

# O Galilee

Irish Air

1. There's a sea I've learnt to lo - ve from o - u - r mo - ther's knee,  
And more I've come to love her, the sea of Ga - li - lee.  
2. 'Tis the sea our Sav - iour loved from His youth - ful days.  
A - lone with her in se - cret, He pon - dered and prayed.  
3. O Ga - li - lee I love thee, Not for what thou art,  
But for Him whose feet sailed o'er thee, He has won my heart!  
4. Fare thee well, sweet Ga - li - lee Fare - well, home sweet home.  
There's a field white to har - vest, A - way and be - yond.

*rit.*  
Midst mountains brown she nes - tled. Her wa - ter's so blue.  
The Son of God was re - vealed 'pon rag - ing storm:  
Hear - est thou His gen - tle voice, whis - p'ring o - ver the sea?  
He who hears the Mas - ter's call, must go where - e'er He wills.

More beau - eous are her stor - ies, So won - drous - ly true.  
At His Word, "peace be thou st - ill," Reigned a per - fect calm.  
"Lov - est Me more than these?" "Yea, Lord, I lo - ve Thee."  
Fare - well, home and Ga - li - lee, Fare - well, flo - wers and hills.