

My Anchor Holds

By Ray Boltz

I have journeyed, through the long dark night; out on the open sea,
By faith alone, sight unknown; and yet His eyes were watching me.

The anchor holds though the ship is battered
The anchor holds though the sails are torn;
I have fallen on my knees as I face the raging seas.
The anchor holds in spite of the storm.

I've had visions, I've had dreams; I've even held them in my hand.
But I never knew they would slip right through like they were only grains of sand.

His anchor holds, though this ship is battered
His anchor holds, though these sails are torn.
I have fallen on my knees as I face the raging seas.
His anchor holds in spite of the storm.

I have been young, but I'm older now. There has been beauty these eyes have seen.
But it was in the night through the storms of my life -
That's where God proved His love for me.

His anchor holds, though this ship is battered
His anchor holds, though these sails are torn.
I have fallen on my knees as I face the raging seas.
His anchor holds in spite of the storm.