

- 2. To reconcile offending man, make Justice drop her angry rod; what creature could have formed the plan, or who fulfil it but a God?
- 3. No drop remains of all the curse, for wretches, who deserved the whole; no arrow dipped in wrath to pierce the guilty but returning soul.
- 4. Peace by such means so dearly bought, what rebel could have hoped to see? Peace, by his injured Sovereign wrought, his Sovereign fastened to a tree.
- 5. Now, Lord, thy feeble worm prepare! For strife with earth and hell begins; confirm and guard me for the war, they hate the soul that hates his sins.
- 6. Let them in horrid league agree!
 They may assault, they may distress;
 but cannot quench thy love to me,
 nor rob me of the Lord, my peace.

Words: William Cowper. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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