

Cannons

Flute Accompaniment

Phil Wickham

♩ = 78

Flute

1. It's fall-ing from the clouds, a strange and love-ly sound. I
2. Beau-ti-ful and free, the song of gal-ax-ies,

3 hear it in the thun-der and the rain. It's ring-ing in the skies like
reach-ing far bey-ond the Milk-y Way. Let's join in with the sound, come

6 can-nons in the night; The mu-sic of the u-ni-verse plays. We're sing-ing
on, let's sing it out as the mu-sic of the u-ni-verse plays.

9 you are ho-ly, great and might-y. The moon and the stars de-clare who you are. I'm

13 so un-worth-y, but still you love me. For-ev-er my heart will sing of how great you are.

17 *Fine*

21 2. sing of you. All glo-ry, hon-or, pow-er is yours, a-men. All glo-ry, hon-or, pow-er is you

25 a-men. All glo-ry, hon-or, pow-er is yours for-ev-er, a-men. *D.S. al Fine*