

The Shoes of the Master

Words & music: Carolyn Kardinal

The shoes of the Master were tattered and torn
from many long miles they were worn.
He taught in the village, He taught at the shore.
Those few who believed, how they longed for more!
Praise Him! Praise Him!
for those few who believed, how they longed for more.

He raised the dead, healed the sick and the lame.
He taught His followers to do the same.
All forms of error He overcame,
But they gave Him a cross to bear in shame.
Praise Him! Praise Him!
for they give Him a cross to bear in shame.

Those tattered shoes were thrown away.
They gave Him a crown of thorns, they say.
But the Son of God still showed the way
when God raised Him up on the third day!

Though centuries have passed not much has changed.
Only the props have been rearranged;
but the Christ idea is no longer strange.
He showed us the way to make our lives change.
Praise Him! Praise Him!
for He showed us how to make our lives change.

We must all wear His shoes all tattered and torn,
and bear His cross down paths forlorn.
We must cling to the Christ, and be reborn in the spirit
of Truth's bright and shining morn.
Praise Him! Praise Him!
in the spirit of Truth's bright and shining morn.

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