

Will your anchor hold in the storms of life? by William James Kirkpatrick

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?

Refrain:

*We have an anchor that keeps the soul,
Steadfast and sure while the billows roll,
Fastened to the Rock which cannot move,
Grounded firm and deep in the Saviour's love*

It will surely hold in the Straits of Fear
When the breakers tell that the reef is near.
Though the tempest rave and the wild winds blow,
Not an angry wave shall our bark o'erflow.

& Refrain

It will surely hold in the Floods of Death
When the waters cold chill our latest breath.
On the rising tide it can never fail
While our hopes abide within the veil.

& Refrain

When our eyes behold, through the gath'ring night,
The city of gold, our harbour bright,
We shall anchor fast by the heav'nly shore,
With the storms all past forevermore.

& Refrain