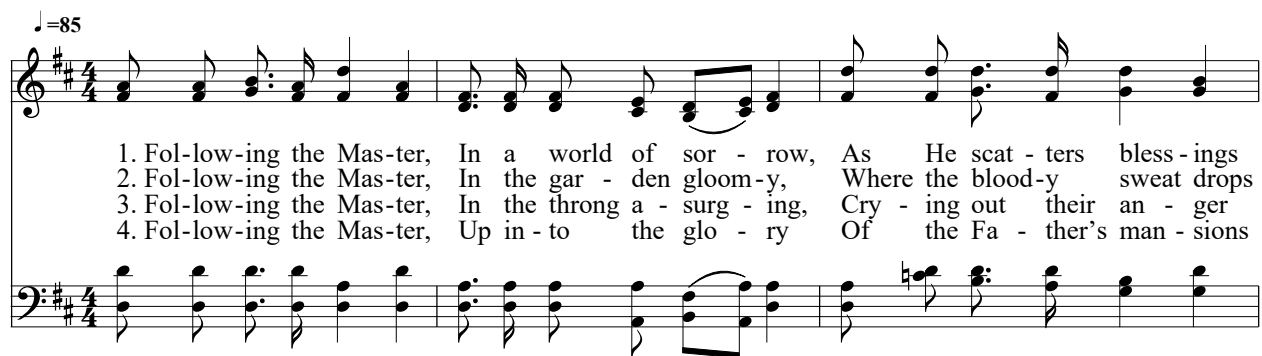


Following the Master

W. G. Templeton, 1900

H. A. R. Horton

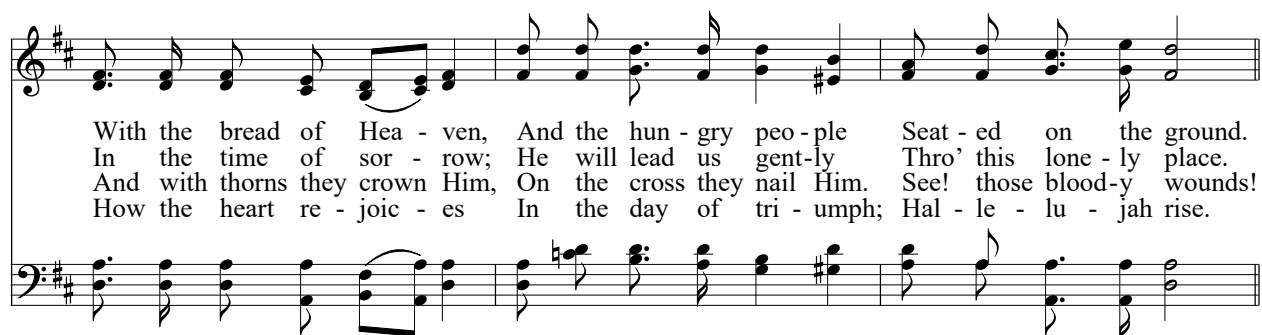
♩ = 85



1. Fol-low-ing the Mas-ter, In a world of sor - row, As He scat - ters bless - ings
2. Fol-low-ing the Mas-ter, In the gar - den gloom-y, Where the blood-y sweat drops
3. Fol-low-ing the Mas-ter, In the throng a - surg - ing, Cry - ing out their an - ger
4. Fol-low-ing the Mas-ter, Up in - to the glo - ry Of the Fa - ther's man - sions

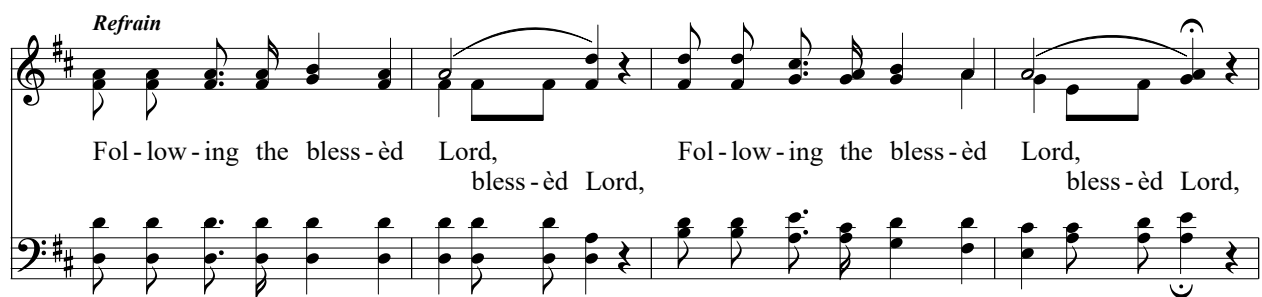


On the na - tions 'round, Feed - ing starv - ing thou - sands
Bathe His ten - der face, Where He pleads the Fa - ther,
In most cru - el sounds; Scourg - ing Him with whip - cords,
Far a - bove the skies; O, Thou bless - èd Mas - ter,

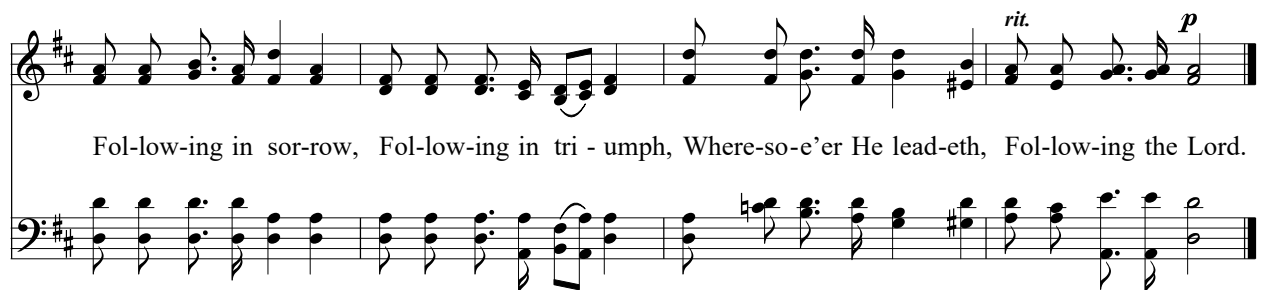


With the bread of Hea - ven, And the hun - gry peo - ple Seat - ed on the ground.
In the time of sor - row; He will lead us gent - ly Thro' this lone - ly place.
And with thorns they crown Him, On the cross they nail Him. See! those blood - y wounds!
How the heart re - joic - es In the day of tri - umph; Hal - le - lu - jah rise.

Refrain



Fol - low - ing the bless - èd Lord, Fol - low - ing the bless - èd Lord,
bless - èd Lord, bless - èd Lord,



Fol-low-ing in sor-row, Fol-low-ing in tri - umph, Where-so-e'er He lead-eth, Fol-low-ing the Lord.