In The Hollow Of His Hand

“Neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand.” – John 10:28

Words: Louise J. Kirkwood, alt.
Music: George C. Stebbins

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

Look up to Him who holds thee in "The hol-low of His hand."
Still cling to Him who holds thee in "The hol-low of His hand."
Then rest in Him who holds thee in "The hol-low of His hand."
Re-mem-ber still He holds thee in "The hol-low of His hand."
We'll praise our God who holds thee in "The hol-low of His hand."

Chorus

In "The hol-low 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."

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