

In The Hollow of His Hand

"Neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand." - Jn. 10:28

B♭ - 2 - MI

Louise J. Kirkwood, alt.

Geo. C. Stebbins, 1887

1. Oh, soul toss'd on the bil - lows, a - far from
2. Tho' rag - ing winds may drive thee, a wreck up -
3. When strength is spent in toil - ing, and wea - ri -
4. When by the swell - ing Jor - dan, your feet in
5. And when at last we're gath - ered, with all the

friend - ly land, Look up to Him who
- on the strand, Still cling to Him who
- ly you stand, Then rest in Him who
sink - ing sand, Re - mem - ber still He
ran - somed band, We'll praise our God who

Chorus

holds thee in "The hol - low of His hand."
holds thee in "The hol - low of His hand."
holds thee in "The hol - low of His hand." In "The hol - low
holds thee in "The hol - low of His hand."
holds us in "The hol - low of His hand."

of His hand," In the hol - low of His hand, O how safe are

all who trust Him, In "The hol - low of His hand."