The Master Hath Come

1. The Master hath come, and he calls us to follow The track of the footprints He leaves on our way; Far o'er the mountain and thro' the deep hollow, The

2. The Master hath called us; the road may be dreary, And dangers and sorrows are strewn on the track; But God's Holy Spirit shall comfort the weary; We turn from the world, with it smiles and its scorning, To

3. The Master hath called us, in life's early morning, With the Master hath called us, His sons and his daughters, We path leads us on to the mansions of day: The cast in our lot with the people of God: The

Mas-ter hath called us, the chil- dren who fear Him, Who Mas-ter hath called us: tho' doubt and temp-ta-tion May Mas-ter hath called us, His sons and his daugh-ters, We

march 'neath Christ's banner, His own lit-tle band; We com-pass our jour-ney, we cheer-ful ly sing: "Press plead for His bless-ing and trust in his love; And love Him and seek Him, we long to be near Him, And on-ward, look up-ward,"thro' much tri- bu-la-tion; The thro' the green pas-tures, be-side the still wa-ters, He'll

rest in the light of his beau-ti-ful land. chil-dren of Zion must follow their King, lead us at last to His king-dom above.