

Saved from the Wreck

Eliza Hewitt, 1897.

Henry Gilmour.

Adrift on the waters, so dark and so cold,
Afar from the beautiful city of gold,
A vessel is sinking, for heavy the gale,
The cable is broken, and tattered each sail.

Refrain

Poor child of the wreck, see the lifeboat is near,
A sweet voice is heard, for the Master is here;
He walks every billow, controls every wave,
'Tis Jesus, King Jesus, "the mighty to save."

Oh, I was the sinner alone on the sea,
But love's blessed signal were floating for me;
Though thunders were rolling, and billows at strife,
Lo, Jesus was calling, "escape for thy life."

Refrain

I stepped in the life boat, provided for me,
And Jesus my Pilot, my Captain to be;
His bosom my refuge, my "haven of rest."
I'm rescued from shipwreck, so happy and blest.

Refrain

Life's turbulent surges are kissed into peace,
The beacons are shining, and songs never cease;
Fair moonbeams, bright sunshine, illumine the tide,
While onward to glory we'll joyfully glide.

Refrain