

The Galilean Fishers Toil

Doh is G · 4/4 Tune: OLD 137TH

| d - | t, - l, - s, - d - | m - r - d - d - |
The Galilean fishers toil all

| r - m - f - r - | m - - - - m - |
night, and nothing take; But

| r - d - t, - d - | l, - l, - s, - s, - |
Jesus comes,- a wondrous spoil is

| d - r - m - r - | d - - - - s, - |
lifted from the lake. Lord,

| d - r - m - d - | f - f - m - d - |
when our labors are in vain and

| l, - t, - d - r - | d - - - - d - |
vain the help of men, When

| m - f - s - s - | l - l - s - m - |
fruitless is our care and pain, Come

| r - m - f - r - | d - - - - |
blessed Jesus then!

The other verses

- 2 The night is dark, the surges fill the bark, the
wild winds roar;
But Jesus comes and all is still—the ship is at
the shore.
O Lord, when storms around us howl, and all is
dark and drear,
In all the tempests of the soul,
O blessed Jesus hear.
- 3 A frail one, thrice denying Thee
saw mercy in Thine eyes,
The penitent upon the tree
was borne to Paradise.
In hours of sin and deep distress
o show us, Lord, Thy Face,
In penitential loneliness,
O give us Jesus grace!
- 4 The faithful few retire in fear
to their closed upper room;
But suddenly with joyful cheer
they see their Master come.
Lord come to us, unloose our bands
and bid our terrors cease,
Lift over us Thy blessed hands,
Speak, holy Jesus Peace!
- 5 In days, when faith will scarce be found,
and wolves be in the fold,
When sin and sorrow will abound
and charity wax cold,
Then hear Thy saints, who to Thee pray
to bring them to their home,
Hear when the Bride and Spirit say,
"Come, Blessed Jesus, Come!"

Melody and words from the Open Hymnal Project (public domain), edited by Brian J. Dumont; tune OLD 137TH (From Day's Psalter, 1563); words by Christopher Wordsworth (1807–1885). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.