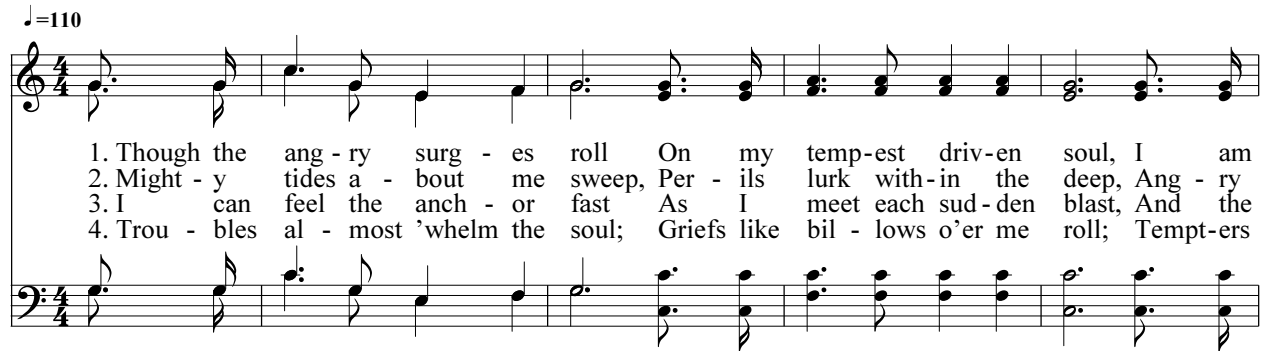


My Anchor Holds

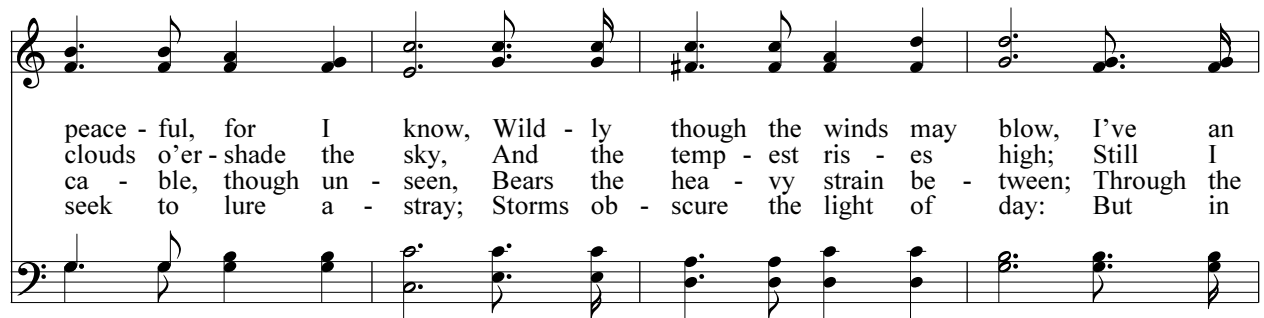
William Clark Martin, 1902

Daniel Brink Towner

$\text{♩} = 110$

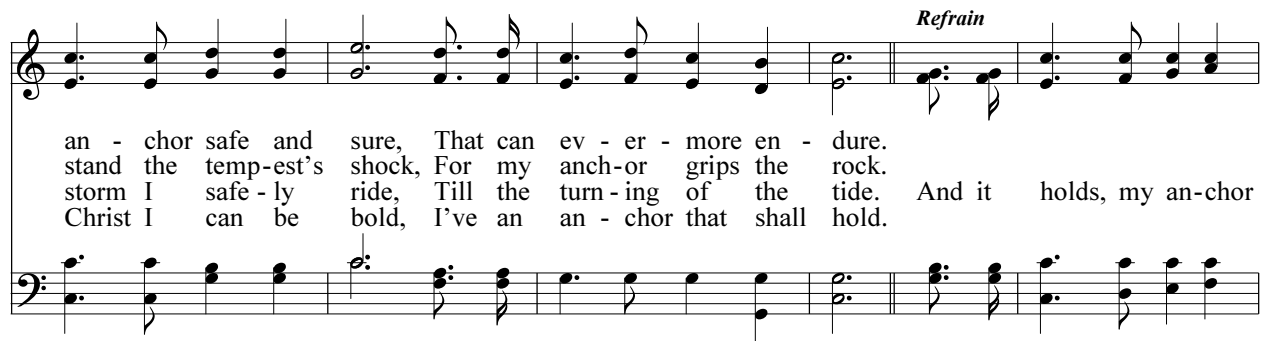


1. Though the ang - ry surg - es roll On my temp - est driv - en soul, I am
2. Might - y tides a - bout me sweep, Per - ils lurk with - in the deep, Ang - ry
3. I can feel the anch - or fast As I meet each sud - den blast, And the
4. Trou - bles al - most 'whelm the soul; Griefs like bil - lows o'er me roll; Tempt - ers



peace - ful, for I know, Wild - ly though the winds may blow, I've an
clouds o'er - shade the sky, And the temp - est ris - es high; Still I
ca - ble, though un - seen, Bears the hea - vy strain be - tween; Through the
seek to lure a - stray; Storms ob - scure the light of day: But in

Refrain



an - chor safe and sure, That can ev - er - more en - dure.
stand the temp - est's shock, For my anch - or grips the rock.
storm I safe - ly ride, Till the turn - ing of the tide. And it holds, my an - chor
Christ I can be bold, I've an an - chor that shall hold.



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.