

God Calls

God calls.
The bells ring in the temple;
The perfume rises from the aloes;
The sage in meditation sits.
Om! Tat! Sat!
The nothingness of the now;
The Everythingness of Eternity.
God calls.

God calls.
The muezzin's voice from minaret tower cries:
"Come to prayer, come to prayer, come to prayer."
A million Moslems then stretch out their prayer rugs,
A million and a myriad million more.
"There is no God but God,
To this I now bear witness,
There is no God but God;
Mohammed is His Prophet; come to prayer."
God calls.

God calls.
On Friday eve the Jew prepares himself,
Walks to his synagogue and prays,
Takes down the Torah scroll and reads.
Reads what his forefathers read:
"Hear O Israel! The Lord our God, the Lord is One!"
"And His Name is One."
This is the Law and the prophets.
God calls.

God calls.
The stations slowly passing one by one.
She tells her beads and tells them o'er and o'er.
Ave Maria! Gratia plena!
Ora! Ora pro nobis!
Paternoster qui est in caelis,
Sanctificetur tuo nomen—

Sanctificetur! Sanctificetur!
God calls.

God calls.
The branches rustle lightly in the breeze,
Above the music of pagoda's bells.
His humble repeat finished ere 'tis noon,
The bhikshu tells the children of the Buddha,
They listen, one voice speaks in the forest,

Then all is silent, save the breeze ...
There slowly comes that feeling of great peace.
Shanti! ... Shanti! ... Shanti! ...
God calls.

God calls.
The men from every race have come together,
From every land, from every sect or cult.
They gather at the temple for their worship.
Love ye, every man his neighbor;
Be ye brethren, ye who are my brothers.
Worship Him, the Father of us all;
Worship Him, in Love and Faith and Joy;
Worship Him in Silence ...
God calls.