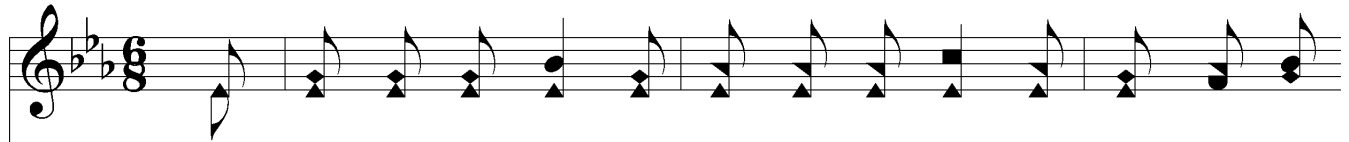


The Master Calleth For Thee



1. Her sad vig - il keep - ing, Mar - y sat weep - ing, Mourn - ing for
 2. Then swift at His call - ing, at His feet fall - ing Mar - y so
 3. When loss is be - fore us, grief gath - ers o'er us, Shad - ows of



Laz - a - rus dead, Her glad tid - ings learn - ing, Mar - tha re - turn - ing,
 sor - row - ful goes; And trust - ful be - liev - ing, meek - ly re - ceiv - ing
 sor - row sur - round; What - e'er may be - fall us, if He will call us



Chorus

Un - to the weep - ing one said.
 Hope that the Mas - ter be - stows. Je - sus is com - ing,
 Glad - ly we'll fol - low the sound.



Him have I met, Glad are His tid - ings to me;



Joy - ful a - rise, the Mas - ter is com - ing, Je - sus is call - ing for thee.

