

Will your anchor hold

William J. Kirkpatrick

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The music is written in a style typical of early 20th-century hymnals, featuring chords and simple melodic lines. A fermata is placed over a note in the upper staff at the end of the first measure, and another fermata is placed over a note in the lower staff at the end of the second measure. A fingering number '5' is written above a note in the upper staff at the beginning of the fifth measure.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one flat. The music continues from the first system. A measure rest is present in the upper staff at the beginning of the tenth measure. A fingering number '10' is written above a note in the upper staff at the beginning of the tenth measure.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one flat. The music continues from the second system. A measure rest is present in the upper staff at the beginning of the fifteenth measure. A fingering number '15' is written above a note in the upper staff at the beginning of the fifteenth measure.

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 Savior's love.*

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.

Refrain

It will surely hold in the Straits of Fear—
When the breakers have told 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 firmly 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 harbor bright,
We shall anchor fast by the heav'nly shore,
With the storms all past forevermore.

Refrain

Priscilla J. Owens