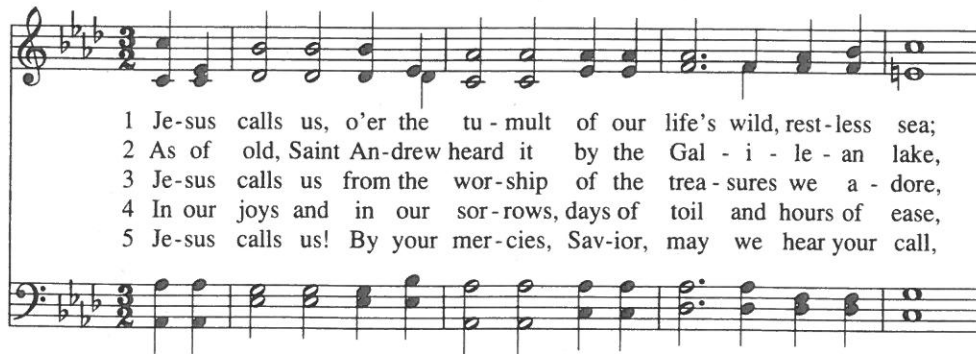


Jesus Calls Us, o'er the Tumult

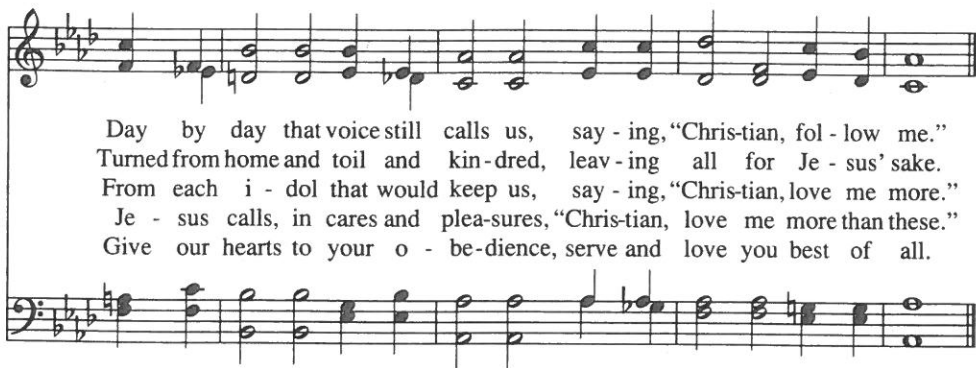
172

Cecil F. Alexander, 1852; alt.

Matt. 4:18-22; Mark 1:16-20; John 21:15



1 Je-sus calls us, o'er the tu - mult of our life's wild, rest-less sea;
2 As of old, Saint An-drew heard it by the Gal - i - le - an lake,
3 Je-sus calls us from the wor-ship of the trea - sures we a - dore,
4 In our joys and in our sor - rows, days of toil and hours of ease,
5 Je-sus calls us! By your mer - cies, Sav - ior, may we hear your call,



Day by day that voice still calls us, say - ing, "Chris-tian, fol - low me."
Turned from home and toil and kin-dred, leav - ing all for Je - sus' sake.
From each i - dol that would keep us, say - ing, "Chris-tian, love me more."
Je - sus calls, in cares and plea-sures, "Chris-tian, love me more than these."
Give our hearts to your o - be-dience, serve and love you best of all.

Cecil Alexander, who in Ireland wrote sacred verse to teach children the meaning of the catechism and liturgy, designated this poem for St. Andrew's Day. Many years later Galilee was composed for this text by an English organist, William Jude.

Tune: GALILEE 8.7.8.7.
William H. Jude, 1887
Alternate setting: ST. ANDREW