

Where the Wrecks Wash In

J. E. H., 1896.

Frank Davis.

Our Jesus walks where the wrecks wash in,  
All bruised and sore from the sea of sin;  
As each comes in on the rushing tide,  
He gently calls from the dark seaside.

Refrain

O sinner tossed on the turbid foam,  
To Christ then come and His harbor home,  
He waits just now on the peaceful shore,  
To heal your wounds and your soul restore.

Just as He did there in Galilee,  
He walks today by the foaming sea;  
That He may heal all the sick and sore,  
When roughly dashed on the friendly shore.

Refrain

He loves to walk where the wrecks wash in,  
That long have tossed on the sea of sin;  
Who call to Him with their failing breath,  
To rescue them from the sea of death.

Refrain