

In the Hollow of His Hand(Kirkwood)

Louise Kirkwood, 1887.

George Stebbins.

O, soul tossed on the billows,
Afar from friendly land,
Look up to Him who holds thee in
"The hollow of His hand."

Refrain

In "The hollow of His hand,"
In the hollow of His hand,
O how safe are all who trust Him,
In "The hollow of His hand."

Tho' raging winds may drive thee,
A wreck upon the strand,
Still cling to Him who holds thee in
"The hollow of His hand."

Refrain

When strength is spent in toiling,
And wearily you stand,
Then rest in Him who holds thee in
"The hollow of His hand."

Refrain

And when at last we're gathered,
With all the ransomed band,
We'll praise our God who holds us in
"The hollow of His hand."

Refrain