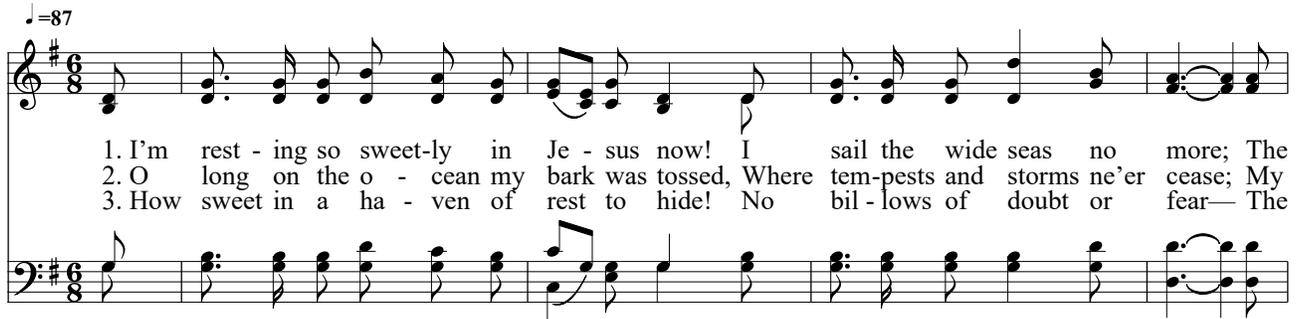


The Anchored Soul

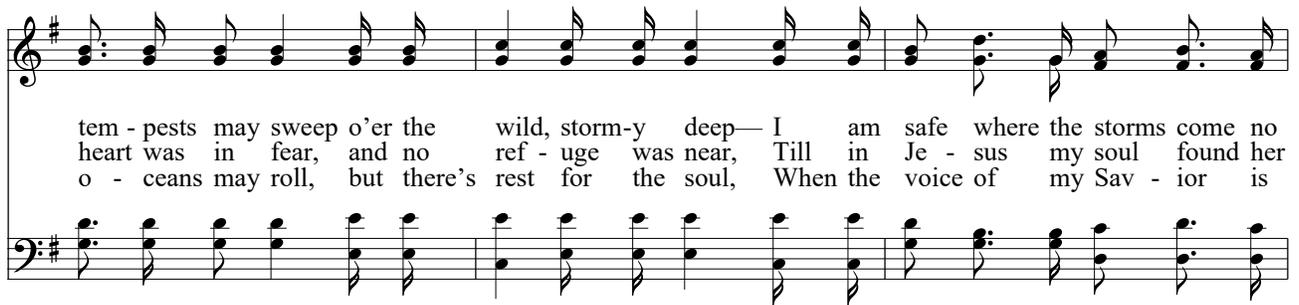
William Orcutt Cushing, 1876

Robert Lowry

$\text{♩} = 87$

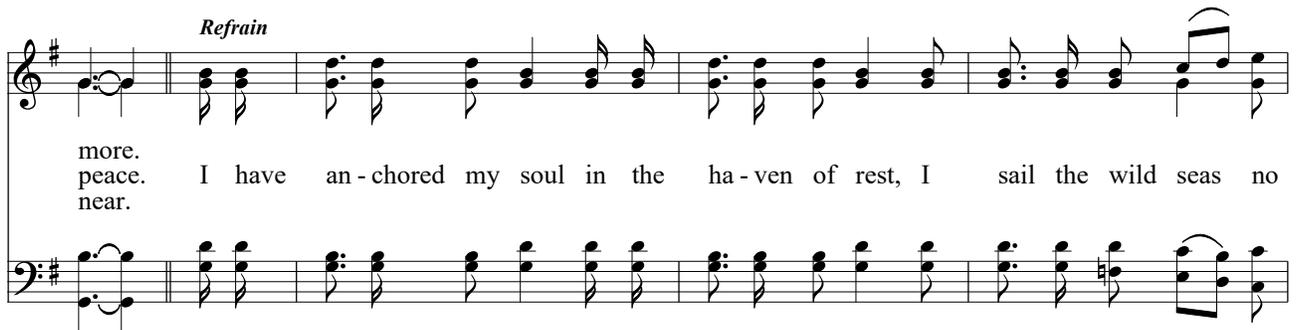


1. I'm rest - ing so sweet-ly in Je - sus now! I sail the wide seas no more; The
2. O long on the o - cean my bark was tossed, Where tem-pests and storms ne'er cease; My
3. How sweet in a ha - ven of rest to hide! No bil - lows of doubt or fear— The

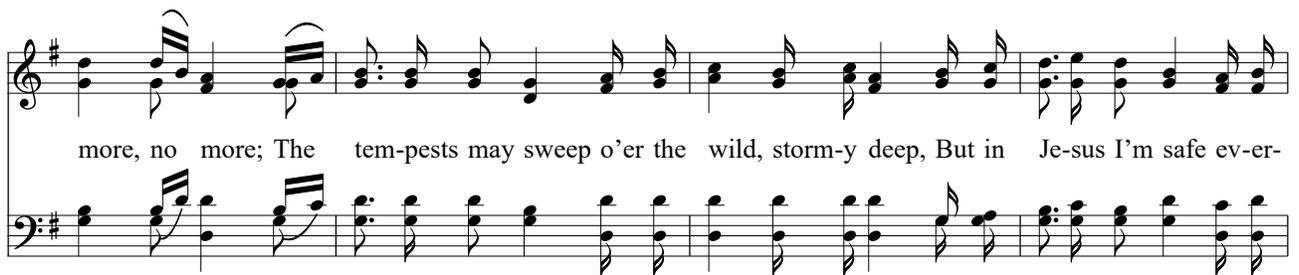


tem - pests may sweep o'er the wild, storm-y deep— I am safe where the storms come no
heart was in fear, and no ref - uge was near, Till in Je - sus my soul found her
o - ceans may roll, but there's rest for the soul, When the voice of my Sav - ior is

Refrain



more.
peace. I have an - chored my soul in the ha - ven of rest, I sail the wild seas no
near.



more, no more; The tem-pests may sweep o'er the wild, storm-y deep, But in Je-sus I'm safe ev-er-



- more, ev-er-more, But in Je - sus I'm safe ev-er - more.