

The Master's Touch

Horatius Bonar(1808-1889)

Wilfrid Sanderson, 1919.

In the still air the music lies unheard;
In the rough marble beauty hides unseen.
To make the music and the beauty needs
The Master's touch, the Sculptor's chisel keen.

Great Master, touch us with Thy skillful hands;
Let not the music that is in us die;
Great Sculptor, hew and polish us, nor let
Hidden and lost, Thy form within us lie.

Spare not the stroke; do with us what Thou wilt;
Let there be naught unfinished, broken, marred;
Complete Thy purpose that we may become
Thy perfect imageThou our God and Lord.