

"Are Ye Able", Said the Master

"Are ye able," said the Master,
"To be crucified with Me?
"Yea," the conquering Christians answered,
"To the death we follow Thee."

Chorus

"Lord, we are able,"
Our spirits are Thine,
Remold them, make us like Thee divine:
Thy guiding radiance above us shall be
A beacon to God, to love and loyalty.

"Are ye able," to remember
When a thief lifts up his eyes,
That his pardoned soul is worthy
Of a place in Paradise?

Chorus

"Lord, we are able,"
Our spirits are Thine,
Remold them, make us like Thee divine:
Thy guiding radiance above us shall be
A beacon to God, to love and loyalty.

"Are ye able," when the shadows
Close around you with the sod,
To believe that spirit triumphs,
To commend your soul to God?

Chorus

"Lord, we are able,"
Our spirits are Thine,
Remold them, make us like Thee divine:
Thy guiding radiance above us shall be
A beacon to God, to love and loyalty.

"Are ye able," still the Master
Whispers down eternity,
And heroic spirits answer,
Now, as then in Galilee.

Chorus

"Lord, we are able,"
Our spirits are Thine,
Remold them, make us like Thee divine:
Thy guiding radiance above us shall be
A beacon to God, to love and loyalty.