I Hear A Voice, ‘Tis Soft And Sweet

VOX SALVATORIS

1. I hear a voice, 'tis soft and sweet, It bids my sick soul rejoice;

2. When weary with my load of guilt, I'll not forget that "Christ is all;"

3. My soul is troubled like the sea, The surging billows roll around;

The same was heard in Salem's street, And in the mountain's cool retreat,

For me His precious blood was spilt; He sweetly says, "Come, if thou wilt;"

But He who calmed far Galilee Doth kindly say, "Peace be to thee;"

Chorus

My Savior's voice. How glad the call! Sweet-er than chim-ing bells, Soft-er than eve-ning

rills, The voice that tells of par-don par-don, peace and heav'n.

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

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