

The Stranger Of Galilee

SACRED SONG

BY

MRS. C. H. MORRIS

ARR. BY

MABLE MILLER STURGIS

THE FREDERICK HARRIS CO.,

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The Stranger of Galilee

C. H. M.



Mrs. C. H. MORRIS
Arr. Mable Miller Sturgis

VOICE

1. In fan - cy I stood by the shore, one day, Of the beau - ti - ful murm - 'ring sea; — I
3. I heard Him speak peace to the an - gry waves, Of that tur - bu - lent, rag - ing sea; — And

saw the great crowds as they thronged the way Of the Stran - ger of Gal - i - lee; — I
lo! at His word are the wa - ters still'd, This Stran - ger of Gal - i - lee; — A

saw how the man who was blind from birth, In a mo - ment was made to see; — The
peace - ful, a qui - et, and ho - ly calm Now and ev - er a - bides with me; — He

lame were made whole by the match-less skill Of the Stran-ger of Gal - i - lee. —
hold - eth my life in His might - y hands, This Stran-ger of Gal - i - lee. —

CHORUS

And I felt I could love Him for - ev - er, So gra - cious and ten - der was
Oh my friend won't you love Him for - ev - er, So gra - cious and ten - der is

He! — I claim'd Him that day as my Sav - ior, This
He! — Ac - cept Him to - day as your Sav - ior, This

Stran - ger of Gal - i - lee. —
Stran - ger of Gal - i - lee. —

INTERLUDE

VOICE

2. His look of com-pas-sion, His words of love, They shall nev-er for-got-ten
 4. Come ye who are driv-en, and tem-pest tossed, And His gra-cious sal-va-tion

p

be, When sin-sick and help-less He saw me there This
 see; He'll qui-et life's storms with His "Peace be still!" This

Stran-ger of Gal-i-lee; He showed me His hand and His
 Stran-ger of Gal-i-lee; He bids me to go and the

riv-en side, And He whis-pered "It was for thee!" My
 sto-ry tell What He ev-er to you will be, If

bur - den fell off at the pierc - ed feet Of the Stran - ger of Gal - i - lee. —
on - ly you let Him with you a - bide, This Stran - ger of Gal - i - lee. —

CHORUS

And I felt I could love Him for - ev - er, So gra - cious and ten - der was
Oh my friend won't you love Him for - ev - er, So gra - cious and ten - der is

mf

He! I claim'd Him that day as my Sav - ior, This
He! Ac - cept Him to - day as your Sav - ior, This

L.H.

Stran - ger of Gal - i - lee. —
Stran - ger of Gal - i - lee. —

INTERLUDE

ff

Low in B flat

Medium in C

High in D

GLORIA.

SACRED SONG.

Words by
M.C. SCHUYLER.Music by
A. BUZZI PEGGIA.

p con dolcezza

Ev'ry flow'r feels the pow'r
O-gni fior al te-por

p *dim.* *p*

Of the bud-ding A-pril time, Ev'ry heart doth bear its part In
del fio-ren-te A-pril O-gni cor al tuo a-mor

cresc. *p*

rit. *atempo* *p*

prais-ing Thee, O Lord, di-vine. So the breeze on the seas
Spiegaun can-ti-co gen-til L'ali-tar sovra i mar

rit. *a tempo* *pp*

Neath a cloud-less sum-mer sky Shows thy face re-flec-ted
in se-re-no di La tua gran-de spec-chia

p *sf*

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60¢

Glory to God who from the heav'n above, rulest supreme the world.

Ev'ry flow'r feels the power of the budding April time,
Ev'ry heart doth bear its part in praising Thee, O Lord, divine.
So the breeze on the seas, neath a cloudless summer sky,
Shows thy face reflected, from the great throne on high!
In the dark day of sorrow our comfort Thou art,
From Thee must we borrow all solace for the heart.

God is there. Haste, His mercy implore; All acclaim His great name. Sov'reign Lord, for evermore.

Glory Thou who art Lord of all;
Who to thy power doth all mercy unite.
Works of man endure not, all they pass in a night;
Thou for ever reignest in thy splendour and might!
Glory thou who art Lord of all;
God of love, God of love, God of might, God for ever.

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