

O Master of the Waking World

O Master of the waking world,  
Who hast the nations in Thy heart -

The heart that bled and broke to feed  
God's love to Earth's remotest parts  
Shed us anew in Calvary

The wondrous power that makes men free.

On every side the walls are down,  
The gates swing wide to every land,  
The restless tribes and races feel  
The pressure of Thy pierced hand;  
Thy way is in the sea and air,  
The world is open everywhere.

We hear the throb of surging life,  
The clank of chains, the curse of greed,  
The moan of pain, the futile cries  
Of superstitious cruel creed;

The people hunger for Thee, Lord,

The isles are waiting for Thy word  
Thy witness in the souls of men,  
Thy spirit's ceaseless, brooding power,  
In lands where shadows hide the light,  
Await a new Creator's hour;

O mighty God, set us aflame  
To show the glory of Thy name.

O Church of God, awake! Awake!  
The waking world is calling thee.

Lift up thine eyes! Hear, thou once more  
The challenges of humanity;

O Christ, we come! our all we bring,  
To serve Thy world and Thee, our King.

Frank Mason North