Awake, prophetic harp, awake!

1. Awake, prophetic harp, awake!
Retune thy strings for Jesus' sake;
We sing the Saviour of our race,
The Lamb, our shield and hiding-place.

2.'Tis He, the Lamb, to Him we fly,
W'hile the dread tempest passes b y;
God sees His Well-beloved's face,
And spares us in our hiding-place.

3. Thus, while we dwell in this blest scene,
The Lamb is our unfailing screen;
To Him, though guilty, still we run,
And God still spares us for His Son.

4. While yet we sojourn here below,
Pollutions still our hearts o'erflow;
A fali'n, abject, sentenc'd race,
We deeply need a hiding-place.

5. But pure, immortal, sinless, free,
We, through the Lamb, at length shall b e;
Shall meet the Father face to face,
And need no more a hiding-place.