

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.

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."

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."
Iâ'm rescued from shipwreck, so happy and blest.

**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.**

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