

# Listen To The Voice Of Love - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

Listen to the Voice of Love.

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Words by Jas. N. Brennan. Music by Fred Alexander.

A little child tripped joyfully along the beach in play,  
While her fond mother watched her from a seat not far away;  
"My child go not too near the edge, for I am filled with fear,  
The cold and treach'rous ocean may do thee some harm, my dear."  
The child broke off her play and run to seek her mother's side.  
And naively asked, "Why do you call me from the rippling tide?"  
"It was my heart that called you back, my pretty little dove,  
And I rejoice to see that you hark to the voice of love."

Chorus.

oh! listen to the voice of love, it is the strongest plea;  
It brightens up the humblest home, 'twill brighten one for thee;  
For oft an erring son has paused in ways of sin, my dove,  
And changed his life by list'ning to the gentle voice of love.

'Twas at a birthday party met the children bright and fair.  
And all were happy in their glee and all were free from care,  
Except a little maid of nine, who, midst rejoicing sweet,  
Was sadly thinking of her brother roaming in the street.  
Bad company had tempted him from virtue's path to stray;  
His parent's words he would not heed, but In' would have his way.  
He loved his darling sister though-that night the little dove  
Did send for him to come to her-he heard the voice of love.-Chorus

Full well do I remember, dear, once sitting by the side  
Of papa, when he told me how his dm ling sister died;  
Sue won him back in early youth upon her birthday night  
From evil ways And placed him in the road that leads to right.  
I see again those bitter tears-and afterwards he said:  
"Now she has gone from me, my love, by you I must he led;  
Be thou my cherished bride and guide my steps thro' life, my dove.  
Then, baby mine, I hearkened to your papa's voice of love."-Chorus.