

# Hymn

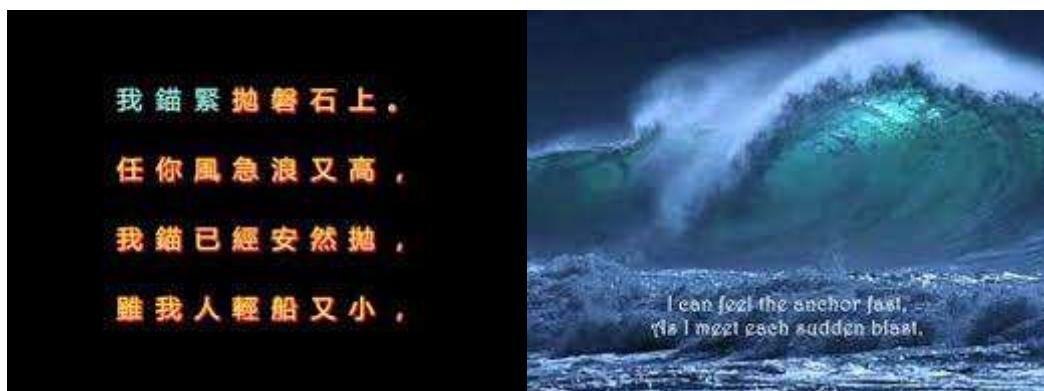
## My Anchor Holds

Piano Sheet Music / Guitar Sheet Music

# 聖歌

## 我錨已拋牢

鋼琴樂譜 / 簡譜 / 吉他樂譜



風火網頁 Webpage: <https://www.feng-huo.ch/>

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劉福蕙向統推合譯  
Arr. by W. C. MARTIN

## 我錨已拋牢

My Anchor Holds

肆36

D. B. TOWNER



1. Tho' the an - gry sur - ges roll On my tem - pest-driv - en soul,  
 2. Troub-les al - most 'whelm the soul; Griefs like bil - lows o'er me roll;  
 1. 兇 猛 波 濤 雖 滾 滾， 暴 雨 擊 打 我 靈 魂，  
 2. 患 難 幾 乎 沒 我 魂， 憂 傷 似 波 濤 滾 滾，



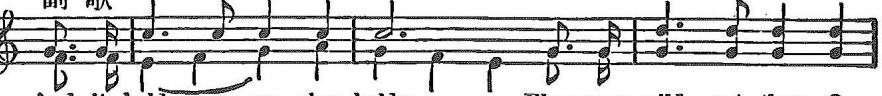
I am peace - ful, for I know, Wild - ly though the winds may blow,  
 Tempters seek to lure a - stray; Storms ob - scure the light of day:  
 雖 然 狂 風 吹 得 繫， 我 在 主 裏 得 安 穩，  
 試 探 者 多 方 引 誘， 暴 風 雨 掩 蔽 日 頭，



I've an an - chor safe and sure, That can ev - er-more en - dure.  
 But in Christ I can be bold, I've an an - chor that shall hold.  
 因 我 有 一 堅 固 錨， 永 永 遠 遠 可 依 靠。  
 在 主 裏 我 有 倚 靠， 因 我 錨 已 經 拋 牢。



副歌



And it holds, my an - chor holds; Blow your wild - est, then, O  
 我 的 錨 已 經 拋 牢， 不 怕 狂 風 猛 吹



gale, On my bark so small and frail: By His grace I shall not  
 來， 我 的 船 雖 然 很 小， 靠 主 恩 我 不 失



fail, For my an - chor holds, my an - chor holds.  
 敗， 因 我 錨 可 靠， 我 錨 可 靠。



# 1039 $\begin{smallmatrix} 1=\text{bA} \\ \text{j}=110 \end{smallmatrix}$ $\frac{4}{4}$ 我锚已抛牢

5·5 | i·5 3 4 | 5 - - 5·5 | 6·6 6 6 | 5 - - |

1.凶猛 波涛虽滚滚， 暴雨 击打我灵魂。

2.患难 几乎没我魂； 忧伤 似波涛滚滚，

5·5 | 7·7 6 5 | i - - i·i | i·i 6 2 | 2 - - |

1.虽然 狂风吹得紧， 我在 主里得安 稳。

2.试探 者多方引 诱， 暴风 雨掩蔽日 头，

5·5 | i·i 2 2 | 3 - - 2·2 | i·2 i 7 | i - - |

1.因我 有一坚固 锚， 永永 远远可依 靠。

2.在主 里我有依 靠， 因我 锚已经抛 牢。

副歌 5·5 | i·i i i | i - - 5·5 | 2·2 2 2 | 2 - - |

我的 锚已经抛 牢， 不怕 狂风猛吹 来，

5·5 | i·i i 7 | 6 - - 6·6 | 2·3 2 i | 7 - - |

我的 船虽然很 小， 靠主 恩,我不失 败，

5·5 | i - i - | i - - 2 | 3 - 2 - | i - - ||

因我 锚 可 靠， 我 锚 可 靠。

## My Anchor Holds

*Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast,  
and which entereth into that within the veil. Heb. 6:19*

1. Tho' the an - gry surg - es roll On my tem - pest-driv - en soul, I am  
2. Might - y tides a - bout me sweep, Per - ils lurk with - in the deep, An - gry  
3. I can feel the an - chor fast As I meet each sud-den blast, And the  
4. Trou - bles al - most 'whelm the soul; Griefs like bil - lows o'er me roll; Tempt - ers

peace - ful, for I know, Wild - ly though the winds may blow, I've an an - chor  
clouds o'er - shade the sky, And the tem - pest ris - es high; Still I stand the  
ca - ble, though un - seen, Bears the heav - y strain be-tween; Thro' the storm I  
seek to lure a - stray; Storms ob - scure the light of day: But in Christ I

Refrain

safe and sure, That can ev - er - more en - dure.  
tem - pest's shock, For my an - chor grips the rock.  
safe - ly ride, Till the turn - ing of the tide.  
can be bold, I've an an - chor that shall hold.

And it holds, my an-chor  
And it holds, \_\_\_\_\_ my

holds: Blow your wild - est, then, O gale, On my bark so small and frail;  
an - chor holds, Blow your wild - est, then, O gale,

By His grace I shall not fail, For my an - chor holds, my an - chor holds.  
For my an - chor holds, it firm - ly holds,

WORDS: William C. Martin, 1902. MUSIC: Daniel B. Towner, 1902.

W. C. Martin, 19th Century, alt.

Daniel B. Towner, 1850-1919

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1. Though the an - gry surg - es roll On my tem - pest-driv - en soul,  
 2. Might - y tides a - bout me sweep, Per - ils lurk with - in the deep,  
 3. I can feel the an - chor fast As I meet each sud - den blast,  
 4. Troub - les al - most 'whelm the soul; Grieves like bil - lows o'er me roll;

I am peace - ful, for I know, Wild - ly though the winds may blow,  
 An - gry clouds o'er-shade the sky, And the tem - pest ris - es high;  
 And the ca - ble, though un - seen, Bears the heav - y strain be - tween;  
 Tempters seek to lure a - stray; Storms ob-scure the light of day:

I've an an - chor safe and sure, That can ev - er - more en - dure.  
 Still I stand the tem-peст's shock, For my an - chor grips the Rock.  
 Through the storm I safe - ly ride, Till the turn - ing of the tide.  
 But in Christ I can be bold, I've an an - chor that shall hold.

**REFRAIN**

And it holds, my an - chor holds; Blow your wild - est, then, O  
 And it holds, my an - chor holds; Blow your wild - - - est,

gale, On my bark so small and frail; By His grace I shall not  
 then, O gale,

## 311 Though the Angry Surges Roll

*Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul... Heb. 6:19*

W. C. Martin, 1902

MY ANCHOR HOLDS Irreg. Ref.  
Daniel B. Towner, 1902

1. Though the an - gry surg - es roll On my tem - pest - driv - en soul,  
2. Might - y tides a - bout me sweep, Per - ils lurk with - in the deep,  
3. I can feel the an - chor fast As I meet each sud - den blast,  
4. Trou - bles al - most 'whelm the soul; Griefs like bil - lows o'er me roll;

I am peace - ful, for I know, Wild - ly though the winds may blow,  
An - gry clouds o'er - shade the sky, And the tem - pest ris - es high;  
And the ca - ble, though un - seen, Bears the heav - y strain be - tween;  
Tempt - ers seek to lure a - stray; Storms ob - scure the light of day:

I've an an - chor safe and sure That can ev - er - more en - dure.  
Still I stand the tem - pest's shock, For my an - chor grips the Rock.  
Thro' the storm I safe - ly ride, Till the turn - ing of the tide.  
But in Christ I can be bold, I've an an - chor that shall hold.

*Refrain*

And it holds, my an - chor holds; Blow your wild - est, then, O  
And it holds, my an - chor holds; Blow your wild - est,

gale, On my bark so small and frail; By His grace I shall not  
then, O gale,

# My Anchor Holds

from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Lyrics: William C. Martin

Scripture: Hebrews 6:19

Meter: 7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.9

Though the angry surges roll  
On my tempest-driven soul,  
I am peaceful, for I know,  
Wildly though the winds may blow,  
I've an anchor safe and sure,  
That can evermore endure.

Refrain:

And it holds, my anchor holds:  
Blow your wildest, then, O gale,  
On my bark so small and frail;  
By His grace I shall not fail,  
For my anchor holds, my anchor holds.

Mighty tides about me sweep,  
Perils lurk within the deep,  
Angry clouds o'er shade the sky,  
And the tempest rises high;  
Still I stand the tempest's shock,  
For my anchor grips the rock.

I can feel the anchor fast  
As I meet each sudden blast,  
And the cable, though unseen,  
Bears the heavy strain between;  
Through the storm I safely ride,  
Till the turning of the tide.

Troubles almost 'whelm the soul;  
Griefs like billows o'er me roll;  
Tempters seek to lure astray;  
Storms obscure the light of day:  
But in Christ I can be bold,  
I've an anchor that shall hold.