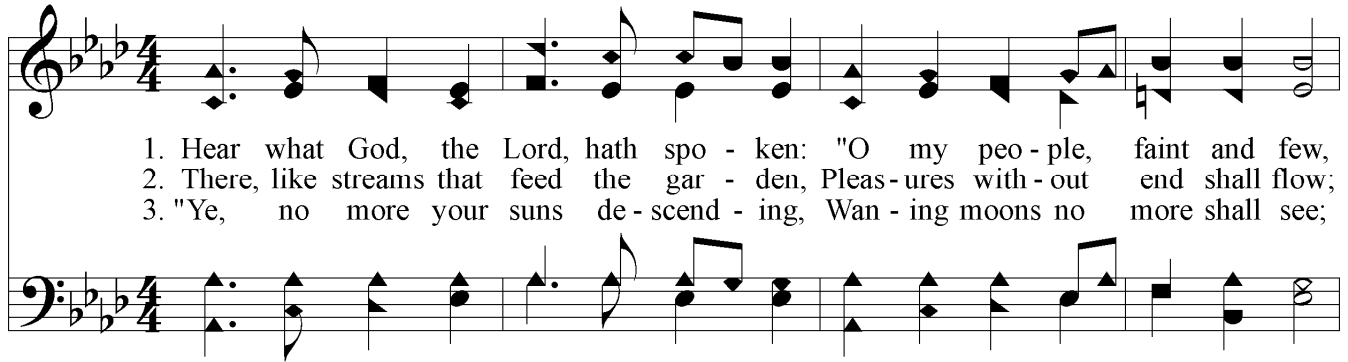
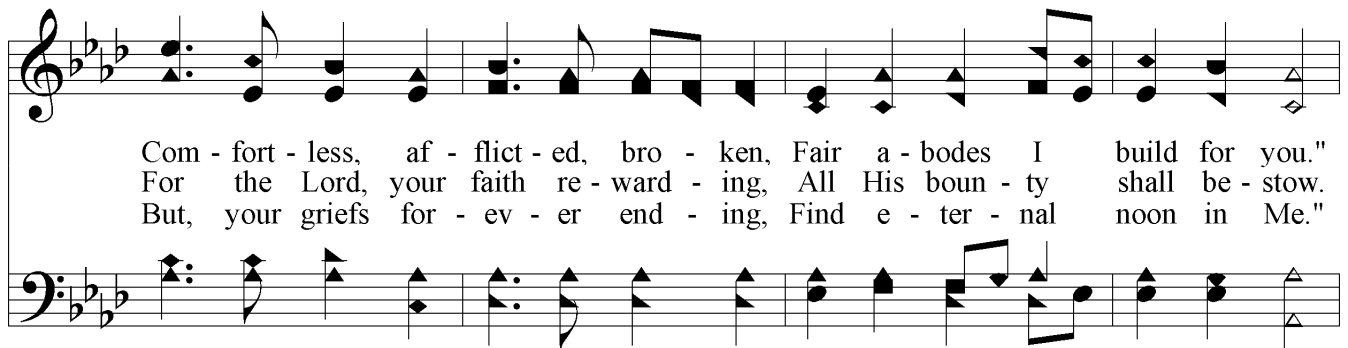


# Hear What God, The Lord, Hath Spoken

MARTHA



1. Hear what God, the Lord, hath spo - ken: "O my peo - ple, faint and few,  
2. There, like streams that feed the gar - den, Pleas - ures with - out end shall flow;  
3. "Ye, no more your suns de - scend - ing, Wan - ing moons no more shall see;



Com - fort - less, af - flict - ed, bro - ken, Fair a - bodes I build for you."  
For the Lord, your faith re - ward - ing, All His boun - ty shall be - stow.  
But, your griefs for - ev - er end - ing, Find e - ter - nal noon in Me."



Scenes of heart - felt trib - u - la - tion Shall no more per - plex your ways;  
Still, in un - dis - turbed pos - ses - sion, Peace and right - eous - ness shall reign;  
God shall rise, and, shin - ing o'er me, Change to day the gloom of night;



You shall name your wails "Sai - va - tion," And your gates shall all be "Praise."  
Nev - er shall you feel op - pres - sion, Hear the voice of war a - gain.  
He, the Lord, shall be your Glo - ry, God, your ev - er - last - ing Light.