

Hush, My Soul, What Voice Is Pleading

John Lester(1845-1900)

Gunnar Wennerberg(1817-1901)

Hush, my soul, what voice is pleading?

Thou canst feel its silent power;

Who is this that speaks so gently

In this solemn evening hour?

"Stay, poor sinner; life is fleeting,

And thy soul is dark within;

Wilt thou wait till outer darkness

Close in gloom thy life of sin?"

Hark! it is a voice of sweetness,

Tenderly it speaks, and true!

Dark and sad, yet strangely yearning,

For a peace I never knew.

Half inclined to stay and listen,

Half inclined to go away;

Still I linger, for it whispers,

"Harden not thy heart today."

What is this that steals beside me?

Can it be that at my side,

In His own mysterious presence,

Stands the wondrous Crucified?

"Why poor sinner, wilt thou linger?

I am waiting to forgive;

See the meaning of these wound prints;

I have died that thou mayest live!"

Hush, my soul! It is thy Savior!

And He seeks His lost one now;

He is waiting, flee not from Him,

Venture near, before Him bow;

Tell Thy sins; He will forgive thee;

And He will not love thee less;

For the human heart of Jesus

Overflows with tenderness.