

Cannons

Trumpet Accompaniment

Phil Wickham

Trumpet $\text{♩} = 78$

1. It's fall-ing from the clouds, a strange and lovely 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

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*