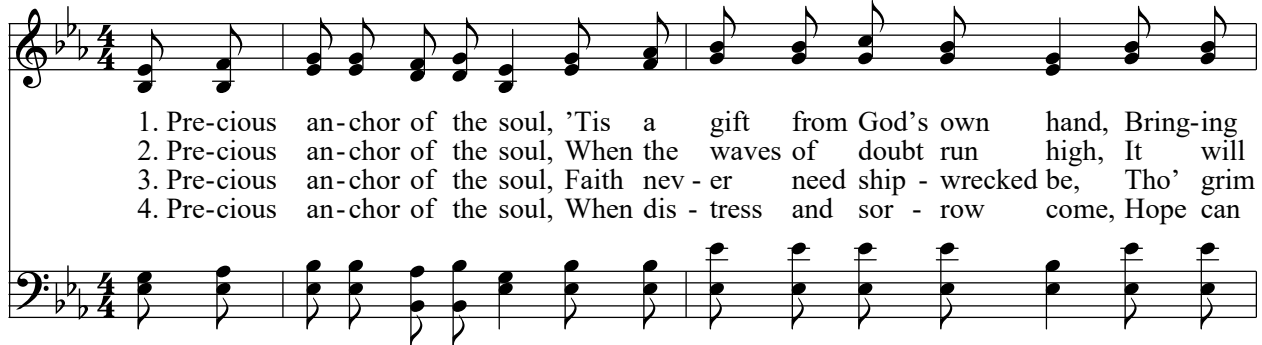


# Precious Anchor of the Soul

Laurene Highfield, 1916

Arthur Thomas

♩=92



1. Pre-cious an-chor of the soul, 'Tis a gift from God's own hand, Bring-ing  
2. Pre-cious an-chor of the soul, When the waves of doubt run high, It will  
3. Pre-cious an-chor of the soul, Faith nev-er need ship-wrecked be, Tho' grim  
4. Pre-cious an-chor of the soul, When dis-tress and sor-row come, Hope can



last-ing peace and com-fort, If the heart will un-der-stand; Look-ing  
keep life's ship from drift-ing, Till the per-il has passed by; Linked with  
rocks or shoals may threat-en On the op-en, un-tried sea; Know-ing  
link the ach-ing heart un-to Its glad, e-ter-nal home, Where in

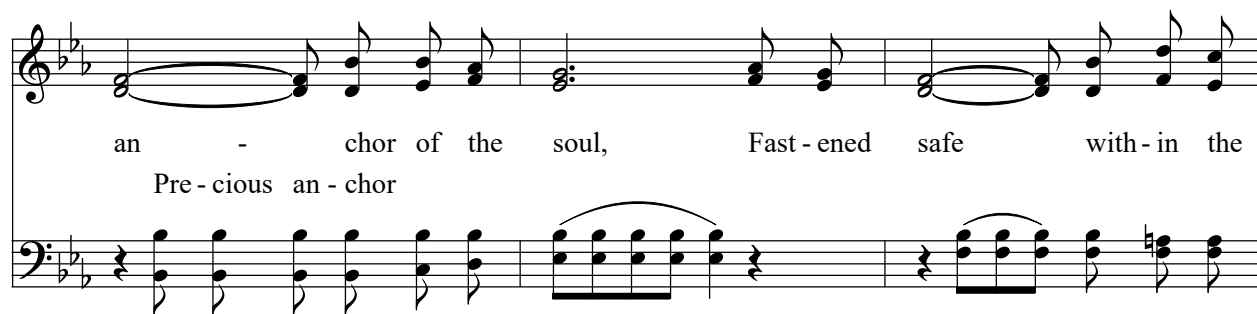


for a ha-ven fair, We will cast all fear a-side, Till the  
char-i-ty and faith, Trust-ing God who reigns a-bove, It as-  
bet-ter days will come, Faith can wea-ther an-y gale, If its  
shin-ing realms of light, Love shall find a-gain its own, With their

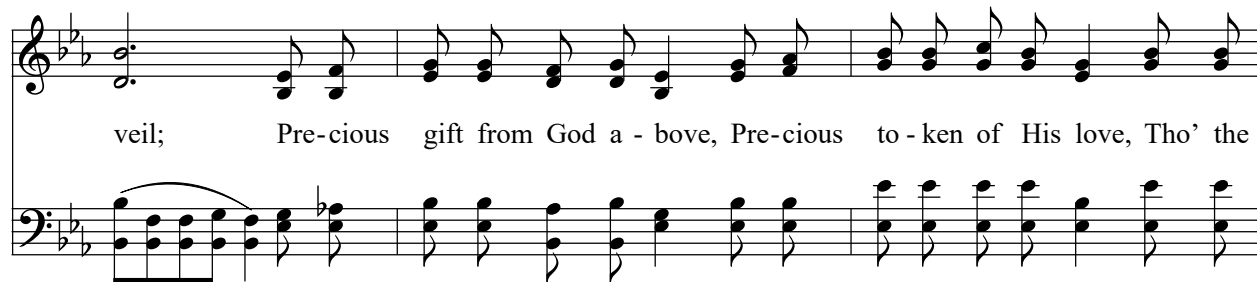
*Refrain*



hope He set with-in us Shall in-deed be jus-ti-fied.  
-sures there are no tri-als That are great-er than His love. Pre-cious  
an-chor sure and stead-fast Has been cast with-in the veil.  
fac-es bright with glo-ry That this world has nev-er known.



an - chor of the soul, Fast - ened safe with - in the  
Pre - cious an - chor



veil; Pre - cious gift from God a - bove, Pre - cious to - ken of His love, Tho' the



storms of life may buf - fet me, Our hope will nev - er fail.