The Hollow of God’s Hand

Words: E. D. Mund
Music: E. S. Lorenz

1. I am safe, whatever may betide me; I am safe, who-

2. What th’ fierce the stormy blasts roar round me; What th’ sore life’s

3. Everlasting arms of love enfold me; Words of peace the

ever may deride me; I am safe, as long as I confide me
trials oft confound me; I am safe, for naught of ill can wound me
voice divine has told me; I am safe, while God Himself doth hold me

Chorus

In the hollow of God’s hand. In the hollow, the hollow of His
In the hollow of God’s hand. In the hollow, in the

hand. In the hollow, the hollow of His hand;

In the hollow, in the hollow of His hand;

I am safe while God Himself doth hold me In the hollow of His hand.