

**Bill Miller****"I Hear A Sweet Voice Calling"**

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Our little girl taken sick one evening  
As she walked home from school  
And in her death bed soon bring her  
It made us so sad and so blue  
Then she called me close to her bedside  
And whispered these words soft and low,  
"Tell Mommy to come to me quickly,  
I want to kiss you both then go"  
I hear a sweet voice calling  
Way up in heaven on high  
God has made room for you daughter,  
Oh Mommy and Daddy don't cry  
Take care of my little brother  
Tell him I've gone to rest  
I know his little heart is broken  
He's all that you have left  
Then she closed her eyes forever  
Never to see us no more  
Until we meet our darling  
On that bright and peaceful shore

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