



- 5. Thy conflict is our peace.
 Thy death is our salvation,
 Thy bonds, our liberty,
 Thy pains, our consolation.
 Thy cross doth comfort give,
 Thy wounds, a balm that heals.
 Thy blood a ransom is,
 Thy Word a hope reveals.
- 6. Lord, help and make us brave
 To bear our cross and burden,
 That we may not grow faint
 Nor yet give up the battle.
 Yea, from Thy crown of thorns
 Let us our courage take,
 That through reproach and shame
 We ne'er Thy ways forsake.