We Have an Anchor

Words: Priscilla Owens, 1882
Music: William J. Kirkpatrick, 1882

1. Will your anchor hold in the storms of life, When the
   clouds unfold their wings of strife?

2. It is safely moored, 'twill the storm withstand. For 'tis
   well secured by the Savior’s hand;

3. When our eyes behold through the gathering night The
   city of gold, our harbor bright,

   F         Bb        F
   C         G7 C       C7 F
   C7 F      F7 Bb      F C7 F
   C7 F      F7 Bb      F C7 F
   F         Bb F      F C7 F

   C
   C7 F      F7 Bb      F C7 F
   F         Bb F      F C7 F
   F         Bb F      F C7 F
   C

We have an anchor that keeps the soul Stead-fast and sure while the billows roll.

   F         F7 Bb     F Bb C
   F         C F C Bb F
   F C7 F

   F         F7 Bb     F Bb C
   F         C F C Bb F
   F C7 F

Fastened to the Rock which cannot move, Grounded firm and deep in the Savior's love.