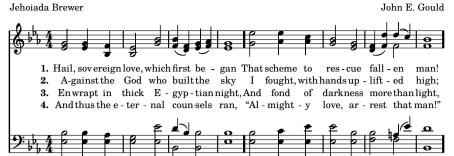
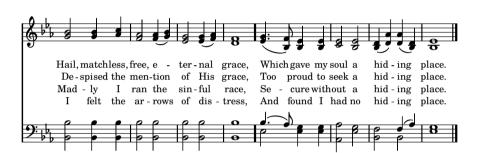
Hail, Sovereign Love

(Bera. L. M.)





- 5 Indignant Justice stood in view, To Sinai's fiery mount I flew; But Justice cried with frowning face, "This mountain is no hiding place."
- 6 On Jesus, God's just vengeance fell, Which would have sunk a world to hell; He bore it for a sinful race, And thus became their Hiding Place.
- 7 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.
- 8 A few more rolling suns at most, Shall land me on fair Canaan's coast, Where I shall sing the song of grace, And see my glorious Hiding Place.

Alternate tune: No. 3 in Supplement.