The Master Calleth For Thee

1. Her sad vigil keeping, Mary sat weeping, Mourning for
2. Then swift at His calling, at His feet falling Mary so
3. When loss is before us, grief gathers o'er us, Shadows of

Lazarus dead, Her glad tidings learning, Martha returning,
sorrowful goes, And trustful believing, meekly receiving
sorrow surround; What'er may befall us, if He will call us

Chorus

Unto the weeping one said.
Hope that the Master bestows. Jesus is coming,
Gladly we'll follow the sound.

Him have I met, Glad are His tidings to me;

Joyful arise, the Master is coming, Jesus is calling for thee.

Words: Mrs. M. B. C. Slade
Music: R. M. McIntosh