

The Master Is Come

(He Hideth My Soul. P. M.)

W. E. Cullum

William J. Kirkpatrick



1. The Mas-ter is come. O thou lost one, a - rise, And hear Hissoftbreathing 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 from the skies Your
save; He has shown His great love to His Fa - ther and God By ac -
gain, In His love to take up His re - deemed ones be - fore His



soul with His mer - cies to strew. He has come with a balm for the wounded and sore,
cept - ing the cross and the grave. O my soul, He has come to en - cir - cle thee around
judgments shall fall up - on men. The Mas - ter has come—He is com - ing a - gain—



For the wear - y and burdened be - low; He has come His bright ban - ner your soul to spread o'er,
With a blessing too 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 the Lamb that was slain,



That you to the Fa - ther may go, That you to the Fa - ther may go.
That "Je - sus hath done all things well," That "Je - sus hath done all things well."
And His loves shall cast out ev - ery fear, And His loves shall cast out ev - ery fear.

