

149. The Master Has Come

"And he saith unto them, Follow me..." Mt. 4:19

1. The Mas-ter has come, and He calls us to fol-low The track of the
2. The Mas-ter has called us—the road may be drear-y, And dan-gers and
3. The Mas-ter has called us in life's ear-ly morn-ing, With spir-its as

foot-prints He leaves on our way; Far o-ver the moun-tain and thro'
sor-rows are strewn on the track; But God's Ho-ly Spir-it shall com-
fresh as the dew on the sod; We turn from the world with its smiles

the deep hol-low The path leads us on to the man-sions of day.
fort the wea-ry—We fol-low the Sav-ior and can-not turn back.
and its scorn-ing To cast in our lot with the peo-ple of God.

The Mas-ter has called us, the chil-dren who fear Him, Who march 'neath
The Mas-ter has called us—tho' doubt and temp-ta-tion May com-pass
The Mas-ter has called us, His sons and His daugh-ters, We plead for

Christ's ban-ner, His own lit-tle band: We love Him and seek Him, we
our jour-ney, we cheer-ful-ly sing: "Press on-ward, look up-ward," thro'
His bless-ing and trust in His love: And thro' the green pas-tures, be-

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