

In the Hollow of His Hand

Louise J. Kirkwood, 1887, alt.

George Coles Stebbins

♩ = 140

1. O, soul tossed on the bil - lows, A - far from friend - ly land, Look
2. Tho' rag - ing winds may drive thee, A wreck up - on the strand, Still
3. When strength is spent in toil - ing, And wear - i - ly you stand, Then
4. When strength is spent in toil - ing, And wear - i - ly you stand, Then
5. And when at last we're ga - thered, With all the ran - somed band, We'll

Refrain

up to Him who holds thee in "The hol-low of His hand."
cling to Him who holds thee in "The hol-low of His hand."
rest in Him who holds thee in "The hol-low of His hand." In "The hol-low of His
rest in Him who holds thee in "The hol-low of His hand."
praise our God who holds us in "The hol-low of His hand."

hand," In the hol-low of His hand, O how safe are all who trust Him, In "The hol-low of His

hand."