

He Sat to Watch o'er Customs Paid

William Bright, 1889.

Edward Hodges, 1841.

He sat to watch o'er customs paid,  
A man of scorned and hard'ning trade;  
Alike the symbol and the tool  
Of foreign masters' hated rule.

But grace within his breast 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 treasure in Thy 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 keep Thy gifts, O bid them claim  
The steward's, not the owner's name;  
Who yield all up for Thy dear sake,  
Let them of Matthew's wealth partake.