



As when the Hebrew prophet raised The brazen serpent high, The wounded looked, and straight were cured, The people ceased to die;

So from the Saviour on the cross A healing virtue flows; Who looks to him with lively faith Is saved from endless woes.

For God gave up his Son to death, So gen'rous was his love, That all the faithful might enjoy Eternal life above. Not to condemn the sons of men The Son of God appeared; No weapons in his hand are seen, Nor voice of terror heard:

He came to raise our fallen state, And our lost hopes restore; Faith leads us to the mercy seat, And bids us fear no more.

Isaac Watts

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