

A Minor. Jehoiada Brewer, 1776.

Smith, 1796.



1. Hail, sov'reign love, which first began The scheme to rescue fallen man; Hail, matchless free e - ter - nal grace, That gave my soul a hid - ing place.



2. Ere long a heav'nly voice I heard, And mercy's angel form appear'd, She led me on with pla - cid pace, To Je - sus as my hid - ing place.



3. Should storms of sev'nfold thunder roll, And shake the globe from pole to pole, No flaming bolt should daunt my face, For Je - sus is my hid - ing place.

