

Behold, the Master Passeth By
William How, 1871.
Leighton Hayne, 1863.

Behold, the Master passeth by!
O seest thou not His pleading eye?
With low sad voice He calleth thee,
"Leave this vain world, and follow Me."

O soul, bowed down with harrowing care,
Hast thou no thought for Heaven to spare?
From earthly toils lift up thine eye;
Behold, the Master passeth by!

One heard Him calling long ago,
And straightway left all things below
Counting his earthly gain as loss
For Jesus and His blessed cross.

That "Follow Me" his faithful ear
Seemed every day afresh to hear;
Its echoes stirred his spirit still,
And fired his hope, and nerved his will.

God gently calls us every day:
Why should we then our bliss delay?
Thou, Lord, e'en now art calling me;
I will leave all, and follow Thee.