

My Anchor Holds

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1. Tho' the an - gry surg - es roll On my tem - pest-driv - en soul, I am
2. Might - y tides a - bout me sweep, Per - ils lurk with - in the deep, An - gry
3. I can feel the an - chor fast As I meet each sud - den blast, And the
4. Trou - bles al - most 'whelm the soul; Griefs like bil - lows o'er me roll; Tempters

peace - ful, for I know, Wild - ly though the winds may blow, I've an an -
clouds o'er-shade the sky, And the tem - pest ris - es high; Still I stand
ca - ble, though un - seen, Bears the heav - y strain be - tween; Thro' the storm
seek to lure a - stray; Storms ob - scure the light of day: But in Christ

chor safe and sure, That can ev - er-more en - dure. And it holds, my an - chor
the tem - pest's shock, For my an - chor grips the Rock.
I safe - ly ride, Till the turn - ing of the tide.
I can be bold, I've an an - chor that shall hold. And it holds, my

holds: Blow your wild - est, then, O gale, On my bark so small and frail; By His
an - chor holds, Blow your wild - est, then, O gale,

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