The Master Calleth For Thee

1. Her sad vigil keeping, Mary sat weeping, mourning for
   Lazarus dead,
   Zeal of the weeping one said.
   Hope that the Master bestows.
   Jesus is coming.

2. Then swift at His calling, at His feet falling Mary so
   sorrows full goes,
   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.

3. When loss is before us, grief gatherers o'er us, shadows of
   sorrows surround;
   What-e'er may befall us, if He will call us
   Jesus is coming.