

METRE 1

Jehoiada Brewer

# HIDING PLACE L.M.

L. M. Smith

1. Hail, Sov'reign love, that first be - gan, The scheme to res-cue fal-len man; Hail matchless, free, e - ter - nal grace That gave my soul a hi - ding place.

2. A - gainst the God that built the sky, I fought with hands uplift-ed high - Des-pised the mansions of his grace, Too proud to seek a hi - ding place.

3. En - wrapt in dark E - gyp - tian night, And fond of darkness more than light, Mad - ly I ran the sin - ful race, Se - cure without a hi - ding place.

4. Vin - dict-ive justice stood in view, To Si-nai's fie-ry mount I flew; But justice cried with frowning face, This mountain is no hi - ding place.

5. But lo! a heavenly voice I heard, And Mercy's an-gels soon ap-peared; Who led me on a pleas-ing pace To Jesus Christ my hi - ding place.