## THE MASTER'S VOICE



- 2. Prepare. O Master, these dull hearts of ours for this thy feast, else all in vain is spread; prepare our hearts, that with new-quickened powers we may converse with thee, and eat the blessed bread.
- 3. The Master saith, 'Be ready, for I come;' we hear his warning voice, and we prepare.It is a voice which bids us hasten home, which bids us rise from earth to meet him in the air.
- 4. O Master, we have heard thy loving voice; rouse our cold spirits with thy solemn word: Say, 'It is I,' and bid our souls rejoice; fit us for meeting thee, our long, long absent Lord.
- 5. These sounds of earth the heavenly voices drown, we scarce can hear thee through this daily din: oh, speak in yet more penetrating tone; let thy voice reach our ears, and thy words enter in.
- 6. Let discords die away, and let us hear the melody beyond of joy and love; silence the jar of earth, and let our ear take in the far-off notes descending from above
- 7. But not the world alone, with its rude noise, absorbs the heavenly melody beyond: the church of God, raising her angry voice, in the ambitious brawl drowns every holy sound.
- 8. Once thou didst put aside the sword, and say,
  'It is enough;' oh, speak that word again:
  curb the self-will, the pride and strife allay;
  the noise of scornful words and carnal wrath restrain.
- 9. Her Babel-voices soon will silence thine;thou must withdraw, and speak to her no more.Oh, how unlike the unity divine,that marked her early days, the days of love and power!
- 10. The tempest is within her; untamed wills have stirred its fury. Is the Master dumb?To him we cry, who the wild tempest stills; 'tis the fourth watch of night, and yet thou art not come!
- 11. Carest thou not that we are perishing?
  Awake, O Lord, speak louder than the wave:
  with thine own kingly touch the calmness bring;
  say, Peace be still; arise, thy broken church to save.
- 12. Let not her worldliness and strife and sin provoke thy Spirit to return no more; and if she must be wrecked, let all within, though in strange ways and divers, find the holy shore.

Words: Horatius Bonar. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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