

Robert C. Singleton
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Lo, sea and land their gifts outpour

Joseph Barnby
(1838-96)

886. 886. 446

1. Lo, sea and land their gifts outpour,
A tribute from their richest store,
To lie at Levi's feet.
But Thou, in passing, gracious Lord,
Didst see his danger, speak Thy Word;
That Word for him how meet!
"Come, follow me!"
To follow Thee
He quits his wealthy seat.

2. But we are still in fetters bound;
Earth's wealth and pleasures twine around
Our hearts all dead and cold:
Unyielding to the cries of grace,
With wills too weak to seek Thy face,
Fast tied in Satan's hold.
"Come, follow me!"
Ah! how are we
To burst the chains of gold?

3. Yet, roused by Thine Almighty voice,
Good Lord, we rise, and we rejoice;
We fling the dross away.
No diamond sparkles in the light,
Nought ever shines so fair and bright
As Thy celestial ray.
"Come, follow me!"
We fly to Thee
O living Star of day.

4. Thou hadst not where to lay Thine head,
When Matthew, by Thy mercy led,
Sought Thee to be his guest;
But we, O Lord, of Thee have need;
On Thy rich bounty we must feed,
And lean upon Thy breast.
"Then follow me!"
We cling to Thee,
Our riches, and our rest. Amen.