

The Master Is Come

(He Hideth My Soul. P. M.)

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1. The Mas-ter is come. O thou lost one, a - rise, And hear Hissofthebreathing to
2. He hascomeand hasshedHis own preciousblood, The lost andthe ru - ined to
3. The Mas-ter hascome,He has gone,andonce more Heshallcome in His glo - ry a -



you. Oh, list to His voice, He has come fromthe skies Your
save; He has shown Hisgreat love to His Fa - therand God By ac -
gain, In His love to take up His re - deemed ones be - fore His



soul with Hismer-cies to strew. Hehascomewith a balm forthewounded and sore,
cept - ing thecrossandthe grave. O my soul, Hehas come to en - cir - clethearound
judgmentsshallfall up - on men. The Mas - terhascome—He is com - ing a - gain—



Forthewear - y andburdenedbe - low; Hehascome Hisbrightban neryour soul tospreado'er,
With a blessingtoo wondrous to tell, And thou shalt for - ev - er re - joice in the sound
He shall in His glo - ry ap - pear: Then bow to Him,man,as theLambthat was slain,



That you to the Fa - ther may go, That you to the Fa - ther may go.
That "Je - sus hathdoneallthings well," That "Je - sus hathdoneallthings well."
AndHisloveshallcast out ev - ery fear, AndHisloveshallcast out ev - ery fear.

