



My Hiding Place

HAIL, sovereign love, which first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man!
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
Which gave my soul a Hiding Place!

Against the God who built the sky
I fought with hands uplifted high—
Despised the mention of His grace,
Too proud to seek a Hiding Place.

Enwrapt 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, with a beaming face,
To Jesus as a Hiding Place.

On Him almighty vengeance fell
Which must have sunk a world to hell!
He bore it for a sinful race
And thus became their Hiding Place.

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.

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