

Christ the Sure and Steady Anchor

Christ the sure and steady anchor
In the fury of the storm;
When the winds of doubt blow through me
And my sails have all been torn
In the suffering, in the sorrow
When my sinking hopes are few
I will hold fast to the anchor
It shall never be removed

Christ the sure and steady anchor,
While the tempest rages on;
When temptation claims the battle,
And it seems the night has won.
Deeper still then goes the anchor,
Though I justly stand accused;
I will hold fast to the anchor,
It shall never be removed

Christ the sure and steady anchor,
Through the floods of unbelief;
Hopeless somehow, O my soul, now,
Lift your eyes to Calvary.
This my ballast of assurance,
See his love forever proved.
I will hold fast to the anchor,
It shall never be removed.

Christ the sure and steady anchor,

As we face the wave of death;
When these trials give way to glory,
As we draw our final breath.
We will cross that great horizon,
Clouds behind and life secure;
And the calm will be the better,
For the storms that we endure.

Christ the sure of our salvation,
Ever faithful, ever true!
We will hold fast to the anchor,
It shall never be removed.