

The Master Hath Come

"The Master is come, and calleth for thee." (John 11:28)

SARAH DOUDNEY

WELSH MELODY

1. The Mas - ter hath come, and He calls us to fol - low
 2. The Mas - ter hath called us; the road may be drear - y,
 3. The Mas - ter hath called us, in life's ear - ly morn - ing,

The track of the foot - prints He leaves on our way;
 And dan - gers and sor - rows are strewn on the track;
 With spir - its as fresh as the dew on the sod:

Far o - ver the moun - tain and through the deep hol - low,
 But God's Ho - ly Spir - it shall com - fort the wea - ry;
 We turn from the world, with its smiles and its scorn - ing,

The path leads us on to the man - sions of day;
 We fol - low the Sav - iour and can - not turn back;
 To cast in our lot with the peo - ple of God:

The Mas - ter hath called us, the chil - dren who fear Him,
 The Mas - ter hath called us: though doubt and temp - ta - tion
 The Mas - ter hath called us, His sons and His daugh - ters,

Who march 'neath Christ's ban - ner, His own lit - tle band;
 May com - pass our jour - ney, we cheer - ful - ly sing:
 We plead for His bless - ing and trust in His love;

We love Him and seek Him, we long to be near Him,
 "Press on - ward, look up - ward," thro' much trib - u - la - tion;
 And through the green pas - tures, be - side the still wa - ters,

And rest in the light of His beau - ti - ful land.
 The chil - dren of Zi - on must fol - low their King.
 He'll lead us at last to His king - dom a - bove.