



“Come, Follow Me.”

I heard a voice how deep the sound,
 Just like the murmur of the Sea,
 And in my heart an echo found
 The words were thus “Come, follow Me.”

Were they addressed to rich or poor,
 To those of high or low degree!
 Ah! no they were too plain and sure,
 They only ment “Come, follow Me.”

Place not thy hopes in earthly joys,
 Ambitions dreams or vanity,
 They are as frail as children’s toys,
 Forsake them all. “Come, follow Me.”

Thou must forsake them from thy heart
 Ere I my secret tell to thee,
 Then sorrow from thee shall depart,
 Wilt thou consent, and follow Me?

It was the Saviour’s Voice I know,
 I heard it sweetly say to me—
 “I, or the world, which is thy choice?
 O Lord, my God, I’ll follow Thee.