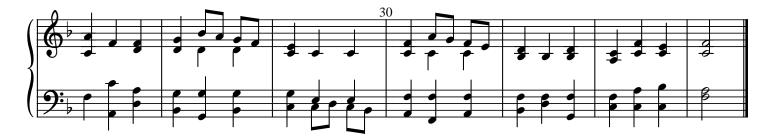
The Master hath come, and He calls us









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.

Sarah Doudney