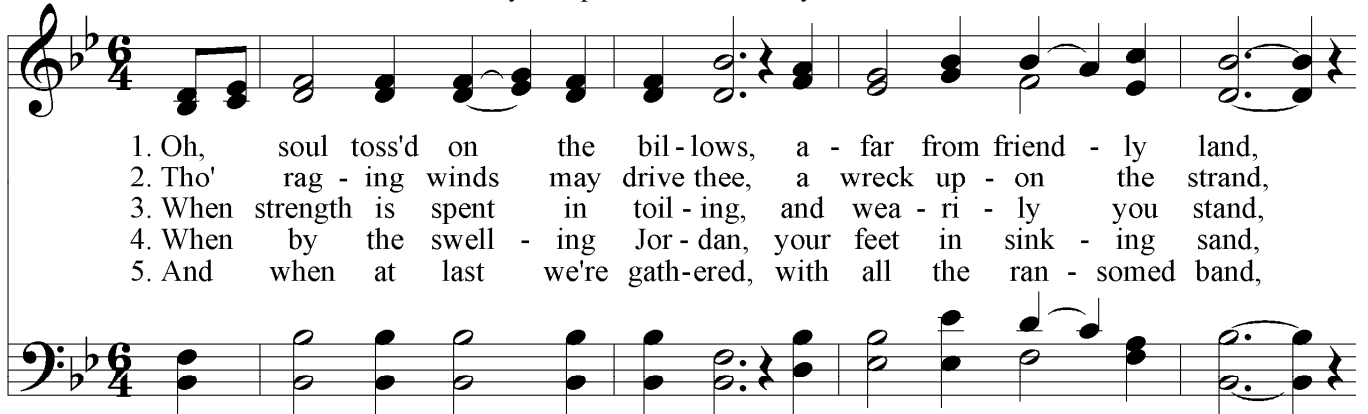
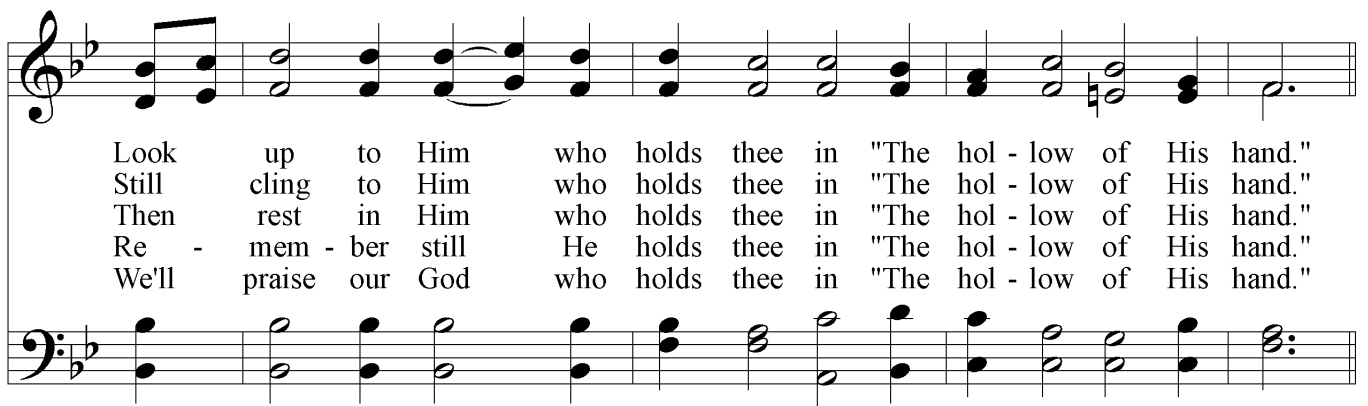


# In The Hollow Of His Hand

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



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."