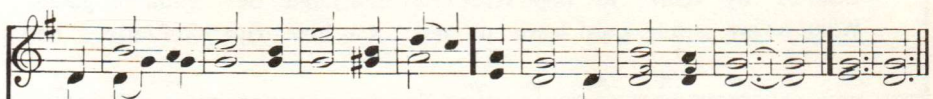
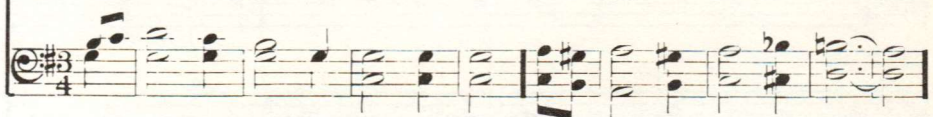




1. I love the voice Di-vine that speaks The words of life and peace,
2. No heal-ing balm on earth like this Can cheer the con - trite heart;
3. How mer-ci - ful and kind Thou art Thy good - ness to re - veal;
4. Let Thy bright pre-sence, Lord, re - store Peace to the an - xious breast;



That bids the pen - i - tent re - joice, And sin and sor - row cease.
 No flat-tering dreams of earthly bliss Such pure de-light im - part.
 Bind up, O Lord, the bro-ken heart, The wounded spir-it heal.
 Con-duct me in the path that leads To e - ver - last - ing rest. A - men.



J. Proud

Manoah, Rossini-Greatores