

Up with Thy Hands to Jesus
Words: Sophia Griswold, 1875
Music: Philip Bliss

"Up with thy hands to Jesus,"
Oh, guilty tempest-tossed;
"Up with thy hands to Jesus,"
Or, sinner, thou art lost.
The waves are wildly dashing,
Thy boat is light and frail,
The lightnings sharp are flashing,
And fiercely sweeps the gale.

Refrain

Then "up with thy hands to Jesus,"
Oh guilty tempest-tossed,
"Up with thy hands to Jesus,"
Or, sinner, thou art lost.

"Up with thy hands to Jesus,"
He walks upon the sea;
"Up with thy hands to Jesus,"
He stoopeth now for thee.
Say not thy hands are feeble,
Thy fingers can not cling;
His mighty grasp shall hold thee,
And sure salvation bring.

Refrain

"Up with thy hands to Jesus,"
He hears thy piteous cry;
"Up with thy hands to Jesus,"
No other help is nigh.
Even now thy bark is sinking,
The billows o'er thee roll,
"Up with thy hands to Jesus,"
Oh, sinner, save thy soul.

Refrain

"Up with thy hands to Jesus,"
He ruleth wind and wave;
"Up with thy hands to Jesus,"
His love now yearns to save.
Oh, if thou wilt but trust Him,
His help He'll quickly give;
Haste, then, no longer doubting,
"Up with thy hands," and live.

Refrain