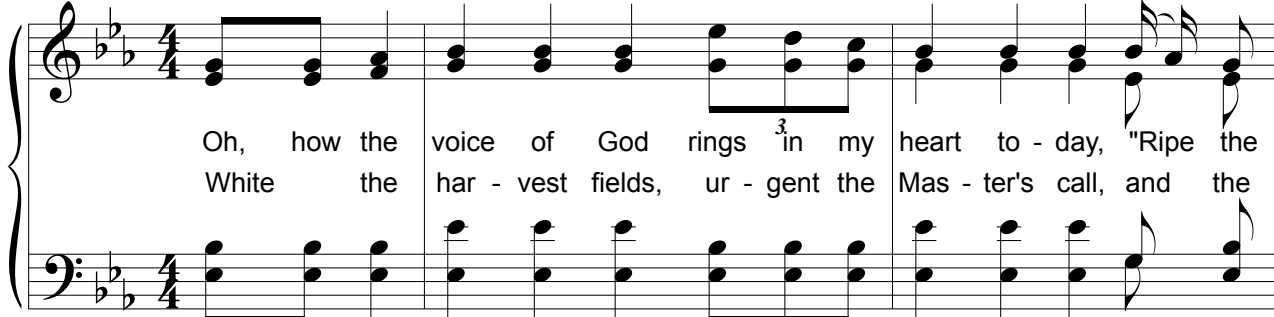


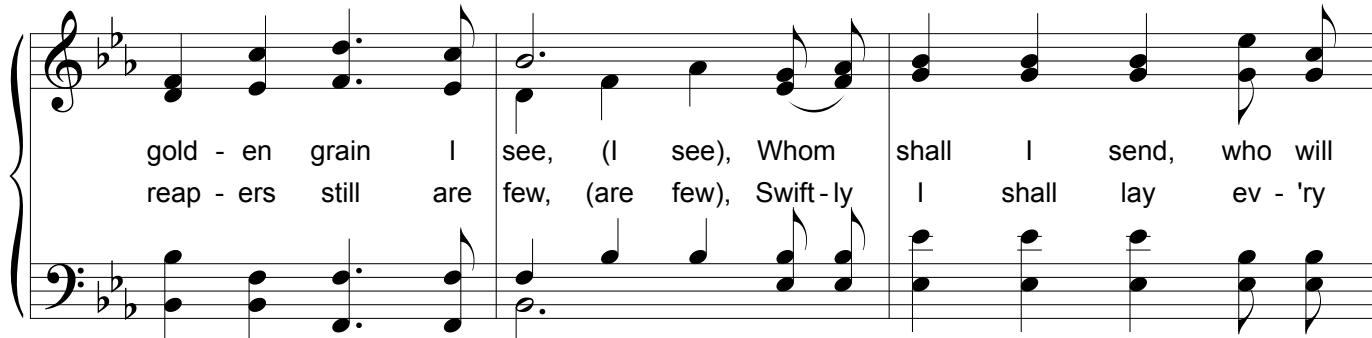
The Master Calls

Words and Music by
Hester Lorenz French

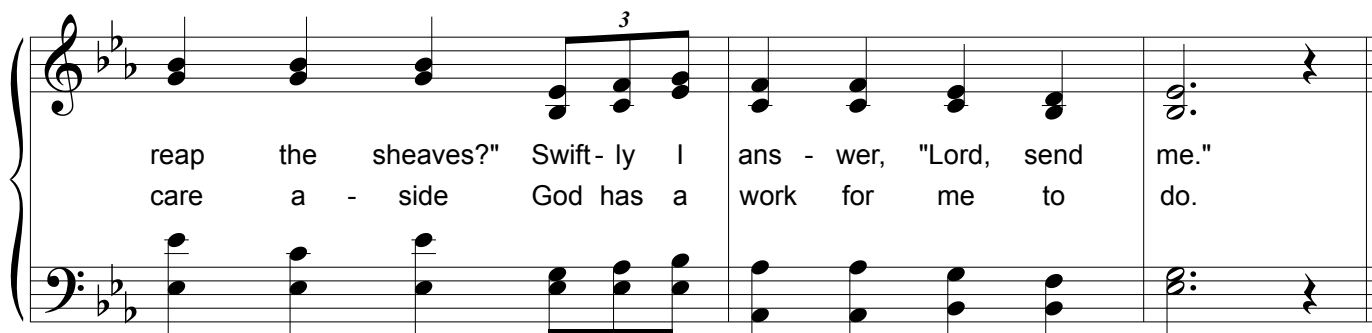
SATB



Oh, how the voice of God rings ³in my heart to - day, "Ripe the
White the har - vest fields, ur - gent the Mas - ter's call, and the

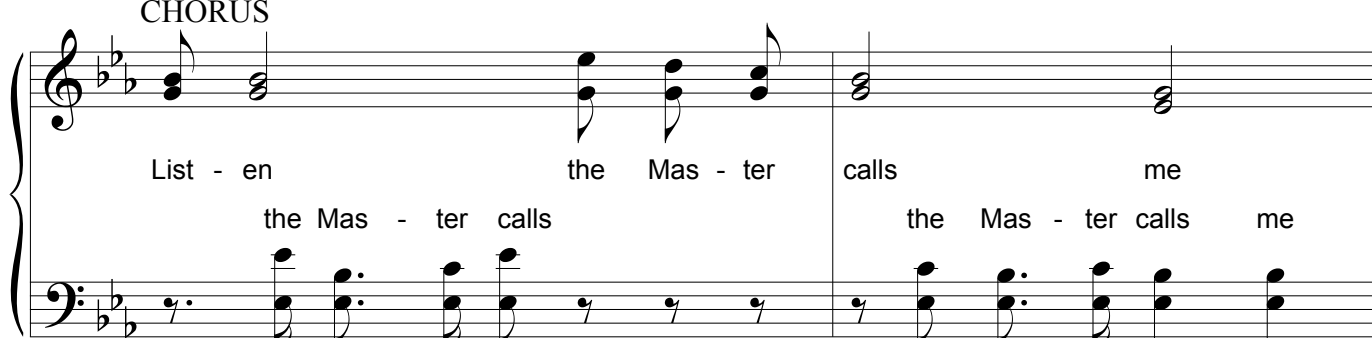


gold - en grain I see, (I see), Whom shall I send, who will
reap - ers still are few, (are few), Swift - ly I shall lay ev - 'ry



reap the sheaves?" Swift - ly I ans - wer, "Lord, send me."
care a - side God has a work for me to do.

CHORUS



List - en the Mas - ter calls me
the Mas - ter calls the Mas - ter calls me

The Master Calls

Sweet His voice and still. I
 Sweet His voice and still No

know what - e'er be - falls me
 mat - ter what be - falls no mat ter what be - falls me,

I must do His will.
 I must do His will. I must do and dare for Je - sus.

List - en the Mas - ter calls you His
 the Mas - ter calls the Mas - ter calls you, His

lov - ing voice o - bey. No
lov - ing voice o - bey, His voice o - bey.

mat - ter where the Mas - ter calls you, Go
mat - ter where the Mas - ter calls you, Go where - 'er He calls you;

Go

to - - - day.
Go what - e'er be - falls you. Yes, go to - day.

to Yes, go to - day.