

Hymn Lyrics

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He sat to watch o'er customs paid

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a man of scorned and hardening trade,
alike the symbol and the tool
of foreign masters' hated rule.

But grace within his heart had stirred,
there needed but the timely word;
it came, true Lord of souls, from thee,
that royal summons, "Follow me."

Enough, when thou wert passing by,
to hear thy voice, to meet thine eye;
he rose, responsive to the call,
and left his task, his gains, his all.

O wise exchange! with these to part,
and lay up treasures in the heart;
with twofold crown of light to shine
amid thy servants' foremost line.

Come, Savior, as in days of old;
pass where the world has strongest hold,
and faithless care and selfish greed
are thorns that choke the holy seed.

Who keeps thy gifts, O bid them claim
the steward's, not the owner's name;
who yield up all for thy dear sake.
let them of Matthew's wealth partake.