

14

A

And yet he longs for me.

Pno.

17

Tenor:

T

She's the sea of Ga-li-lee I'm a fish-er with a net She fol-lows the Lord faith-ful-ly

Pno.

20

T

I tend to for-get. Fold-ed in her spa-cious wings, She li-stened to me cry

Pno.

23

T

She held me when I fe-vered through the lone-ly night And yet she loves me.

Pno.