

It may be ye'd see in the gloaming  
The print of wounded feet.

Have ye folded home to your bosom  
The trembling, neglected lamb,  
And taught to the little lost one  
The sound of the Shepherd's name ?  
Have ye searched for the poor and needy,  
With no clothing, no home, no bread ?  
The Son of man was among them,  
He had nowhere to lay his head.

Have ye carried the living water  
To the parched and thirsty soul ?  
Have ye said to the sick and wounded,  
" Christ Jesus makes thee whole " ?  
Have ye told my fainting children  
Of the strength of the Father's hand ?  
Have ye guided the tottering footsteps  
To the shore of the " Golden Land " ?

Have ye stood by the sad and the weary,  
To smooth the pillow of death ;  
To comfort the sorrow stricken,  
And strengthen the feeble faith ?  
And have ye felt, when the glory  
Has streamed through the open door  
And flitted across the shadows,  
That I have been there before ?

Have ye wept with the broken hearted  
In their agony of woe ?  
Ye might hear me whispering beside you,  
" 'Tis the pathway I often go.  
My disciples, my brethren, my friends,  
Can ye dare to follow me ?  
Then, wherever the Master dwelleth,  
There shall the servant be.

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