

The Master hath come, and He calls us

Welsh Melody

The Ash Grove
12.11.12.11.D

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, 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.

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.

Sarah Doudney