

The Master Hath Come

Sarah Doudney, 1871.

Welsh melody.

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, though doubt and temptation  
May compass our journey, we cheerfully sing:  
"Press onward, look upward," through much tribulation;  
The children of Zion must follow the 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.