

(Bera. L. M.)

Jehoiada Brewer

John E. Gould



1. Hail, sov-er-ign 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. Enwrap 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.