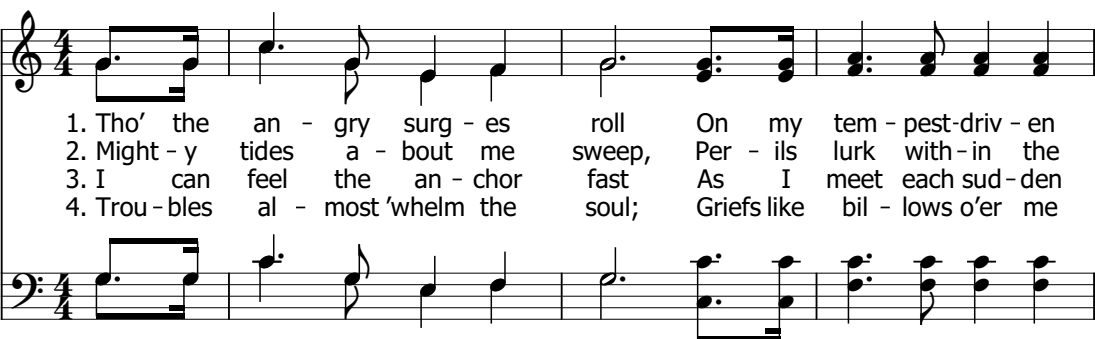


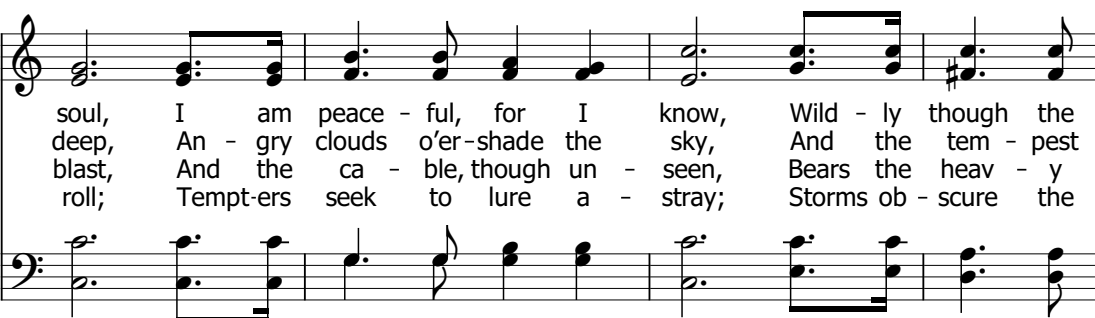
# My Anchor Holds

William C. Martin

Daniel B. Towner



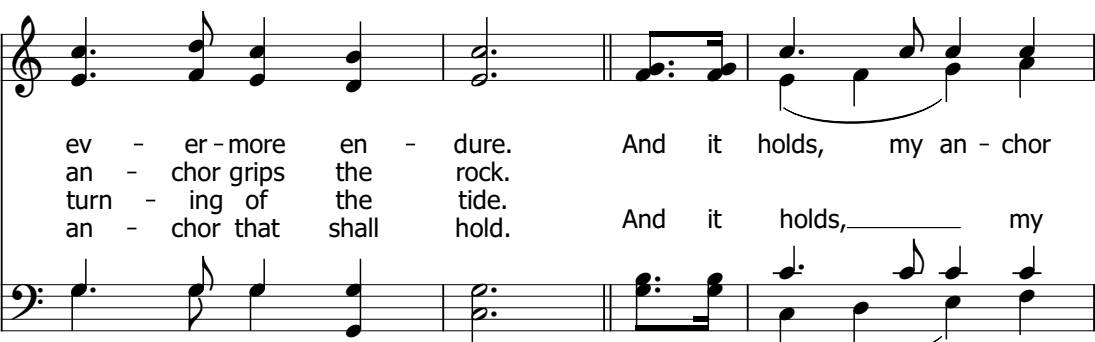
1. Tho' the an - gry surg - es roll On my tem - pest-driv - en  
2. Might - y tides a - bout me sweep, Per - ils lurk with - in the  
3. I can feel the an - chor fast; As I meet each sud - den  
4. Trou - bles al - most 'whelm the soul; Grievs like bil - lows o'er me



soul, I am peace - ful, for I know, Wild - ly though the  
deep, An - gry clouds o'er - shade the sky, And the tem - pest  
blast, And the ca - ble, though un - seen, Bears the heav - y  
roll; Tempt - ers seek to lure a - stray; Storms ob - scure the



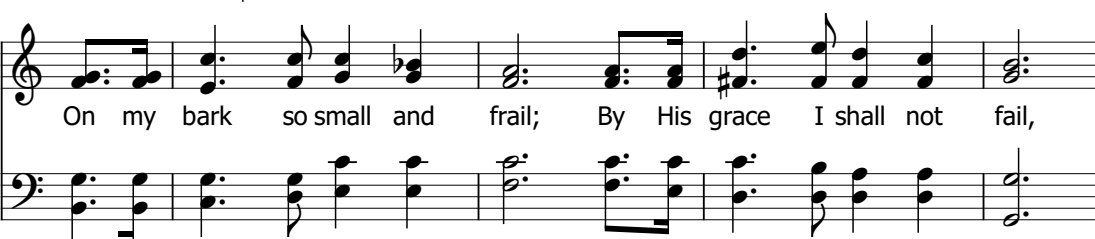
winds may blow, I've an an - chor safe and sure, That can  
ris - es high; Still I stand the tem - pest's shock, For my  
strain be - tween; Thro' the storm I safe - ly ride, Till the  
light of day: But in Christ I can be bold, I've an



ev - er - more en - dure. And it holds, my an - chor  
an - chor grips the rock. And it holds, my  
turn - ing of the tide. And it holds, my  
an - chor that shall hold.



holds: Blow your wild - est, then, O gale,  
an - chor holds, Blow your wild - est, then, O gale,



On my bark so small and frail; 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,