The Master’s Call

Words by George J. Runion
Music by Charles H. Gabriel

1. Hark! I hear the Savior calling from across the raging flood,
   “Child of mine, go forth to rescue those I’ve purchased with my blood; Time is
   flying, souls are dying, has ten then to bring them in; Do not rest while struggling
   brothers sink beneath the weight of sin.” Broth-er, heed the ur-gent

2. Hark! I hear the Savior calling, “will you not go forth to-day,
   Help some weak, sin-sick wand’rer find the bright and nar-row way? Tell him
   there is peace and com-fort, hap-pi-ness and joy com-plete, If he’ll come, his sin con-
   save them from their sins and mis-ery.” Broth-er, heed the ur-gent call. O

3. Hark! I hear the Savior calling, let your light shine bright and clear;
   In a world of sin and sorrow scat-ter glad-ness far and near; Tell to
   Christmas died to set them free, Tell them Je-sus lives to

Chorus

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The Master’s Call

There is work for one and all;
Do not heed the urgent call,
There is work for one and all,
there is work for one and all;
lay the armor down
’Till you’ve won the gold-en crown,
’Till you’ve won the gold-en crown.

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