

(P. M.)

Priscilla J. Owens

William Kirkpatrick



1. Will your an-chor hold in the storms of life, When the clouds un-fold their wings of strife?
2. Will your an-chor hold in the straits of fear, When the break-ers roar and the reef is near?
3. Will your an-chor hold in the floods of death, When the wa - ters cold chill your lat - est breath?
4. Will your eyes be-hold thro' the morn-ing light The ci - ty of gold and the har-bor bright?



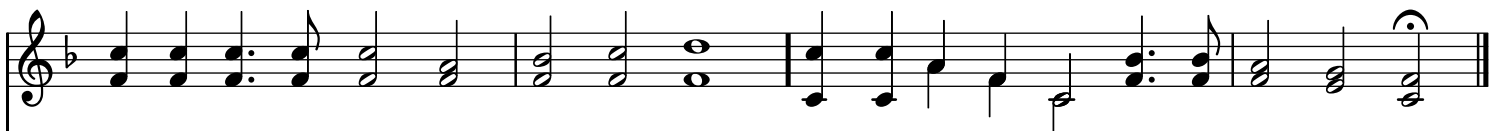
When the strong tides lift, and the ca - bles strain, Will your an - chor drift, or
 While the sur - ges rave, and the wild winds blow, Shall the an - gry waves then your
 On the ris - ing tide you can nev - er fail While your an - chor holds with -
 Will you an - chor safe by the heav'n - ly shore When life's storms are past for -



REFRAIN



firm re-main?
 bark o'er-flow? We have an anchor that keeps the soul Steadfast and sure while the bil-lows roll;
 in the veil.
 ev - er-more?



Fasten'd to the Rock which can - not move, Grounded firm and deep in the Sav-iour's love.

