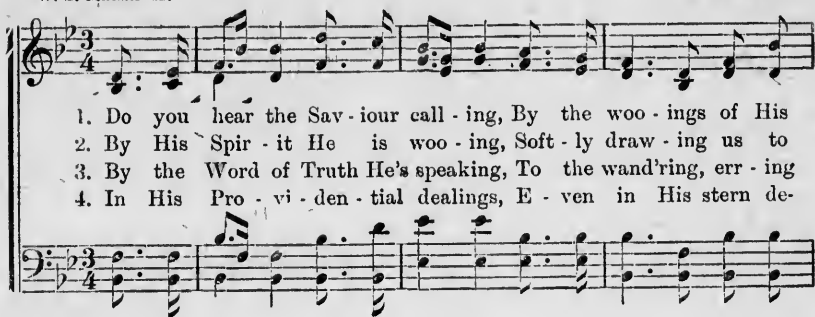


I Am Listening.

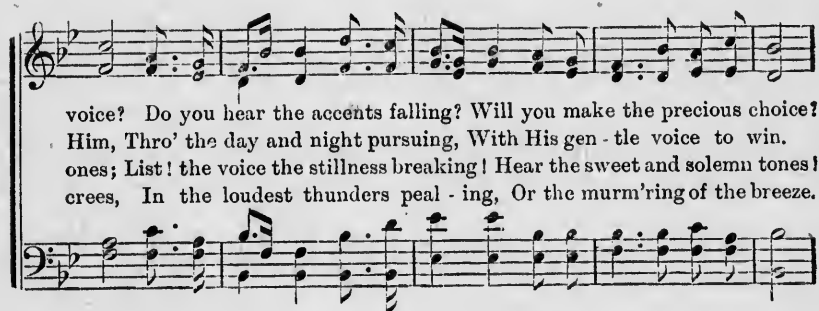
"It is the voice of my beloved that knocketh, saying, Open to me."—Cant. 5: 2.

W. S. MARSHALL.

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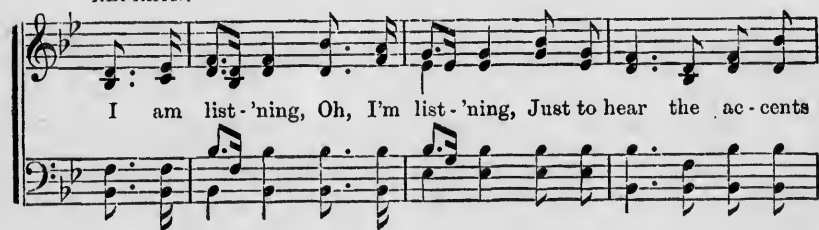


1. Do you hear the Sav-iour call-ing, By the woo-ings of His
2. By His Spir-it He is woo-ing, Soft-ly draw-ing us to
3. By the Word of Truth He's speaking, To the wand'ring, err-ing
4. In His Pro-vi-den-tial dealings, E-ven in His stern de-



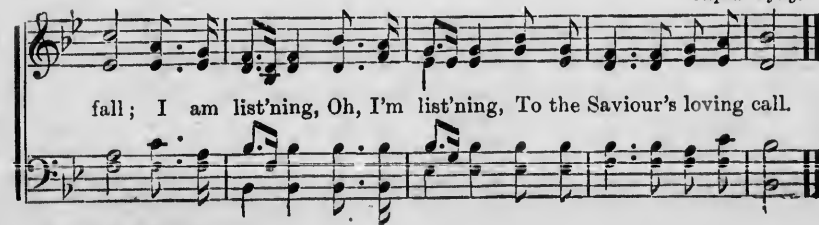
voice? Do you hear the accents falling? Will you make the precious choice?
Him, Thro' the day and night pursuing, With His gen-tle voice to win.
ones; List! the voice the stillness breaking! Hear the sweet and solemn tones!
crees, In the loudest thunders peal-ing, Or the murm'ring of the breeze.

REFRAIN.



I am list-'ning, Oh, I'm list-'ning, Just to hear the ac-cents

Repeat softly.



fall; I am list'ning, Oh, I'm list'ning, To the Saviour's loving call.

From "Spiritual Songs."