THE ANCHOR WITHIN THE VEIL



2. Drifting across a sunless sea, cold, heavy mist encurtaining me; toiling along life's broken road, with snares around and foes abroad, I cast my soul on thee, mighty to save even me, I cast my soul on thee, Jesus, thou Son of God!

3. Mine is a day of fear and strife, a needy soul, a needy life, a needy world, a needy age; yet in my perilous pilgrimage I cast my soul on thee, mighty to save even me, I cast my soul on thee, Jesus, thou Son of God!

4. To thee I come! ah, only thou canst wipe the sweat from off this brow; thou, only thou canst make me whole, and soothe the fever of my soul! I cast my soul on thee, mighty to save even me, I cast my soul on thee, Jesus, thou Son of God!

5. On thee I rest! thy love and grace are my sole rock and resting-place; in thee my thirst and hunger sore, Lord, let me quench for evermore! I cast my soul on thee, mighty to save even me, I cast my soul on thee, Jesus, thou Son of God!

6. 'Tis earth, not heaven; 'tis night, not noon; the sorrowless is coming soon; but, till the morn of love appears, which ends the travail and the tears, I cast my soul on thee, mighty to save even me, I cast my soul on thee, Jesus, thou Son of God!

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