THE HIDING-PLACE



- 2. When God's right arm is bared for war, and thunders clothe his cloudy car; where, where, oh, where shall man retire, to escape the horrors of his ire?
- 3. 'Tis he, the Lamb; to him we fly, while the dread tempest passes by; God sees his Well-beloved's face, and spares us in our hiding-place.
- 4. Thus, while we dwell in this low scene, the Lamb is our unfailing screen; to him, though guilty, still we run, and God still spares us for his Son.
- 5. While yet we sojourn here below, pollutions still our hearts o'erflow; fallen, abject, mean, a sentenced race, we deeply need a hiding-place.
- 6. Yet, courage days and years will glide, and we shall lay these clods aside; shall be baptised in Jordan's flood, and washed in Jesus' cleansing blood.
- 7. Then pure, immortal, sinless, freed, we, through the Lamb, shall be decreed: shall meet the Father face to face, and need no more a hiding-place.

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