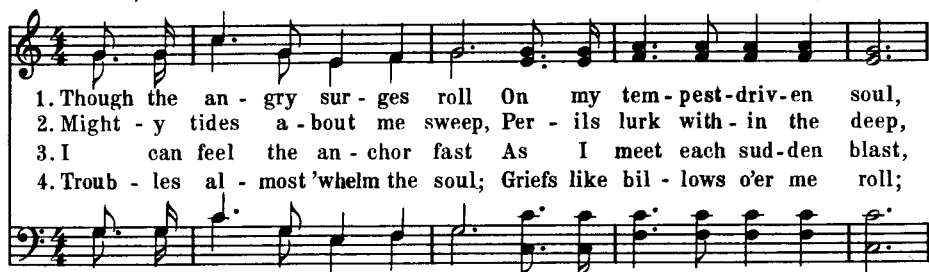


My Anchor Holds

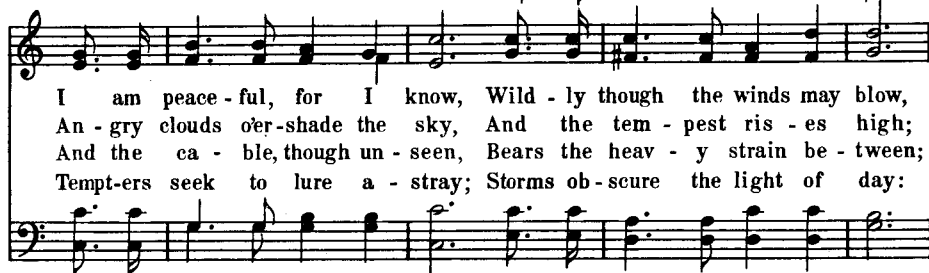
Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast. . . Heb. 6:19

W. C. Martin, alt.

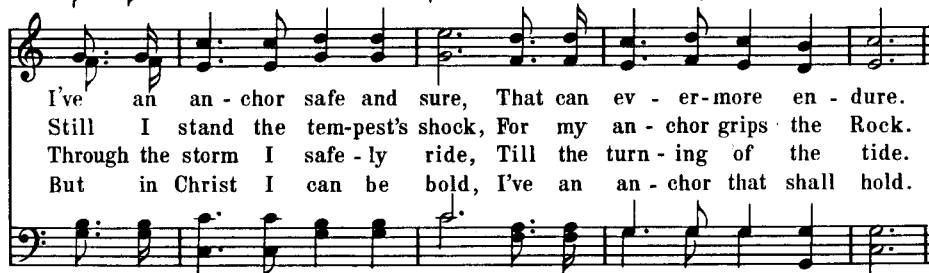
Daniel B. Towner, 1850-1919



1. Though the an - gry sur - ges roll On my tem - pest - driv - en soul,
 2. Might - y tides a - bout me sweep, Per - ils lurk with - in the deep,
 3. I can feel the an - chor fast As I meet each sud - den blast,
 4. Troub - les al - most 'whelm the soul; Grievs like bil - lows o'er me roll;

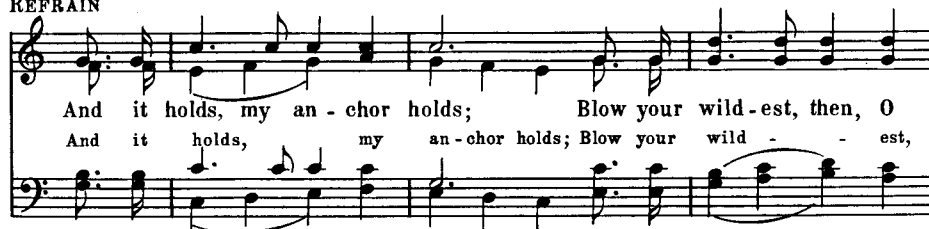


I am peace - ful, for I know, Wild - ly though the winds may blow,
 An - gry clouds o'er - shade the sky, And the tem - pest ris - es high;
 And the ca - ble, though un - seen, Bears the heav - y strain be - tween;
 Tempt - ers seek to lure a - stray; Storms ob - scure the light of day:

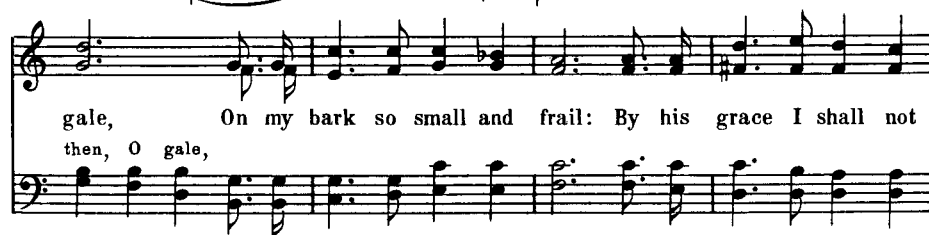


I've an an - chor safe and sure, That can ev - er - more en - dure.
 Still I stand the tem - pest's shock, For my an - chor grips the Rock.
 Through the storm I safe - ly ride, Till the turn - ing of the tide.
 But in Christ I can be bold, I've an an - chor that shall hold.

REFRAIN



And it holds, my an - chor holds; Blow your wild - est, then, O
 And it holds, my an - chor holds; Blow your wild - est,



gale, On my bark so small and frail: By his grace I shall not
 then, O gale,