

AWAKE, my soul, and rise
Amazed, and yonder see,
How hangs the mighty Saviour God,
Upon a cursèd tree!

2 How gloriously fulfilled
Is that most ancient plan,
Contrived in the eternal Mind
Before the world began!

3 Here depths of wisdom shine
Which angels cannot trace;
The highest rank of cherubim
Still lost in wonder gaze.

4 Here free salvation reigns,
And carries all before,
And this shall for the guilty race
Be refuge evermore.

5 Now hell in all her strength,
Her rage and boasted sway,
Can never snatch a wandering sheep
From Jesus' arms away.

William Williams, 1717-91