

Hail Sovereign Love, That First Began

1. Hail sov'-reign love, that first be - gan The scheme to res - cue fal - len man;
 2. A - gainst the God that built the sky, I fought with hands up - lift - ed high;
 3. *En-wrapped in dark E - gyp - tian night, And fond of dark-ness more than light,*
 4. *But lo! th'e - ter - nal coun - cil rang, "Al - might - y love, ar - rest that man!"*
 5. Vin - dic - tive jus - tice stood in view, To Sin - ai's fier - y mount I flew;
 6. But lo! a Heav'n - ly voice I heard, And mer - cy's an - gel soon ap - peared:

Hail match-less, free, e - ter - nal grace That gave my soul a hid - ing place.
 De - spised the man-sions of His grace, Too proud to seek a hid - ing place.
Mad - ly I ran the sin - ful race, Se - cure with-out a hid - ing place.
I felt the ar - rows of dis - tress, And found I had no hid - ing place!
 But jus - tice cried, with frown-ing face, "This moun-tain is no hid - ing place!"
 He lead me on a pleas-ing pace, To Je-sus Christ, my hid - ing place!

Music: John Wyeth's *Repository of Sacred Music*, II, 1813

Text: John Hyatt Brewer (1856–1931)

HIDING PLACE [ATONEMENT]

8 8. 8 8.