

The Hiding Place!

(by John Andre)

Hail sovereign love which first began
This scheme to rescue fallen man!
Hail sovereign, free, eternal grace
Which gave my soul a **hiding place!**

Against the God Who ruled the sky
I fought with hand uplifted high;
Despised the mention of His grace
Too proud to seek 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 the 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!**"

'Ere long a heavenly voice I heard,
And mercy's angel soon appeared,
He led me on with gentle pace
To Jesus as my **hiding place!**

Should sevenfold storms of thunder roll,
And shake this earth from pole to pole;
No thunderbolt shall daunt my face
With Jesus as my **hiding place!**

A few more rolling suns at most,
Shall land me safe on Canaan's coast.
Where I shall sing the song of grace,
And see my glorious **hiding place!**