

There is but one thing needful,  
That the will shall be firm and true,  
Prompt to follow the Master's  
Wheresoever it leadeth to.  
Perhaps to the heights of conquest,  
Where labor is crowned and blest  
Where genius is fully honored,  
And the workman's skill confest ;

Or low to the darksome valley,  
Where the scattered fragments lie  
Of work that was crushed by failure,  
And that seemed to men to die.  
It may be those broken pieces  
Have a mission to fulfil,  
To place on a firm foundation  
The city set on a hill.

If it serves the Master's purpose,  
The workmen do not complain  
If they themselves and their service  
Seem to them but naught and vain,