

Shall I, for fear of feeble man

1840 Manchester Hymnal #61

Shall I, for fear of feeble man,
The Spirit's course in me restrain?
Or, undismayed in deed and word,
Be a true witness for my Lord?

Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I
Conceal the word of God most high?
How, then, before thee, shall I dare
To stand, or how thine anger bear?

Shall I, to soothe th' unholy throng,
Soften thy truths, and smooth my tongue,
To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee
The cross, my God, endured by thee?

What, then, is he whose scorn I dread,
Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid?
A man: an heir of death: a slave
To sin: a bubble on the wave.

Yea, let men rage, since thou wilt spread
Thy shadowing wings around my head;
Since, in all pain, thy tender love
Will still my sure refreshment prove.

Saviour of men, thy searching eye
Doth all mine inmost thoughts descry.
Doth aught on earth my wishes raise,
Or the world's pleasures, or its praise?

The love of Christ doth me constrain
To seek the wandering souls of men;
With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,
To snatch them from the gaping grave.

For this let men revile my name;
No cross I shun, I fear no shame:
All hail, reproach! and welcome, pain!
Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain.

My life, my blood, I here present,
If for thy truth they may be spent;
Fulfil thy sovereign counsel, Lord;
Thy will be done, thy name adored.

Give me thy strength, O God of power;
Then, let winds blow, or thunders roar,
Thy faithful witness will I be:
'Tis fixed; I can do all through thee.