shep-herd I hear and will fol - low Thy call; I

mp

mp

55 *mf*

know the sweetsound of Thy voice. Re - store and pro-TECT me for Thou art my all In

mf

mf

59 *rit.* *p*

Thee I will ev - er re-joice. I know the sweetsound of Thy voice.

p

p

15

8