

You whom He hath called and chosen
His own witnesses to be ;
Will you tell your gracious Master
"Lord we cannot speak for Thee !"

"Cannot !" though He suffered for You,
Died, because He loved you so !
"Cannot !" though He has forgiven,
Making scarlet white as snow.
"Cannot !" though His grace abounding
Is your freely promised aid !
"Cannot !" though He stands beside you,
Though He says, "Be not afraid !"

What shall be your word for Jesus ?
Master, give it day by day ;
Ever, as the need arises,
Teach Thy children what to say .
Give us holy love and patience,
Grant us deep humility ;
That of self we may be emptied,
And our hearts be full of Thee ;

Give us zeal and faith and fervor,
Make us winning, make us wise,
Single-hearted, strong and fearless ;
Though hast called us—we will rise !
Let the might of thy good spirit
Go with every loving word ;
And by hearts prepared and opened,
Be our message always heard.

Yet we have a word for Jesus !
We will bravely speak for Thee ;
And thy bold and faithful soldiers,
Saviour, we would henceforth be.
In thy name upset our standard,
While Thine own shall wave above,
With thy crimson name of Mercy,
And thy golden name of Love.