

The Master Comes! He Calls for Thee
Emily Crawford, 1896.
Edmund Ireland, 1699.

The Master comes! He calls for thee
Go forth at His almighty word,
Obedient to His last command,
And tell to those who never heard,
Who sit in deepest shades of night,
That Christ has come to give them light.

The Master calls! Arise and go;
How blest His messenger to be!
He, who hath given thee liberty,
Now bids thee set the captives free;
Proclaim His mighty power to save,
Who for the world His lifeblood gave.

The Master calls! Shall not thy heart
In warm responsive love reply,
"Lord, here am I; send me, send me,
Thy willing slave, to live or die
An instrument unfit indeed,
Yet Thou wilt give me what I need"?

And if thou canst not go, yet bring
An offering of a willing heart;
Then, though thou tarriest at home,
Thy God shall give thee too thy part;
The messengers of peace upbear
In ceaseless and prevailing prayer.

Short is the time for service true,
For soon shall dawn that glorious day
When, all the harvest gathered in,
Each faithful heart shall hear Him say,
"My child, well done! your toil is o'er
Enter My joy forevermore."