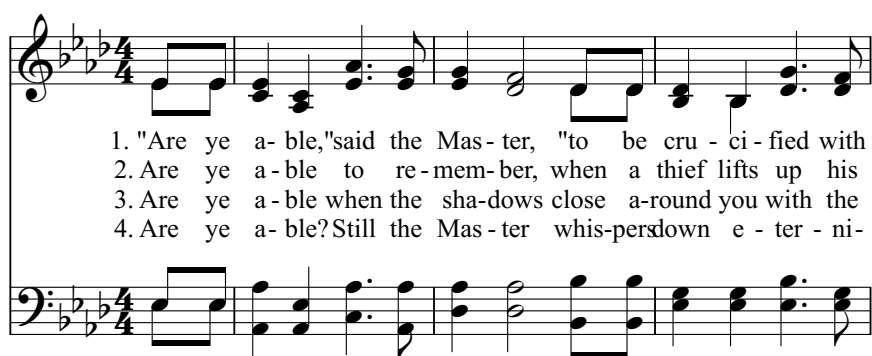
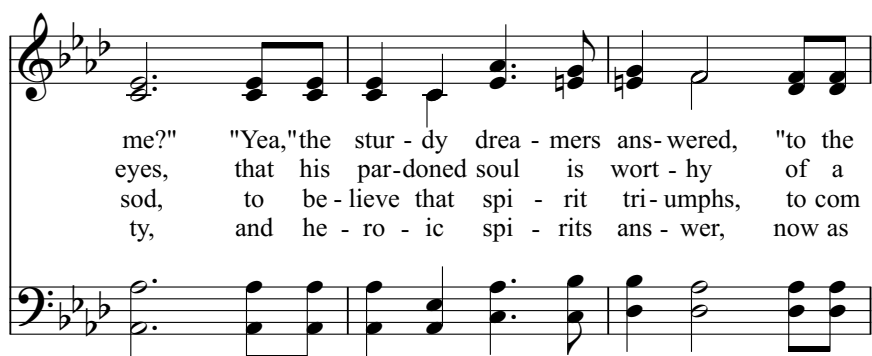


Are Ye Able

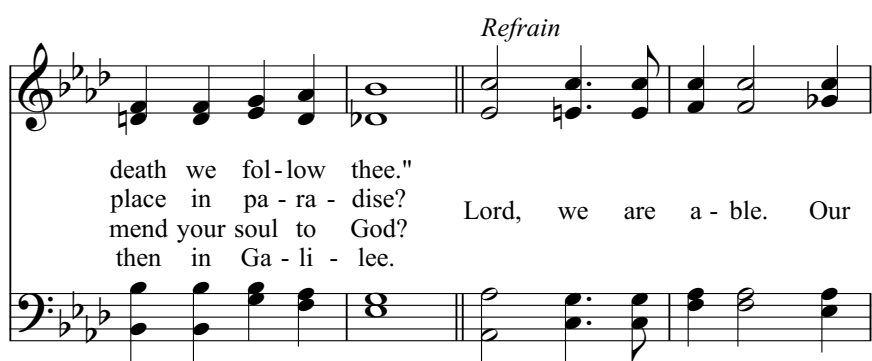


1. "Are ye a-ble," said the Mas-ter, "to be cru-ci-fied with
 2. Are ye a-ble to re-mem-ber, when a thief lifts up his
 3. Are ye a-ble when the sha-dows close a-round you with the
 4. Are ye a-ble? Still the Mas-ter whis-pers down e-ter-ni-



me?" "Yea," the stur-dy drea-mers ans-wered, "to the
 eyes, that his par-doned soul is wort-hy of a
 sod, to be-lieve that spi-rit tri-umphs, to com
 ty, and he-ro-ic spi-rits ans-wer, now as

Refrain



death we fol-low thee."
 place in pa-ra-dise? Lord, we are a-ble. Our
 mend your soul to God?
 then in Ga-li-lee.



spi-rits are thine. Re-mold them, make us, like thee, di-



vine. Thy guid-ing ra-diance a-bove us shall be



a bea-con to God, to love, and loy-al-ty.