



hat on Which to Hold

On this rough-going sea of life,
As with Mariners of old,
Mountain-waves and breakers of strife,
And numerous storms unfold –

The vessel of safety alas,
With billowing force may heave;
And thrown about a lad does pass,
Into the watery deep.

Amid heavenward pleas untold,
Though all his fellows amass,
The lad needs that on which to hold
Ere the tenuous chance doth pass.

But one who knows the saving task
Crafts cords, beknotted with weight.
Then skillfully to his grasp he casts,
And saves from the awful fate.

One so adrift may stay afloat
And ev'n be pulled from the deep,
When your well-placed gift of hope,
In firmness their clutch doth keep.