THE SEA OF GALILEE



2. Fair are the lakes in the land I love, where pine and heather grow; but thou hast loveliness far above what Nature can bestow.

7. Tell me, ye mouldering fragments, tell, was the Saviour's city here?
Lifted to heaven, has it sunk to hell, with none to shed a tear?

- 3. It is not that the wild gazelle comes down to drink thy tide, but he that was pierced to save from hell oft wandered by thy side.
- 8. Ah! would my flock from thee might learn how days of grace will flee; how all an offered Christ who spurns, shall mourn at last, like thee.
- 4. It is not that the fig-tree grows, and palms, in thy soft air, but that Sharon's fair and bleeding Rose once spread its fragrance there.
- 9. And was it beside this very sea, the new-risen Saviour said three times to Simon, "Lovest thou me? My lambs and sheep, then feed."

- 5. Graceful around thee mountains meet, thou calm reposing sea; but ah! far more, the beautiful feet of Jesus walked o'er thee.
- 10. O Saviour! gone to God's right hand! yet the same Saviour still, graved on thy heart is this lovely strand and every fragrant hill.
- 6. These days are past Bethsaida, where? Chorazin, where art thou? His tent the wild Arab pitches there the wild reeds shade thy brow.
- 11. Oh! give me, Lord, by this sacred wave, threefold thy love divine, that I may feed, till I find my grave, thy flock both thine and mine.

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