



If

By Carma Salvesen

If I could go to Galilee
And walk where Jesus walked
And sit in tender grasses
On the hillside where He taught.

If I could sit and ponder
On a rock that knew His hand,
Or walk along the seashore
Where His feet had touched the
sand.

My spirit yearns within me,
But it doesn't seem my fate.
I'll never walk where Jesus
walked.
I'll never see . . . but wait.

I worship in His temple
Where I know He's walked
before.
Have His feet been down this
hallway?
Have His fingers touched this
door?

Has He stood here in this very
room
And looked at what I see?
In the beauty of His temple
I can feel His love for me.

I close my eyes and picture Him,
My worries melt away.
I don't need to go to Galilee
Or travel far away.

For my tender heart is filled
With what He wants me to be
taught
And my testimony burns within—
I've walked where Jesus walked!