THE HEARING EAR



- O Word from the depths of the ancient years, from deserts thy pilgrims trod, from the hidden chambers of saints and seers, from the secret place of God –
- 3. from the well of Sychar, the gate of Nain, from the winds of the midnight sea, thou speakest in marvellous songs again in the stillness of night to me.
- 4. From the noonday darkness the solemn Voice tells of my judgment borne and it calls to my soul to sing and rejoice from the glow of the First-day morn.
- 5. Unsilenced yet to the ear that hears, thou Voice of eternal bliss, thou speakest in speech that is deeper than tears, and sweet as the Father's kiss.
- 6. In Heaven the marvellous song ascends, and in chambers mean and dim, where over the dead the mourner bends, there steals the eternal Hymn.

Words: Frances Bevan. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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