

Our Best

Hear ye the Master's call, Give Me thy best!
For, be it great or small, That is His test.
Do then the best you can, Not for reward,
Not for the praise of men, But for the Lord.

Chorus

Every work for Jesus will be blessed,
But He asks from everyone his best.
Our talents may be few, These may be small,
But unto Him is due, Our best, our all.

Wait not for men to laud, Heed not their slight;
Winning the smile of God, Brings its delight!
Aiding the good and true, Ne'er goes unblest,
All that we think or do, Be it the best.

Chorus

Every work for Jesus will be blessed,
But He asks from everyone his best.
Our talents may be few, These may be small,
But unto Him is due, Our best, our all.

Night soon comes on apace, Day hastens by;
Workman and work must face Testing on High.
Oh, may we in that day Find rest, sweet rest,
Which God has promised those who do their best.

Chorus

Every work for Jesus will be blessed,
But He asks from everyone his best.
Our talents may be few, These may be small,
But unto Him is due, Our best, our all.