

Anchored Fast
William Breedlove, 1869.
John Gould.

Tossing on the billow,
Rocking in the blast,
Sick'ning on the pillow,
Verging t'ward the last.

Refrain

While the tempest rages,
To the ,
I am anchored fast;
While the tempest rages,
To the Rock of Ages,
I am anchored fast.

Skies all clad in sable,
Storm clouds scudding past,
Clinging to the cable,
I am anchored fast.

Refrain

Gone each earthly treasure,
Cut away each mast,
Vanished earthly pleasure,
Still I'm anchored fast.

Refrain

Sorrows multiplying,
Prospects overcast,
Weeping, groaning, sighing,
Still I'm anchored fast.

Refrain

Swiftly to my grave-bed,
I am making haste!
Trembling 'neath the death-dread,
Still I'm anchored fast.

Refrain