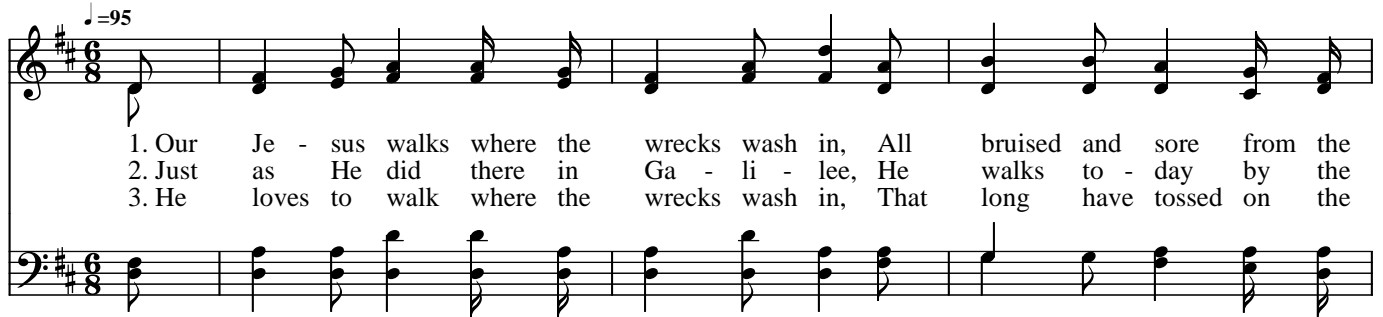


# Where the Wrecks Wash In

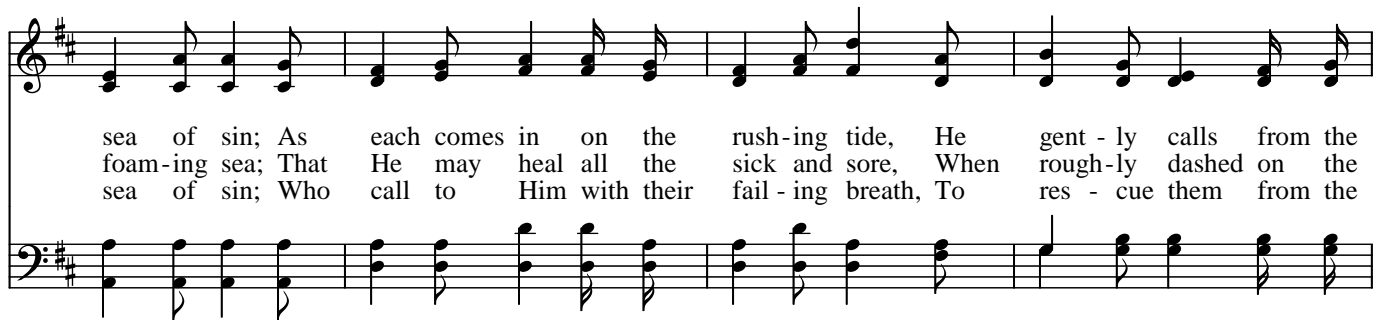
J. E. H., circa 1896

Frank Marion Davis

$\text{♩} = 95$



1. Our Je - sus walks where the wrecks wash in, All bruised and sore from the  
2. Just as He did there in Ga - li - lee, He walks to - day by the  
3. He loves to walk where the wrecks wash in, That long have tossed on the

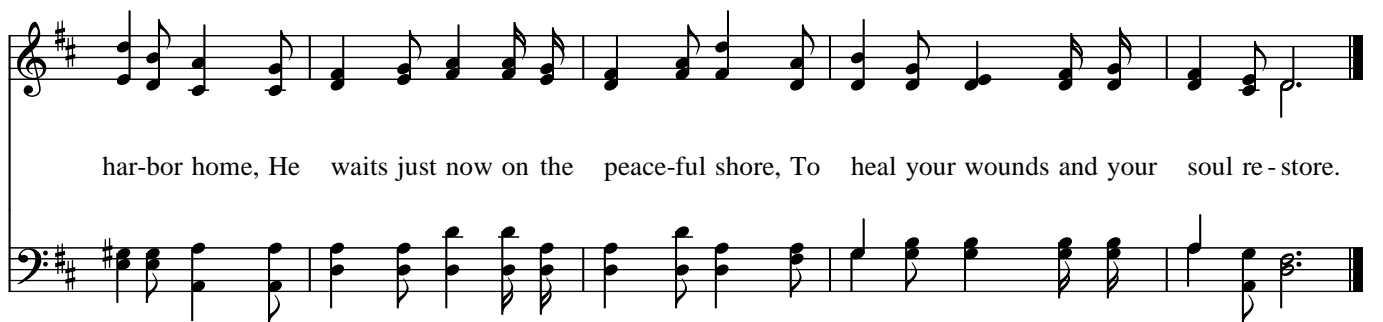


sea of sin; As each comes in on the rush-ing tide, He gent - ly calls from the  
foam-ing sea; That He may heal all the sick and sore, When rough-ly dashed on the  
sea of sin; Who call to Him with their fail - ing breath, To res - cue them from the

*Refrain*



dark sea - side.  
friend - ly shore. O sin - ner tossed on the tur - bid foam, To Christ then come and His  
sea of death.



har - bor home, He waits just now on the peace - ful shore, To heal your wounds and your soul re - store.