

The Fishermen Had Gathered

John 21:1-6

Tune: ES FLOG EIN KLEINS WALDVOGELEIN

Text: Stephen M. Fearing, 2016

Music: Memmingen, 17th Century

Voice

The fish - er - men had gath - ered to sit in si - lent wait;
No luck had they that even - ing, no sing - le fish was caught.
But morn - ing brought a new sight: a man u - pon the sand.
But then a wond - rous thing came, and gone was their cha - grin;

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not know - ing now their pur - pose, they fidd - led with their bait.
As morn - ing now app - roached them, they tried a differ - ent spot.
He gest - ured the disc - i - ples with wav - ing of his hand.
so ma - ny fish were numb - ered, they could not haul it in.

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They pond - ered all their opt - ions as day turned in - to night.
Frust - ra - tion came with ang - er, their pa - tience gro - wing thin.
He mo - tioned them to catch fish u - pon the oth - er side.
When Je - sus smiled u - pon them, they re - cog - nized his face.

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And then they start - ed fish - ing be - neath the pale moon - light.
As sun - rise reached their fac - es, their hope died deep with - in.
With no - thing else to lose now, they cast their nets out wide.
May we, like them, be wit - ness to your a - bund - ant grace.