

The Master hath come

The Master hath come, and He calls us to follow
 The track of the footprints He leaves on our way;
Far over the mountain and through the deep hollow,
 The path leads us on to the mansions of day:
The Master hath called us, the children who fear Him,
 Who march 'neath Christ's banner, His own little band;
We love Him and seek Him, we long to be near Him,
 And rest in the light of His beautiful land.

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 follow the Savior and cannot turn back;
The Master hath called us, through doubt and temptation,
 Tho' encompass'd our journey, we cheerfully sing:
"Press onward, look upward," through much tribulation;
 We children of Zion must follow our King.

The Master hath called us, in life's early morning,
 With spirits as fresh as the dew on the sod:
We turn from the world, with its smiles and its scorning,
 To cast in our lot with the people of God:
The Master hath called us, His sons and His daughters,
 We plead for His blessing and trust in His love;
And through the green pastures, beside the still waters,
 He'll lead us at last to His kingdom above.