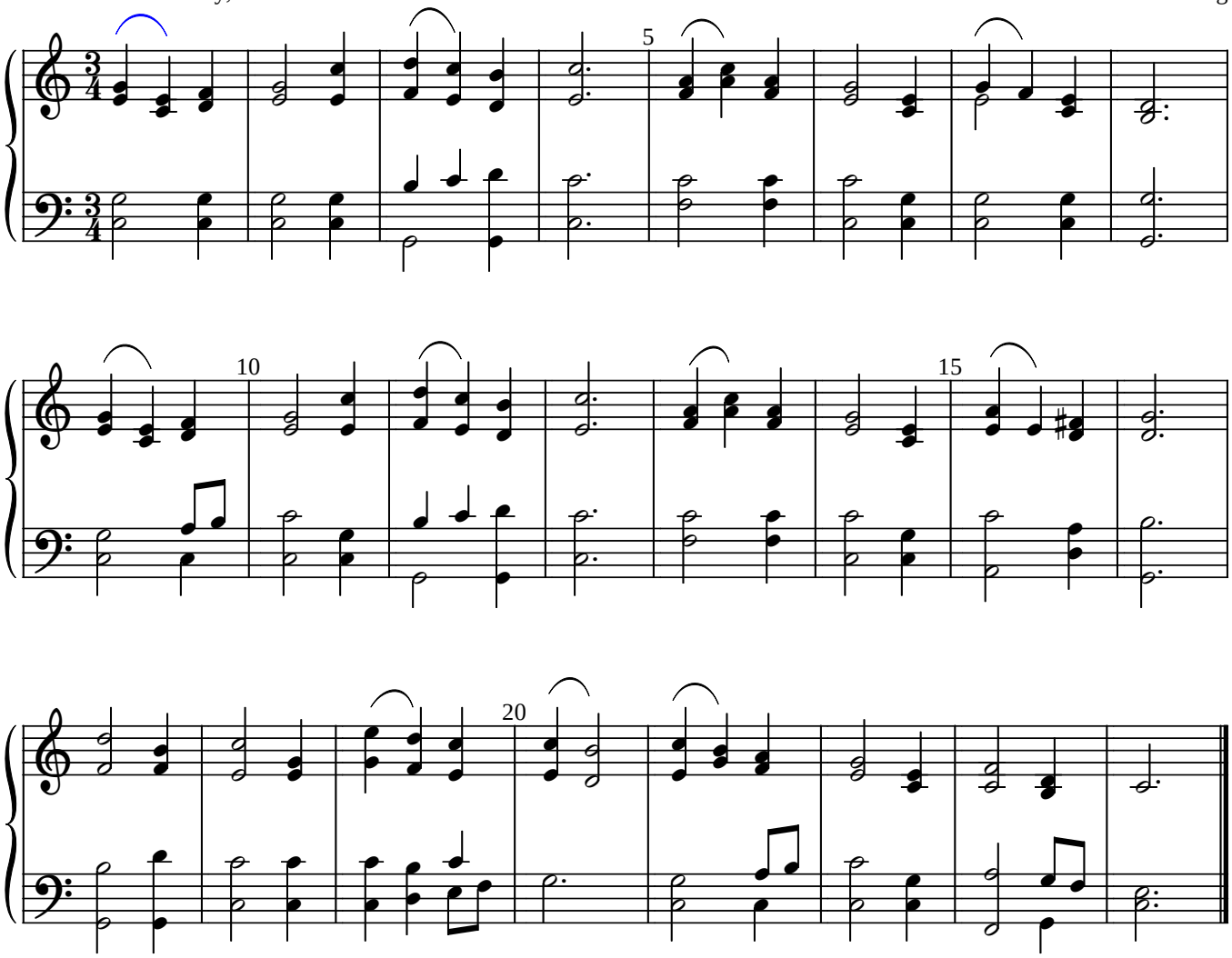
Wrecked outright on Jesus' breast

Dimitri S. Bortniansky, 1825 St. Petersburg



“Wrecked outright on Jesus’ breast“:
Only “wrecked” souls thus can sing;
Little boats that hug the shore,
Fearing what the storm may bring,
Never find on Jesus’ breast,
All that “wrecked” souls mean by rest.

“Wrecked outright!” So we lament;
But when storms have done their worst,
Then the soul, surviving all,
In Eternal arms is nursed;
There to find that nought can move
One, embosomed in such love.

“Wrecked outright!” No more to own
E’en a craft to sail the sea;
Still a voyager, yet now
Anchored to Infinity;
Nothing left to do but fling
Care aside, and simply cling.

“Wrecked outright!” ’Twas purest gain,
Henceforth other craft can see
That the storm may be a boon,
That, however rough the sea,
God Himself doth watchful stand,
For the “wreck” is in His hand.

Margaret E. Barber