Behold, the Master passeth by

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Oh, seest thou not his pleading eye?
with low sad voice he calleth thee;-
leave this vain world and follow me.

O soul, bow'd 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 blessèd 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 sweetly calls us every day:
why should we then our bliss delay?
He calls to heaven and endless light:
why should we love the dreary night?

Praise, Lord, to thee for Matthew's call,
at which he left his earthly all;
thou, Lord, e'en now art calling me,-
I will leave all, and follow thee.