We Have an Anchor

Priscilla Jane Owens, 1882

William James Kirkpatrick

1. Will your anchor hold in the storms of life, When the clouds unfold their wings of strife? When the strong tides lift and the cables strain, Will your anchor drift, or firm remain?
2. It is safely moored, 'twill the storm withstand, For 'tis well secured by the Savior's hand; And the cables, passed from His heart to mine, Can defy that blast, thro' strength divine.
3. It will surely hold in the Straits of Fear— When the breakers have told that the latest breath, On the rising tide it can never fail, While our hopes abide with our bark o'er-flow. We have an anchor that keeps the soul stead-fast and sure while the angry wave shall our storms all past for ever more.
4. It will firmly hold in the Floods of Death— When the waters cold chill our reef is near; Though the tempest rave and the wild winds blow, Not an anchor remain? hud over-flow. We have an anchor that keeps the soul stead-fast and sure while the
5. When our eyes behold through the gathering night The city of gold, our harbor bright, We shall anchor fast by the heav'nly shore, With the bil-lows roll, Fast-en'd to the Rock which can-not move, Ground-ed firm and deep in the Savior's love.

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