

56. O GALILEE, SWEET GALILEE

GALILEJO

1. O Ga - li - lee, sweet Ga - li - lee, What mem - ries
 2. Thy waves which once His ves - sel bore Will sound His

O Ga - li - lee Thy waves which once His ves - sel bore

rise praise at thought of thee. Im - mor - tal
 for - ev - er - more, And from Thy

What mem - 'ries rise at thought of thee
 Will sound His praise for - ev - er - more,

guise depths, u - pon Thy shore sea, The Sav - ior
 be - lov - ed we hear the

Im - mor - tal guise u - pon Thy shore,
 And from thy depths, be - lov - ed sea,

trod, Whom we a - dore. O Ga - li - lee, sweet Ga - li -
 call, "O fol - low Me." lee,

O Ga - li - lee

lee, thy bless - ed name will sa - cred be. In ev - 'ry

sweet Ga - li - lee thy bless - ed name will sa - cred be.

clime, on ev - 'ry shore, Till suns shall set to rise no more.