

O'er the Dark Wave of Galilee

William Russell, 1826.

Anonymous, 1912.

O'er the dark wave of Galilee

The gloom of twilight gathers fast,

And on the waters drearily

Descends the fitful evening blast.

The weary bird hath left the air

And sunk into his sheltered nest;

The wandering beast has sought his lair

And laid him down to welcome rest.

Still near the lake with weary tread

Lingers a form of human kind;

And on His lone unsheltered head

Flows the chill night damp of the wind.

Why seeks He not a home of rest?

Why seeks He not a pillowed bed?

Beasts have their dens, the bird its nest;

He hath not where to lay His head.

Such was the lot He freely chose

To bless, to save the human race;

And through His poverty there flows

A rich full stream of heavenly grace.