

My Anchor Holds

W. C. Martin; alt.

Daniel B. Towner, 1850-1919

Though the an - gry surg - es roll on my
Might - y tides a - bout me sweep, per - ils
I can feel the an - chor fast as I
Trou - bles al - most 'whelm the soul; griefs like

tem - pest - drive - en soul, I am peace - ful, for I
lurk with - in the deep, an - gry clouds o'er - shade the
meet each sud - den blast, and the ca - ble, though un -
bil - lows o'er me roll; tempt - ers seek to lure a -

know, wild - ly though the winds may blow, I've an
sky, and the tem - pest ris - es high; still I
seen, bears the heav - y strain be - tween; through the
stray, storms ob - scure the light of day: but in

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

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REFRAIN



And it holds, my an-chor holds; blow your
And it holds my an-chor holds; blow your



wild-est, then, O gale, on my bark so small and
wild - est, then, O gale,



frail; by his grace I shall not fail, for my
for my



an - chor holds, my an - chor holds.
an-chor holds, it firm-ly holds,

