## HOPE IS THE ANCHOR OF THE SOUL



- 2. The night is dark, the sea runs high, the mast before the tempest bends; a shore bestrewed with wrecks is nigh, and on the anchor all depends.
- 3. The vessel drifts, if that gives way, and founders on the fatal shore, where death and night maintain their sway; where light and life are seen no more.
- 4. At such a time, in such a state, a single anchor holding all, no wonder that our fear is great, no wonder that our hope is small.
- 5. But one sweet word dispels our fear, the word of him who cannot lie; his truth is pledged, his power is near; his truth and power all ills defy.
- 6. Hope, O my soul, thine anchor is, both, sure and steadfast; be thou strong: the word that makes thee bold is his, who reigns yon shining host among.

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