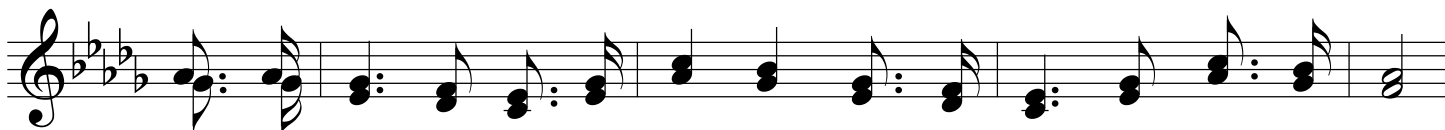


Anchored

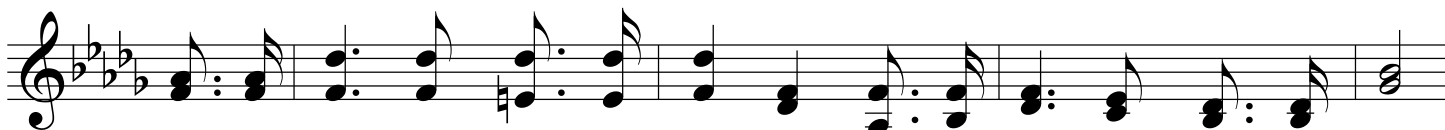
D \flat



1. Out in life's mid - o - cean's wa - ters, Stands a might - y tow - 'ring Rock;
2. Tho' some - times the clouds of sor - row, Dark - ly com - pass me a - bout,
3. Care - less seems the great Je - ho - vah, Of the cross I strug - gle 'neath;
4. So I'll trust in Christ, my Sav - ior, Trust in my Re - deem - er's hand:



Far be - low the sur - face ground - ed - Proof a - gainst the tem - pest shock.
And it seems life has no treas - ure, All is woe, and fear and doubt.
Says the tempt - er, ev - er watch - ful, "Faith is vain, there's no re - lief."
Look - ing back up - on life's path - way, Some glad day we'll un - der - stand.

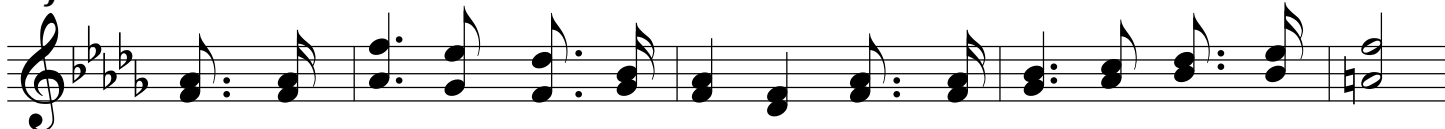


Far be - low the sur - face ground - ed, Far a - bove its pier doth rise;
E'en the ver - y pow'rs of Sa - tan, 'Mid the tem - pest's shriek I hear,
But by faith there comes a whis - per, "Trust in thy Re - deem - er's grace,
Wild - ly storms may rage a - round me, Foam - ing bil - lows 'neath me roll,

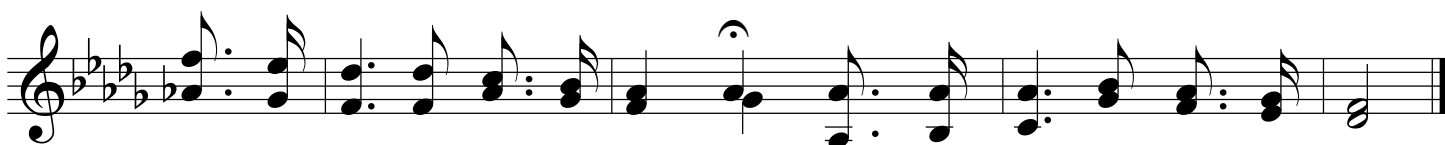


On - ly God that depth can fath - om, On - ly God that height sur - mise.
Yet a still voice ev - er whis - pers, "Fear not, child, for I am near."
For the cause of all thy an - guish, Till you see Him face to face."
But to that blest Rock for - ev - er, Firm - ly an - chored is my soul.

Refrain



An - chored to the Rock of Ag - es, Safe from ev - 'ry tem - pest shock;



Oh, my soul is firm - ly an - chored, An - chored to that pre - cious Rock.