

# The Hiding Place

Jehoida Brewer 1776

Psalm 119:114

Tim Kelly

Hail, Love Di - vine that first be - gan The scheme to res - cue fall - en man.

Hail, match - less, free, e - ter - nal grace That gave my soul a hid - ing place!

A - gainst the God that built the sky, I fought with hands up - lift - ed high;

Des - pised the man - sions of His grace, Too proud to seek a hid - ing place. —

— En - wrapt in dark E - gyp - tian night, And fond of dark - ness more than light;

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Mad - ly I ran the sin - ful race, Se - cure with - out a hid - ing place.

But lo! Th'e - ter - nal Word of God Came to con - vict this heart of sod.

I felt the ar - rows of dis - tress, And found I had no hid - ing place! —

— Vin - dic - tive jus - tice stood in view; To Si - nai's fi - 'ry mount I flew.

But Jus - tice cry'd with frown - ing face, "This moun - tain is no hid - ing

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(a Swedish melody)

slow and thoughtful

place!" Then from a - bove a heav'n-ly voice I heard, And mer-cy's

an - gel there be-fore me stood. And so he led me on a pleas-ing pace, — To Je-sus

Christ, my Lord, my Hid-ing Place. Should sev'n fold storms of ven-geance

roll, And shake this globe from pole to pole: No thun-der-bolt shall daunt my face, While Je-sus

is my Hid - ing Place! On Him al-might - y ven-geance fell, Which else had

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sunk a world to hell; He bore it for this sin-ful race, And thus be-came our Hid-ing Place!

Roll on, thou sun, in rap - id haste, And bring me to that con - stant feast,

Where joy-ful songs of sav-ing grace, Are sung to Him: the Hid-ing Place! —