

# My Anchor Holds

William Clark Martin, 1902

Daniel Brink Towner

$\text{♩} = 115$

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

know, Wild - ly though the winds may blow, I've an an - chor safe and sure, That can  
sky, And the temp - est ris - es high; Still I stand the temp - est's shock, For my  
- seen, Bears the hea - vy strain be - tween; Through the storm I safe - ly ride, Till the  
- stray; Storms ob - scure the light of day: But in Christ I can be bold, I've an

*Refrain*

ev - er - more en - dure.  
anch - or grips the rock.  
turn - ing of the tide. And it holds, my an - chor holds: Blow your wild - est, then, O gale, On my  
an - chor that shall hold.

bark so small and frail; By His grace I shall not fail, For my an - chor holds, my an - chor holds.