Memories of Galilee

1. Each coo-ing dove and sigh-ing bough 
   That makes the eve so blest to me 
   Has some-thing far

2. Each flow-ry glen and moss-y dell, 
   Where hap-py birds in song a-gree, 
   Thru sun-ny morn I long, O how di-vin-er 
   the pra-is-es I long, once

3. And when I read the thrill-ing lore 
   Of Him who walked up-on the sea, 
   Has some-thing far 
   now: It bears me back to Gal-i-lee. 

        tell Of sights and sounds in Gal-i-lee. 
        more To fol-low Him in Gal-i-lee. 

Chorus

O Gal-i-lee! sweet Gal-i-lee! Where Je-sus loved so much to be;

Words: Robert Morris
Music: E. R. Palmer
Memories of Galilee

Gal-lee! blue Gal-lee! Come, sing thy song again to me!

Come, sing thy song again to me!