

Let the Master In

Sylvanus Dryden Phelps, 1871

Robert Lowry

♩=100

1. Once I heard a sound at my heart's dark door, And was
2. Then He spread a feast of re - deem - ing love, And He
3. In the ho - ly war with the foes of truth, He's my
4. He will feast me still with His pre - sence dear, And the

roused from the slum - ber of sin; It was Je - sus knocked, He had
made me His own hap - py guest; In my joy I thought that the
shield, He my ta - ble pre - pares; He res - tores my soul, He re -
love He so free - ly has giv'n, While His prom - ise tells, as I

knocked be - fore; Now I said, "Bless-èd Mas-ter, come in."
- saints a - bove Could be hard-ly more fa - vored or blest. Then o - pen,
news my youth, And gives tri - umph in an - swer to prayers. Then o - pen to Him,
serve Him here, Of the ban - quet of glo - ry in Heav'n.

Refrain

o - pen, o - pen, let the Mas-ter in; For the heart will be bright with a
o - pen to Him, O - pen; let the Mas-ter in, let Him in;

heav'n-ly light When you let the Mas-ter in.