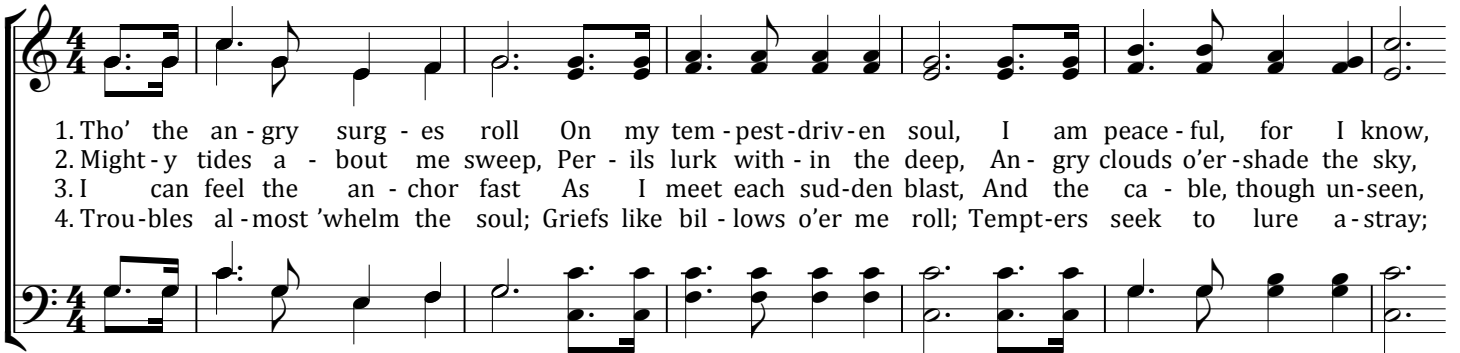
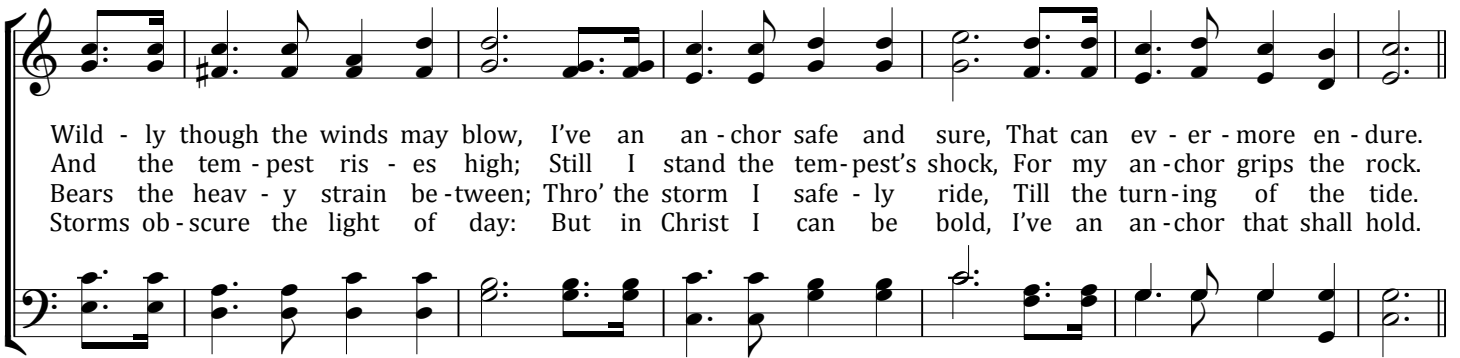


My Anchor Holds

*Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and stedfast,
and which entereth into that within the veil. Heb. 6:19*

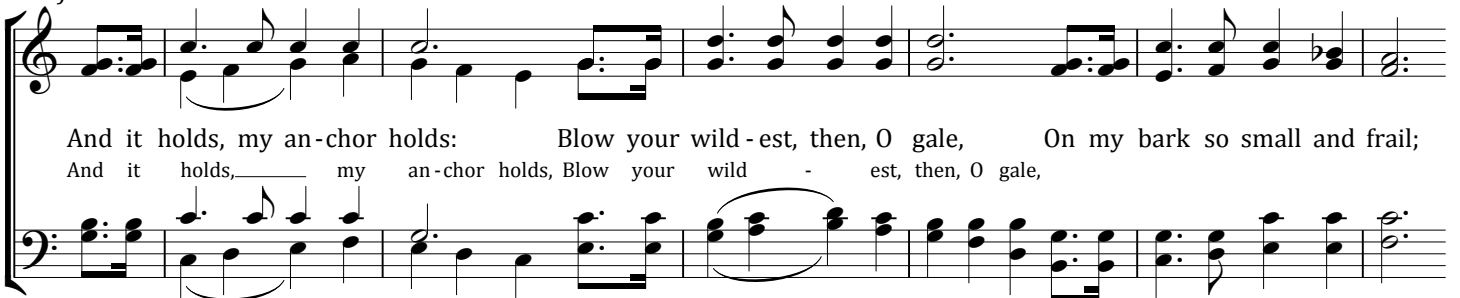


1. Tho' the an - gry surg - es roll On my tem - pest - driv - en soul, I am peace - ful, for I know,
2. Might - y tides a - bout me sweep, Per - ils lurk with - in the deep, An - gry clouds o'er - shade the sky,
3. I can feel the an - chor fast As I meet each sud - den blast, And the ca - ble, though un - seen,
4. Trou - bles al - most 'whelm the soul; Griefs like bil - lows o'er me roll; Tempt - ers seek to lure a - stray;



Wild - ly though the winds may blow, I've an an - chor safe and sure, That can ev - er - more en - dure.
And the tem - pest ris - es high; Still I stand the tem - pest's shock, For my an - chor grips the rock.
Bears the heav - y strain be - tween; Thro' the storm I safe - ly ride, Till the turn - ing of the tide.
Storms ob - scure the light of day: 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 gale, On my bark so small and frail;
And it holds, my an - chor holds, Blow your wild - est, then, O gale,



By His grace I shall not fail, For my an - chor holds, my an - chor holds.
For my an - chor holds, it firm - ly holds,