



- 2. When sin with flowery garland hides her dart, when tyrant force would daunt the sinking heart, when fleshly lust assails, or worldly care, or the soul flutters in the fowler's snare, help, Saviour, by thy cross and crimson stain, nor let thy glorious blood be spilt in vain!
- 3. And chiefest then, when Nature yields the strife, and mortal darkness wraps the gate of life; when the poor spirit, from the tomb set free, sinks at thy feet and lifts its hope to thee, help, Saviour, by thy cross and crimson stain, nor let thy glorious blood be spilt in vain!

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