I Hear A Voice, 'Tis Soft And Sweet

Words: Rev. Robert F. Semple
Music: Beardsley Van Water

1. I hear a voice, 'tis soft and sweet, It bids my sin-sick soul rejoice;
   The same was heard in Salem's street, And in the mountain's cool retreat,
   My Savior's voice. Sweet-er than chim-ing bells, Soft-er than eve-ning
   rills, The voice that tells of pardon, pardon, peace and heav'n.

2. When weary with my load of guilt, I'll not forget that "Christ is all;"
   For me His precious blood was spilt; He sweetly says, "Come, if thou wilt;"
   How glad the call! Soft-er than eve-ning
   "Peace be to thee;"

3. My soul is troubled like the sea, The surging billows roll around;
   But He who calmed far Galilee Doth kindly say, "Peace be to thee;"
   How blest the sound!

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