

Hail, Sovereign Love
Jehoida Brewer, 1776.
George Coles, 1835.

Hail, sovereign love that formed the plan
To save rebellious, ruined man!
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul a hiding-place.

Against the God that rules the sky,
I fought, with weapons lifted high,
I madly ran the sinful race,
Regardless of a hiding-place.

Enwrapped in thick Egyptian night,
And fond of darkness more than light,
Madly I ran the sinful race,
Secure without a hiding place.

But thus th' eternal counsel ran,
"Almighty Love, arrest that man!"
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding place.

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

But a celestial voice I heard,
A bleeding Savior then appeared;
Led by the Spirit of His grace,
I found in Him a hiding-place.

On Him the weight vengeance fell,
That else sunk a world to hell;
Then, O my soul, forever praise
Thy Savior God, thy hiding-place!

Should storms of sevenfold vengeance roll,
And shake this earth from pole to pole;
No flaming bolt could daunt my face,
For Jesus is my hiding place.

A few more rolling suns at most,
Shall land me safe on Heaven's coast.
There I shall sing the song of grace,
To Jesus Christ, my hiding place!