

(Bera. L. M.)

Jehoiada Brewer



1. Hail, sovereign love, which first be - gan That scheme to res - cue fall - en man!
2. A - gainst the God who built the sky I fought, with hands up - lift - ed high;
3. Enwrapt in thick E - gyp - tian night, And fond of darkness more than light,
4. And thus the e - ter - nal coun - sels ran, "Al - might - y love, ar - rest that man!"



Hail, matchless, free, e - ter - nal grace, Which gave my soul a hid - ing place.  
 De - spised the men - tion of His grace, Too proud to seek a hid - ing place.  
 Mad - ly I ran the sin - ful race, Se - cure without a hid - ing place.  
 I felt the ar - rows of dis - tress, And found I had no hid - ing place.



5 Indignant Justice stood in view,  
 To Sinai's fiery mount I flew;  
 But Justice cried with frowning face,  
 "This mountain is no hiding place."

6 On Jesus, God's just vengeance fell,  
 Which would have sunk a world to hell;  
 He bore it for a sinful race,  
 And thus became their Hiding Place.

7 Should sevenfold storms of thunder roll,  
 And shake this globe from pole to pole,  
 No thunderbolt shall daunt my face,  
 For Jesus is my Hiding Place.

8 A few more rolling suns at most,  
 Shall land me on fair Canaan's coast,  
 Where I shall sing the song of grace,  
 And see my glorious Hiding Place.