

The Master Hath Come

1. The Mas - ter hath come, and he calls us to fol - low The
 2. The Mas - ter hath called us; the road may be drea - ry, And
 3. The Mas - ter hath called us, in life's ear - ly mor - ning, With

track of the foot - prints He leaves on our way; Far o - ver the
 dan - gers and sor - rows are strewn on the track; But God's Ho - ly
 spi - rits as fresh as the dew on the sod: We turn from the

moun - tain and thro' the deep hol - low, The path leads us on to the
 Spi - rit shall com - fort the wea - ry; We fol - low the Sa - vior and
 world, with it smiles and its scor - ning, To cast in our lot with the

man - sions of day: The Mas - ter hath called us, the chil - dren who
 can - not turn back; The Mas - ter hath called us: tho' doubt and temp -
 peo - ple of God: The Mas - ter hath called us, His sons and his

fear Him, Who march 'neath Christ's ban - ner, His own lit - tle
 - ta - tion May com - pass our jour - ney, we cheer - ful - ly
 daugh - ters, We plead for His bles - sing and trust in his

Text: Sarah Doudney, 1841-1926
 Tune: Welsh Melody



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 ASH GROVE
www.hymnary.org/text/the_master_hath_come_and_he_calls_us_to

band; We love Him and seek Him, we long to be
sing: "Press on - ward, look up - ward," thro' much tri - bu -
love; And thro' the green pas - tures, be - side the still

near Him, And rest in the light of his beau - ti - ful land.
la - tion; The chil - dren of Zi - on must fol - low their King.
wa - ters, He'll lead us at last to His king - dom a - bove.