

One Early Morning on a Shore

One early morning on a shore,
you called your friends to breakfast, Lord.
You brought the fire, the fish, the bread.
You stood on shore, back from the dead.

Your friends had caught no fish that night.
Unknown, you hailed, "Cast to the right!"
Fish then abounded; nets near tore—
Yet Peter dove, to greet you, Lord!

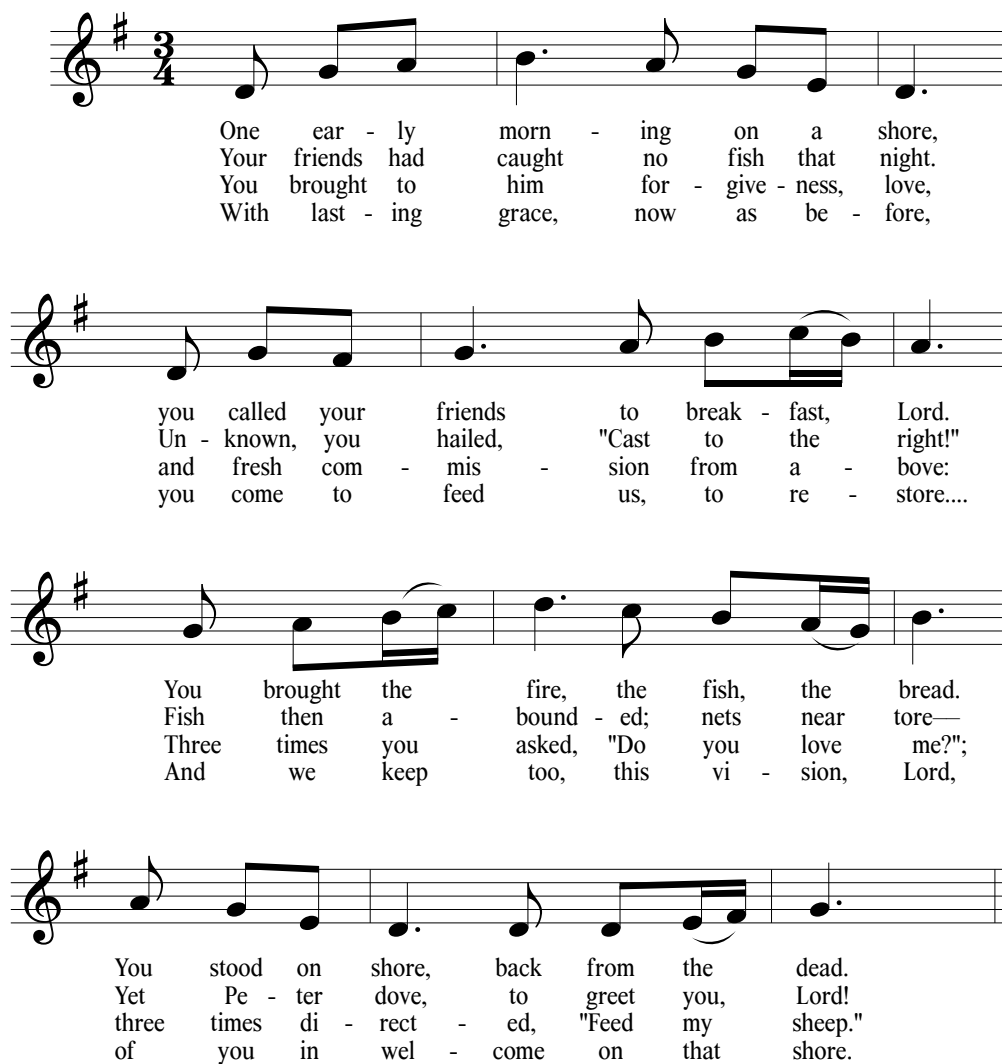
You brought to him forgiveness, love,
and fresh commission from above:
Three times you asked, "Do you love me?";
three times directed, "Feed my sheep."

With lasting grace, now as before,
you come to feed us, to restore....
And we keep, too, this vision, Lord,
of you in welcome on that shore.

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Tune: O WALY WALY, English folk tune

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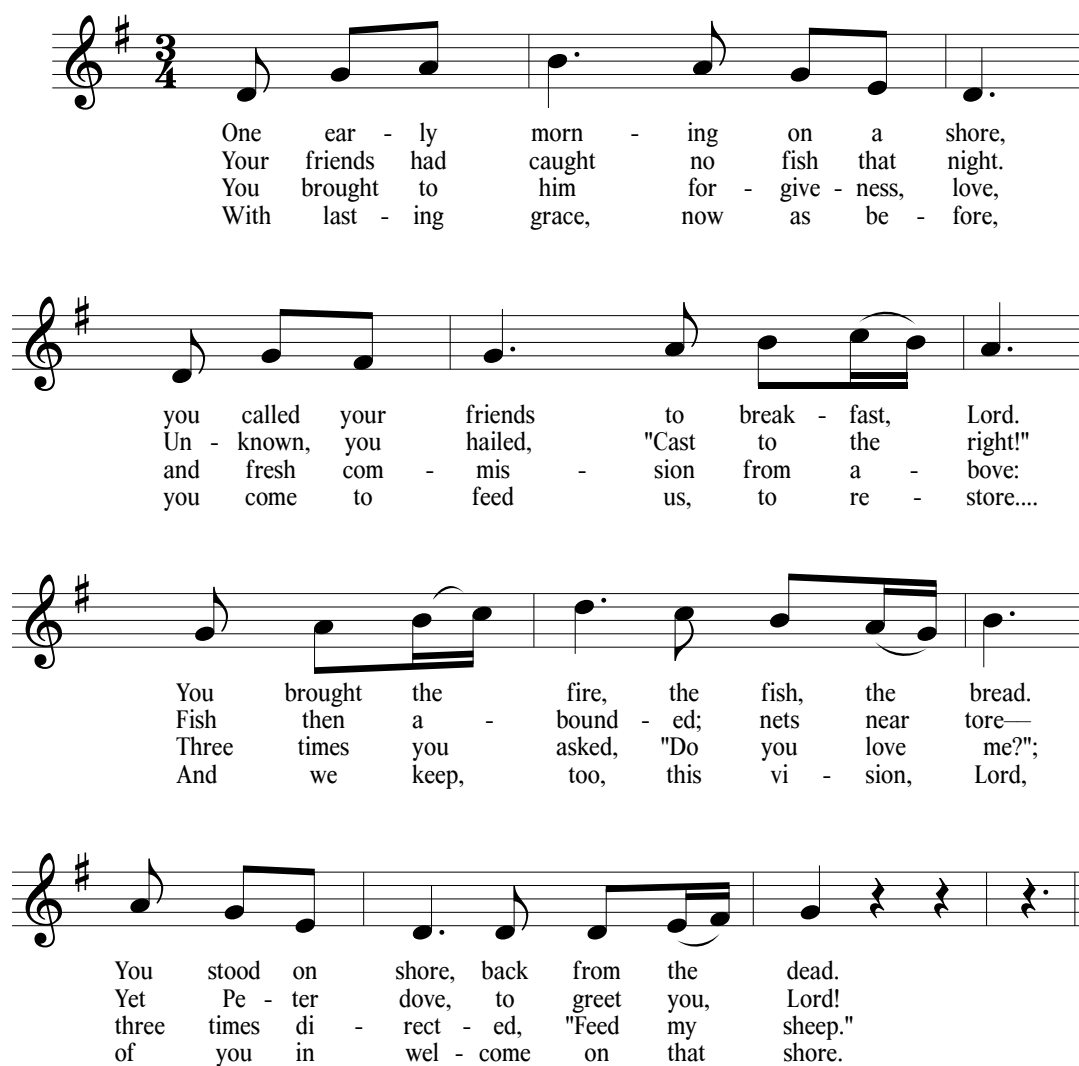


One ear - ly morn - ing on a shore,
Your friends had caught no fish that night.
You brought to him for - give - ness, love,
With last - ing grace, now as be - fore,
you called your friends to break - fast, Lord.
Un - known, you hailed, "Cast to the right!"
and fresh com - mis - sion from a - bove:
you come to feed us, to re - store....
You brought the fire, the fish, the bread.
Fish then a - bound - ed; nets near tore—
Three times you asked, "Do you love me?";
And we keep too, this vi - sion, Lord,
You stood on shore, back from the dead.
Yet Pe - ter dove, to greet you, Lord!
three times di - rect - ed, "Feed my sheep."
of you in wel - come on that shore.

Tune: O WALY WALY, English folk melody
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